THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An I[illegible]d Weekly
Founde[illegible]y Benj. Franklin

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THE POST-WAR CAR

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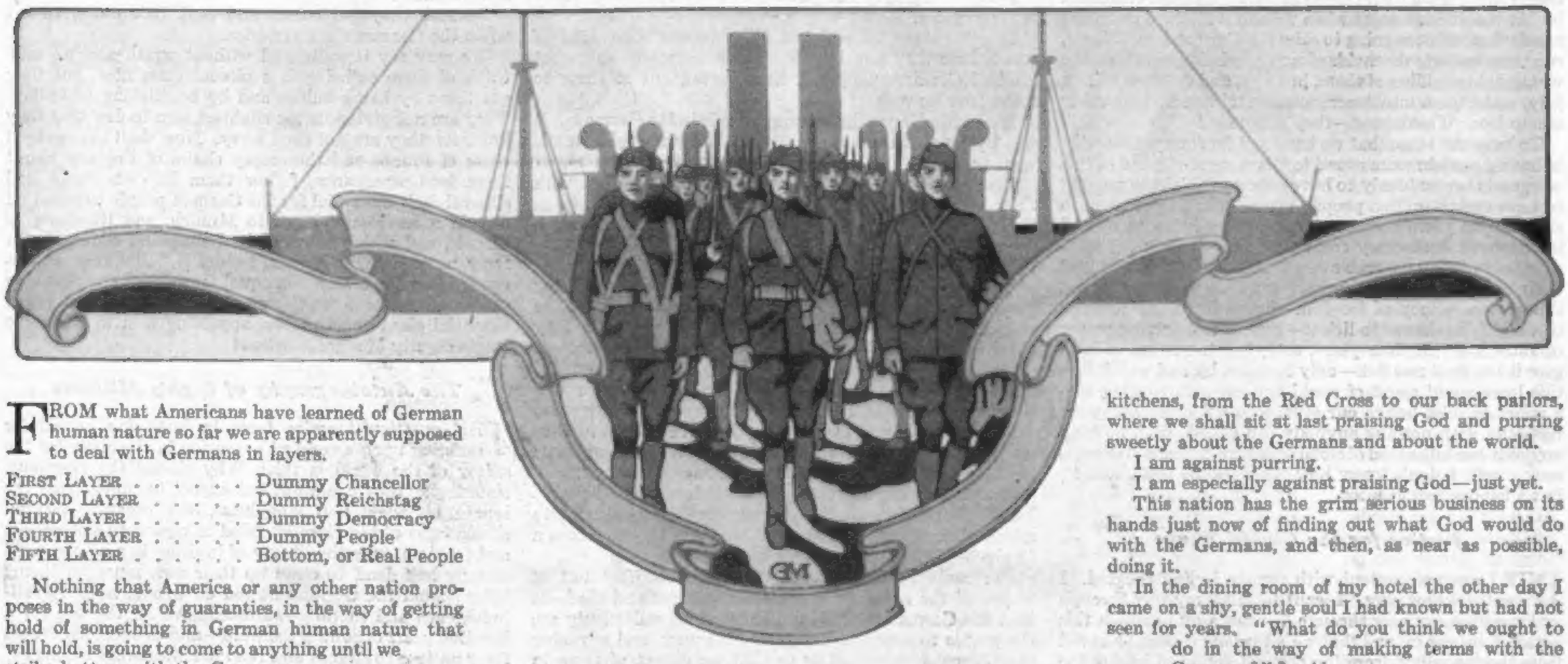
BLOODTHIRSTY ANGELS

An Inquiry Into How Americans Can Get on With Germans



By Gerald Stanley Lee

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

FROM what Americans have learned of German human nature so far we are apparently supposed to deal with Germans in layers.

First Layer	Dummy Chancellor
Second Layer	Dummy Reichstag
Third Layer	Dummy Democracy
Fourth Layer	Dummy People
Fifth Layer	Bottom, or Real People

Nothing that America or any other nation proposes in the way of guaranties, in the way of getting hold of something in German human nature that will hold, is going to come to anything until we strike bottom with the Germans.

I am not proposing to settle anything in this very short article, but I should like to ask three questions in time if possible to get a line of action on them.

The first question is: In that huge muck of German human nature in which the world has been trying to get a foothold, in which for four boundless years the world has been sinking millions of dead men, cities, cathedrals, billions of dollars—is there any bottom?

If there is a bottom in dealing with German human nature, how can we save forty nations from being fooled over and over again with false bottoms, and strike down to the real one quickest?

If there is not a bottom, how can forty nations do the necessary world-scooping in that huge subjective mess or obsession bog we call the German mind to get down to some place in German human nature where a bottom can be put in?

I do not know how other people feel about it, but every time I read in my morning paper some fresh, startling bit of news from the Germans about how changed the Germans are, and go out into the streets to see other people who have been reading it, and find them looking happy and relieved about Germans, I grow anxious.

I may be a little oversensitive about it, but the fact is I cannot bear to see very many Americans a day just now going round looking relieved—and exposing everybody.

Magnanimity in America is almost our national disease.

I believe in being magnanimous with the Germans when we strike bottom and have something solid to be magnanimous on, but being magnanimous with the top layer or with the scum of Germans that first rises to the top is a mistake that our own children and even the children of the Germans will never forgive.

The Day of Gentle Souls With Hardened Hearts

THE indications are that what we have got to look out for first in the mood of our American people is a kind of free-and-easy democratic sentimentality and muddle-headed good nature in judging Germans by ourselves.

One hates to admit it, but Germans and Americans are both sentimental peoples. The German has what might be called the sentimento-military mind and we have the sentimento-democratic mind. All anybody has got to do with us in America is to put on a pleasant democratic look and we let him do as he likes.

Many Americans seem to think that the moment the Kaiser and the military set are neatly disposed of and a few humble men in shirt sleeves are stuck up instead throughout Germany, all the war was fought for is achieved, and from now on, with a great flourish of democracy, with a huge soft swash of soft Christianity, we are to sweep on into a kind of rainbow of forgiving—sweep on from the field to our homes, from the shops to our kitchens, from the Red Cross to our back parlors, where we shall sit at last praising God and purring sweetly about the Germans and about the world.

I am against purring.

I am especially against praising God—just yet.

This nation has the grim serious business on its hands just now of finding out what God would do with the Germans, and then, as near as possible, doing it.

In the dining room of my hotel the other day I came on a shy, gentle soul I had known but had not seen for years. "What do you think we ought to do in the way of making terms with the Germans?" I said.

He looked at me a little doubtfully a second. "I don't quite like to tell people just how I feel about settling up for this war with the Germans. Probably you'd call me bloodthirsty."

"Got called bloodthirsty myself the other day—and by a colonel," I said.

I said this a little boastfully, I am afraid.

When I said this the face of the shy, gentle soul lighted up and we sat down at the same table for breakfast and compared our bloodthirstiness over some soft-boiled eggs.

When I came up to my room I began writing this.

"Why is it," I asked myself—"why is it that nearly all the men I knew four years ago who were raving against war—who were holding out the stiffest against our having a fight with the Germans—seem to be the ones who are holding out the stiffest now about having peace with them? Why is it that the idealists, the gentle-minded, poetical, soulful people, the people we call spiritual, the angels—are suddenly so bloodthirsty?"

Smiling German Faces Waiting to be Kissed

I THINK the gist of it is this: The equipment in men like these—the equipment that works best—is in their souls. Their souls are their chance to help. They have stood round four years and seen two million men being sent over to France to lick the Germans in their way. Now they think it's their turn to lick the Germans in theirs.

Here we all are—men angels and all of us who could not get over to the trenches—putting ourselves in training for four years, eating corn meal and studying on German psychology—getting ourselves primed and ready to make the Germans all over on the inside before their own eyes into people it would be respectable to have peace with. Naturally we do not want to be cheated at the last moment out of our innings, see the Germans all in a few minutes being slicked up by soldiers, as if the things that were the matter with the Germans' souls, which brought the war on and which are going to bring on another, did not make any difference.

So far as can be seen with the naked eye not a single German soul in all Germany has been thrashed yet.

I cannot bear to see the Germans so pleased with themselves, standing up before forty nations, wiping away their sins with smiles and turning up their faces to be kissed!

I cannot bear to have the Germans step up to us so promptly, so glibly, and begin a new world with us, with the same old souls on.

An angel may be defined as a person who demands satisfaction in spiritual things with the same gusto other people demand satisfaction in material things.

The way this war is ending, or in danger of ending, in Germany is a great strain on an angel. It is something of a strain on men as well as angels.

For four years every time we have thought of getting some satisfaction out of the Germans for hurling some millions of men into their graves we have thought of the Kaiser, of how before the assembled world we were going to have him boiled in oil—publicly, lingeringly. Some of us have thought up the different kinds of oil, have had visions of different ways of boiling. And now what has become of our visions? The one thing we have lived for for four years—the punishment of the Kaiser, the thing we have dreamed of in bed, dreamed of in the streets and dreamed of while we shaved—is dashed away from us by eighty million Germans! All the things we were getting ready to do to the Germans the Germans step in glibly and are going to have the fun of doing to themselves!

The very victory that some millions have died for and that four hundred millions have gone without bread and sugar for, the victory that we were just thinking we had won, is whisked by the Germans out of our hands and we hear a chancellor saying sweetly: "The German people has won at last the greatest victory of all—the victory over itself."

The Germans have claimed that Christ was really a German, and that Shakspere was a German, and now they say that Foch is; and we see Germans in a thousand cities going out into the streets and singing the Marseillaise with tears rolling down their cheeks as if they had just composed it! At the very moment when we had it all fixed up in our minds that we were going to seize the Germans, melt them, run them out into the molds of our superiority, set them, the whole eighty million of them, in a row, and do them off in a jiffy, make them into Americans in a minute with a rubber stamp from Washington—they escape us!

To have the sense that we have had for four years of distributing punishments round to Germans at the end of this war, and then suddenly to have nobody in sight to punish; to have eighty million people, just as we had got them in shape to sit them down and make them listen to us and learn about democracy from us, whisk themselves hundreds of miles away, grab everything out of our hands, end their old war all up themselves with one great, grand thoughtless whoop of freedom—bogus freedom; to have to watch our chance to lick it—this fearful driving power of autocracy—for four years, and then to run up to it to give it the final real lick—only to stand by and watch it—this huge world spout of world empire—evaporating into a spray or mist before our eyes, into a fog of twenty-six republics with nothing anybody can get at, with nothing anybody can hit, a kind of cloud or aurora-borealis of democracy—well, I don't know how other people feel about it, but I for one feel cheated.

Justice for the Gilded Thugs

BUT I am not content with merely feeling cheated. I want to know why. I want to think my way through and question my way through to some way in which this nation I belong in, and that we all belong in, can be saved from the ignominy, from the colossal defeat of letting the German kultur, the German civilization that brought on this war get away from us all by singing the Doxology and looking democratic.

We do not want one iota of vengeance on the Germans, but we do want some surgical operation performed on the German mind, which will make the Germans and their diseases safe so that the world can live with them.

No real cutting has been made on the Germans yet. Foch has merely made the opening. The operation for what is the matter with the Germans and for what is causing the sickness of the world is yet to take place.

If the hundred million people in this country are going to do their part in cutting they have got to believe in it and feel justified in cutting.

We want to swing free in our own minds and in other people's from the charge of being bloodthirsty in doing what we have got to do to the Germans.

If we are going to operate we must make up our minds to operate on somebody in particular, in some particular place.

Who?

Who is responsible for this war?

The Kaiser.

Who is responsible for there being a Kaiser?

The German people.

In dealing with the German people we are dealing with the people who are responsible for this war.

The only way we can make a man's job of ending the war is to take the eighty million Germans in hand, follow them up to their homes, and make them deal with us and make them expect us to deal with them as the people who are responsible for this war. All these years they have known their Kaiser better than we do. And yet they let him do what he has done. They watched him for years getting ready to do this thing. Then they helped him do it.

Did not the German people, when all the real peoples in the world were having their French Revolutions, put their revolution off and keep putting it off in a weak, slovenly, stodgy way until they had to reach out to forty nations and get forty nations to come in and start their revolution for them?

If we are doing all the work, all of us—all of the nations from the outside—on Germany's revolution, and if besides doing all the work we are running all the risk, why should we let Germans have all the power?

Why should we make terms with Germans as if they had a right to pitch in and have any kind of a revolution they like? Why should forty nations, after spending some millions of lives on Germans mooning about in blood trying to be a great nation, think that they must politely wait round outside, and think they have got to adapt themselves to any kind of Germans the Germans may decide to be? While the Germans are engaged in grinding out the kind of Germans they prefer on the whole the world shall have to put up with, how about the rest of us spending billions of dollars a week and the twenty-four hours a day of millions of men, waiting patiently and democratically outside? Why is it after all that the Germans shall be allowed, after the beautiful war they have invented, to have all the power in inventing a new Germany, the power to hand out to us any kind of Germany they want, and be with us any kind of Germans they like?

It isn't geography and potash we want out of this war—it is Germans.

It is for America and her Allies to say what kind of revolutions they will bother with in Germany and what kind of Germans they will have sorted out to them to make treaties with.

We are dealing with a dummy people in the Germans. It was by being a dummy people that they brought on the war.

They have put up with being a dummy people with their Kaiser for a hundred years.

Now let them put up for a year or so with being a dummy people for us!

Let them do as we say.

We will try and judge and execute the criminals they have produced, the criminals they have encouraged, the gilded thugs they have kotowed to—the criminals they alone are responsible for the world's being exposed to.

From now on, the main serious spiritual and material business of this world is going to be to strike bottom with the German people, to hunt up and face out every man, woman and child, in every village, on every farm in Germany, and make terms with them and have them expect us to make terms with them as the authors of this war.

Because we are a great easy-going free-spirited people I do not believe we are going to let ourselves slip back into a kind of democratic sentimental haze of giving Germans a forgiveness they have not even asked for.

The main fact about the Germans—the fact out of which all the other facts have to be drawn and used—is that the German people individually and collectively are the people to send the bill to for this war; and anything the Germans expect of us or that we expect of them in dealing with them that does not put this fact first is going to prove to be sentimental and reckless—an act of treason to some millions of dead soldiers in their graves and to our children in our homes.

The Kaiser, whatever happens to him—however many kinds of death he dies—is practically getting away. The dummy chancellor will get away. The dummy Reichstag will get away. There is just the dummy people face to face with us forever—the people who by being dummies brought on this war.

After all, what real reason is there why we should single out the Kaiser from eighty million Germans and send the bill to him, try to get a bill paid by a ghost or by a dissolving mist of a Kaiser? Why should forty nations in settling up for this war be put off with one Kaiser?

The Kaiser is just a typical German. He is what any German would be if he could. There are eighty million Kaisers in Germany, and we should go along the row of them one after the other until the war is settled up for.

Why is it that during this war whenever the Germans got news of a row of German defeats the German guards were suddenly kind to their French, English and American prisoners?

Kind with white faces!

Why is it that when the Germans were having a row of victories the English and French and American prisoners always knew?

Because they got curses and next to nothing to eat when the Germans had victories.

We may say it sadly and without wrath and we may think of them as being in a piteous state now, but they got there by being bullies and by bootlicking to bullies. They are not giving us the slightest sign to-day that they know it; they are not even sorry. Now shall the ravaged cities of France and the empty chairs of England haunt them into repentance, follow them into obedience and silence! It is a scandal for the German people to stand off now in rows from Cologne to Munich, and Hamburg to Leipsic, and whine to a hundred thousand cemeteries in forty nations "Our Kaiser, he did it," and then expect calmly to make treaties on equal terms with the people in other nations, as if the German nation were a great vague beautiful giant-angel nation, appealing to a world in the tragic dignity of a great defeat!

The Autobiography of Eighty Millions

THE question America faces in justifying herself for insisting upon a surgical operation in Germany for the safety of the world is this: Why should the Germans, suffering as they could not but expect to suffer, from the innate tameness and stodginess, the organic spiritual slovenliness of the German mind in regard to self-respect and freedom, take the liberty of inviting in a whole world already half dead to clean up their own muss for them? Why should the German nation do wrong, heap up self-indulgence and moral cowardice, have all the fun for a hundred years of sowing the wind—and then calmly expect forty nations to step in and reap her whirlwind for her?

The Germans should have stood up like men and attended to their revolution years ago in the way other people did.

They have deliberately created and encouraged their Kaiser. It is they and not us who have let him speak in that tone to them for thirty years.

The tone of the Kaiser's speeches for thirty years is all anybody needs to know about eighty million people. They stood it. The fact that they stood it is the main fact America has to face in arriving at the practical ways of dealing with the Germans.

The Kaiser's tone is the autobiography of eighty million people. The American people in dealing with the German people must deal with them as their autobiography shows them, up to date.

We do not propose to use the Kaiser's tone to the German people, but the Kaiser's tone is the main fact about the Germans we have to deal with. We will deal with this fact in Germans in our own way, but we will not forget it or sentimentally overlook it.

Eighty million people have put in all their time for five years in trying to make the world afraid of what Germans could do.

The eighty million people have said they were going to make all the world afraid of Germans.

They have done it.

Now that Germany wants peace she is saying to forty nations standing in a row: "One, two, three, O nations! Stop being afraid of us! Make terms with us over the forgotten graves of the Lusitania! Wipe away five million murders from your eyes and make terms with us as if you knew about us only what you knew four years ago! You are safe now! We have tried everything now. The Lusitania and Belgium were just one or two of our little moral experiments. They did not work, we all know that they did not work, and don't you see we shall

(Continued on Page 26)

THE BLIND SPOT

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE spring dusk was falling. It was a deeper dusk than is usual in New York because, owing to a thrifty municipal order, only half the lights of the city were in use. On Broadway especially the gloom was remarkable. None of the corset, chewing-gum and whisky signs that were wont to bloom like horrible flowers against the evening sky was in evidence, and this lack lent a weird aspect to the roaring triangle formed by Broadway and Seventh Avenue at Forty-third Street. Human figures, taxicabs and trolley cars moved out of the black spaces into the oblongs of lights that streamed cubistically across the pavement from the doors of cabarets, restaurants and moving-picture palaces, and then were lost in the dimness again. It was a great night for thieves and lovers.

In the apex of the triangle is a subway construction shed flanked by piles of rubbish, old iron, tiles, paving stones. To most ways of thinking it is an eyesore and an ancient nuisance. But to a girl who on this spring night in question was engaged in using it as a refuge and a shield it was an unmixed blessing.

She should by all the signs have been happy. She was the sort of girl you look at in the Subway going downtown of an early morning and think: "Some man will be lucky to get that girl."

For she had a charmingly piquant face, which was more than merely pretty because it was intelligent and full of humor. Her fine gray eyes were very bright in the dusk. She was alert and graceful and healthy. Her blue serge suit was well made and her little hat was smart; her brown boots and her white gloves were irreproachable. But in spite of everything she did not appear comfortable in her mind. In fact, she was in a temper.

"The Rain Dropped a Thin Gray Veil Between Me and the Rest of the World, and the Dark Came Down and the Ships Hung Out Their Riding Lights, and the Lights of the City Came On, All Blurred and Shattered by the Rain"

Shrinking back into the shadow of the construction shed she stamped her foot and clenched her hands, and addressed herself as "Coward! Silly slacker! Unutterable idiot!"

And then a gutter rat that was rearing a large family in the near-by pile of old iron heard her moaning that there were some things a girl should not be expected to do, some things that were too utterly awful! But presently she ventured to the edge of the curb and looked across toward the Times Building, round the nose of which a rip tide of humanity was now pouring. It consisted mostly of men, very intent on gaining the Subway entrance or on dinner engagements at the Astor or Shanley's or a snack at the Automat. The girl gazed across at them, put out one foot, drew it back, shivered, moistened her lips and flushed.

But suddenly she leaned forward eagerly, peering at the crowd. And as she did so her face was transformed by a wonderful smile, tender, amused and a little wistful. Just for that one instant she was really very beautiful.

But the man who was the cause of this smile made his leisurely way round the Times Building, serenely unaware. He was in the mellow thirties, with an aristocratic nose, a fastidious mouth and cautious eyes. The like of him may be seen any day lunching at the Bankers' Club—handsome, self-contained, with the invincible poise of success, imperturbable and slightly complacent. The girl watching him suddenly gave an audacious little chuckle. Then she ran across the street.

He had reached the Broadway curb when she overtook him. Coming close to his elbow she looked up at him with a faintly mischievous smile and murmured: "Just one! Won't you take just one, sir?"

He glanced down at her hand. Between her gloved forefinger and thumb she held a green Thrift Stamp.

The man shook his head politely, without troubling even to glance at her face.

"Just one!" she repeated coaxingly.

"Can't be bothered!"

He stepped from the curb. She followed. She was a little behind him, but the slender hand waved its green bit of paper persistently. The man glanced at it now with extreme distaste.

"My good young person, don't make a nuisance of yourself!" he admonished the hand; and stepped loftily away.

A line of taxicabs rolled between them. The girl retreated to the curb. Her face crinkled with a mixture of vexation and amusement.

"He never even looked at me!" she murmured sadly.

She stood there watching him as he gained the opposite curb and took himself and his air of great composure toward the Astor. "I wish," she addressed his vanishing back, "I wish I wasn't so horribly in love with you!"

Then suddenly the gleam of an idea lighted her face; it grew brighter and sharper until it became a gay, malicious smile. She crooked a finger toward the spot where she had seen him last, crooked it and waggled it menacingly:

"I'll get you yet, Anthony, old dear!"

She opened her wrist bag to drop into it the spurned Thrift Stamp, and her eye caught the pale-green gleam of many others. She giggled happily.

"Don't be worried, dearies!" she addressed them. "He's going to buy you all—and cry for more!"

And then she turned and made for the Subway stairs.

Anthony Revere Lowell put his arms into his dressing gown of maroon silk, which exactly matched the hangings of his Heppelwhite bedroom, and sauntered into his living room. His breakfast tray was on a table in front of the small fire which the bleakness of the spring morning made acceptable. It was flanked neatly on one side by his letters and on the other by yesterday's Boston Transcript and this morning's Tribune. But before he even glanced at this inviting array Anthony Revere Lowell made the round of the large room to see that no fleck of dust had been left on his family mahogany or on his well-chosen bric-a-brac. He also paused an appreciative moment before a cabinet filled with Chinese porcelains. Then throwing back the lid of a small grand piano that stood between the two front windows he played, not too professionally, the first six bars of Bach's Fugue in C Minor.

He was now ready to begin the day. A sense of being master of his soul and absolutely comfortable in his body pervaded Anthony Revere Lowell. He took up the first letter on the pile.

Now, as his finger tips touched the envelope a pleasant sensation of interest and approval went along his arm to his brain. The letter was from a lady, an unknown lady, for he did not recognize the handwriting; a lady of taste, judging from the quality of the pale-gray stationery; and of possible charm, judging from the dashing clearness of the superscription. He snipped open the envelope with some haste. Then he recoiled with the expression of a man who has been sadly sold; for onto his maroon-silk dressing gown there fluttered a sheet or two of War Savings Stamps.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "What won't the women think of next!"

It is strange how he knew it was a woman who was taking this method to sell Thrift Stamps. Some aroma, some delicate filament of sex must have crept out of that gray envelope and found its way to his affrighted heart. At first he had some notion of not reading the letter at all, but in the

"I Had Thought There Was No One More Free From Snobbishness Than I—But I Learned Some Things About Myself, Too, That Day"

end he opened it gingerly. It was short, and as he read it he grew pale.

Dear Anthony Revere Lowell:

Knowing you I am reasonably certain you will buy the inclosed Savings Stamps and send your check to the committee whose address you will find below. I have several more of these sheets to sell. I propose to sell them to you. In return for your taking them off my hands I shall send you a letter every Monday until the stamps are all sold.

You fail to see what there is in it for you? I will tell you. You see, the circumstances are rather unusual, for though you don't know me I know you rather well. In fact, I have been in love with you for a long, long time. There is probably not another human being in the world who thinks so much of you as I do. Can you not see that the situation is rather piquant? You will have all the pleasing sensations of being written to by one who is enamored of you, without any of the obligations usually entailed. For, of course, I have not the slightest intention of disclosing my identity.

You quite understand? If you send your check I write to you again. If you return the stamps—farewell! Address me as Number Fifty-five, care of the committee.

Yours, my dear Anthony, EVE.

P. S. Eve isn't my name, of course. When I think it over it's absurd that I should care so much for you, for after all you're merely a rather selfish old bachelor with a cold-blooded passion for Bach and for Chien Lung glazes; while I—believe me, my dear—I'm alive!

Now when he had finished this rather unusual communication Anthony Revere Lowell was stricken with the New York bachelor's first alarm in the presence of anonymity—blackmail! His thoughts scurried back over his past. No! No living woman had anything on him! He smiled a doggish smile of satisfaction. Then, queerly, all at once he felt ashamed.

It is possible for a letter to give forth to an intuitive person almost as definite a personality as an individual. In common with most other desirable unattached New York males he had received his share of those ambiguous notes that set the door ajar to adventures of sorts. But no matter how correct the stationery, how delicately worded, how cultivated the penmanship, that sixth sense in him peculiar to the masculine make-up had always struck its warning bell. But in this case no warning sounded. He knew, as certainly as he knew the imitation from the real in Chinese glazes, that this letter was from the sort of girl ticketed "nice."

He sat there holding the letter in his hand, staring at it—a sophisticated, ultra-cultivated, conservative male—a New York bachelor, which means something extra hard-shelled in the way of bachelors; and a most queer thing happened to him. It was the kind of thing he had always smiled at in a superior manner. It was nothing less than a vision. It came to him as plainly as if his were the sort of temperament that sees visions naturally—a picture of the girl who wrote that letter. The unexplainable thing about it was that he saw not her various features—nose, mouth, hair, hands—but he saw the essence of her embodied in one feature, her eyes. They were full of light, and they were in color a deep pure gray. He knew that he had never been aware before that eyes could be so luminous or so beautiful in color. The irises of these eyes were encircled with a narrow, distinct margin of black, which gave them fascination and brilliance. They were the kind of eyes that have as many moods as the sea; he knew that they could flame, they could dance, they could turn somber. Where on earth had he seen them before?

Beyond her eyes he did not definitely see a single feature; but he knew that she was in the habit of holding herself like a young race horse; he seemed to see the wind blowing her skirts back against a splendid stride, her slender limbs moving lightly, her chin up and her sea-gray eyes looking ahead with that luminous laughter in them.

And from the sheet of paper there crept up his arm a curious sensation too subtle to be physical and too electrical to be imaginary.

"Lord bless me!" he breathed, dropping the letter in the lap of the maroon-silk dressing gown. And there passed over his face something that might be called the faintest approach to a blush. It was the merest deepening of his usual healthy color, but it shocked him back to self-consciousness. He flicked the letter down among the breakfast things.

"Put that in my desk," he said to the Japanese who came to take away the tray. "And remind me, Toyo, to send back these green things to-night."

He touched with the nail of a well-kept forefinger the sheet of stamps. He had no prejudice against Thrift Stamps as such; they were all very well for a certain class, but he had never cared to clutter up his pockets with them—and now he was certainly not going to be badgered into investing that way. Besides, the probabilities were that it was merely a new dodge of some too zealous young woman to make a record sale. Perhaps half the men he knew were at that moment reading similar epistles. The thought jarred. He gave the gray sheet of notepaper a contemptuous flick of one finger.

But, stay! What was that she said about—about—yes! "A cold-blooded passion for Bach and Chien Lung glazes." He threw a startled glance at the cabinet in the corner. Great Cæsar! She knew his hobbies anyway! "A cold-blooded ——" His eyes went back a line or two. "It's absurd that I should care so much for you, for after all you're merely a rather selfish old bachelor with a cold-blooded ——"

He tossed the letter back upon the table irritably. Immature chit! He went to his bedroom and made himself ready for the street. And then just as he was leaving the room he did a curious thing. There was an old pier glass between two windows in his bedroom. It had a rather good Adam frame, and he had always liked it for this reason, though as an aid to the toilet he seldom used it, for vanity was not one of his vices. But this morning he placed himself before it a trifle defiantly. He walked toward it, first with the stride of a man earnestly going to business; then he backed up and tried a jaunty, casual stroll; then he leaned on his cane and looked intellectual without his hat; then he put on his hat at a rather unusual angle and swung his stick blithely. He did not look an old bachelor!

After which he came nearer to the mirror and studied his face long and intently. The glass faithfully gave back to him a number of fine wrinkles beginning to spread out from the corners of his eyes, a deeper wrinkle grooving on either side of his mouth. There began to sing at the back of his head as he made this final inspection a melancholy tune, the words of which were "merely a selfish old bachelor . . . selfish . . . old . . . a cold-blooded passion . . . a cold . . . old ——"

"Damn!" he breathed suddenly; and jamming his hat on his head with nothing like his usual care he took himself away from the too frank face of the Adam mirror.

There is one fact that every woman knows—man is a highly suggestible animal. Anthony Revere Lowell had received the letter from Eve on Monday morning. It was about Thursday afternoon that, having lunched, he suddenly turned on his heel and started uptown, instead of downtown as he should have done had he intended going to his offices in the Equitable Building. But until he stood in front of the very building in which was housed the committee whose address Eve had given him, he told himself that he had journeyed uptown in the middle of the day merely for air and change of scene.

At the door marked War Savings Stamps Committee he momentarily faced the amazing fact that he, Anthony Revere Lowell, was about to do something ridiculous. But for three days the power of suggestion had worked upon him; he had now reached the point where his prudence, even his sense of humor, was swamped in one ravaging curiosity. He had to find out who this Eve person was, so that he could properly rebuke her, and then go about his serene ways again.

But in less than five minutes after he had opened the committee's door he came out of it with a distinctly baffled air. He had learned nothing except what he already suspected—that Eve was a rather clever person. She was still merely Number Fifty-five. The secretary, with the kind, superior smile that ladies acquire on committees, had informed him that their unbreakable rule was never to divulge the name of their saleswomen unless authorized to do so. No, she did not care to take a communication for Number Fifty-five. Mr. Lowell could see for himself, could he not, that the committee was not a correspondence bureau?

Slightly flushed he poked at the elevator bell. Now, having made a fool of himself, he would consider the incident closed. Not another thought would he waste upon a situation so beneath his dignity. And he crossed over toward Fifth Avenue, where in his favorite gallery there was being held an exhibition of Japanese netsukes.

On Monday morning he awakened with an expectancy that puzzled him. He was under the cold shower when he remembered that this was the morning when that girl had said he would receive another letter from her. Suppressing a strange inclination to dress in a hurry, he donned the maroon-silk dressing gown and strolled into his sitting room. There was one letter on his breakfast tray. It was in a gray envelope.

As he picked it up he thought: "The best way to squelch this thing right now is to send this back unopened!" Then he clipped the envelope open. Two sheets of green stamps fell out. "Persistent little devil!" he groaned.

"Dear Anthony," he read, "when the committee reported your check to me I said to myself that one of the most comfortable things about you is your dependability. I can always tell exactly what you are going to do next. Don't frown!" [He was doing it.] "Dependability is a nice trait—if it isn't carried too far.

"I had such a happy day yesterday, Anthony. Do you ever cross the river, climb up and up, and walk along the top of the Palisades until you come to a great rock that bows nobly out into the river? No, I know you never do, my poor Anthony! Never mind, I'll tell you about it. There are woods there, and when you have walked through them far enough you are suddenly aware of a lovely silence. You go plunging through this miracle of silence to the top of the cliffs, in a hurry to find out whether the rest of the world hasn't broken off and left you alone in your woods. And there across the crawling old river is the city.

"But you see at once that something has happened to it—it is enchanted! Its cliff dwellings rise there, tier on tier in the silvery light, white plumes of smoke floating up from them, their windows reflecting the sunset—but not a sound comes from them. Then you know that it is an enchanted city, and this is an enchanted day, and these are not the Palisades but fairyland!

"And yesterday was particularly nice, for in the middle of the afternoon it began to rain, and I crept under a great rock and sat there like Buddha all the afternoon rapt in contemplation. The rain dropped a thin gray veil between me and the rest of the world, and the dark came down and the ships hung out their riding lights, and the lights of the city came on, all blurred and shattered by the rain.

"I thought about you, Anthony. I wondered where you were and what you were doing. I shut my eyes and I could see you, in all probability having tea in someone's drawing-room, in front of a neat little fire, waited on by a neat maidservant, taking part in conversation about the war and the opera season and the income tax. Ah, me, Anthony, your life is so upholstered!

"The rain stopped and I came out from under my rock. The trees dripped, their branches caught my hair in the dark, the little puddles of melted snow and rain wet my feet; and I pretended that you were there, that you loved it the way I do. When I came out upon the road the stars were out and a wind was racing high overhead. It was so beautiful—the darkness, the smell of the wet trees, the racing clouds—I ran along before the wind all tingling with joy.

"I wonder why the Lord has let me fall in love with a man who never by any chance would sit in the rain under a rock and be happy doing it! I suppose I care so much for you, Anthony, because I began so long ago it has become a habit. I haven't told you, have I, that I fell in love with you when I was eleven and you were in your first year at Harvard? Yes, I used to watch you come out of your grandfather's house, and I thought everything about you was perfect, from your careless and haughty air to the bulldog you affected—his name was Felix, do you remember?"

Anthony sat staring at the letter as if he were seeing ghosts, as indeed he was—the ghosts of a brindle pup and his own youth. He could see that street of aristocratic old Cambridge houses where he and his mother had lived with his grandfather. From which one of those houses had an eleven-year-old girl watched him? There were the Pendletons, the Terrys, the Hoadleys—no, he couldn't remember the rest. He had not been back there since his mother died seven years ago. His grandfather was gone, the house was sold. And that eleven-year-old girl—she, too, had left the street. Like himself, she had evidently come to New York. She must now be—he figured it up—perhaps twenty-seven, a nice age. And she was charming, with gray eyes, full of light. Where had he seen her? Which one among the many girls he had known was she?

His mind went whirling among the girls he knew. At first it scurried here and there, and then, being a systematic man, he went at the thing in orderly fashion and took up his women friends and acquaintances in alphabetical order. From Agatha Kempton, whom he had known for twelve years, to Mrs. Zaida Reeves, a young widow he had met within the month, he arranged them before him. Agatha, good soul, was in France with the A. C. D. F.'s; Mrs. Reeves might—she was a rather mysterious little thing—— He broke off to look up a note of hers in his desk. No; her handwriting did not in the least resemble Eve's. And not one of the girls in between A and Z had sea-gray eyes filled with light.

He felt queerly relieved. Somehow he did not want Eve to turn out to be any of the women he knew. And this reflection brought him plump against an aspect of his sentimental life that he had not before thought much about: what had become of all the charming girls he had known at one time or another?

There had been dozens of them, it seemed to him now. Some of them had intrigued him for weeks at a time—and then all at once intrigued him no longer. Had he been too wary, too fastidious, too exacting or—just too plain selfish? The pretty things had walked with him for a little way, and then with a glance of farewell, as it were, sometimes mocking, sometimes regretful, they had married someone else, or they had gone in for one of the special pursuits of the bachelor girl.

And a new crop of wide-eyed young girls had come along; he had danced at a new series of débutante parties, where new mothers had bespoken him sweetly. But in the last year or two, he recalled, the invitations to débutante parties had dropped off a bit; and he had accepted only one or two of those he received, for it was becoming more and more of a bore to make conversation with the modern young girl. Her precociousness frightened him. He was afraid that some day she would teach him something he didn't want to know. But he had never until this moment recognized this feeling as a symptom of on-creeping age. There was no avoiding it—he was of another generation than this year's débutantes!

A bleakness crept over his spirit as he sat there in his maroon-silk dressing gown, surrounded by his Chinese porcelains and his fine old mahogany. That complacency of the spirit that had always sustained him suffered an inexplicable deflation. Somehow—and it was the first time he had ever had such a thought!—somehow, somewhere back there in the past ten years he had chosen a path that led to barren meadows. Peaceful, undoubtedly, and safe—but, good Lord, how dull!

He clenched his hand involuntarily; and the gray sheet crinkled in it, a warmth ran up his arm to his brain and his heart; a freshness and fragrance seemed to emanate from it, like the freshness and the fragrance of the spring rain Eve had joyously danced through yesterday. His mouth set determinedly.

"I've got to find that girl!" he thought.

And he left without having glanced once at the Chinese porcelains, without having played a bar of Bach.

An hour later he stopped in the middle of a letter he was dictating to do a little figuring on a slip of paper. His secretary waited, her eyes downcast behind her black-rimmed spectacles.

"Miss Mayo," said her employer at last, "I wish you to find out for me the name of every family living on Jermyn Street, Cambridge, in 1903. It is a short street—you should not have much difficulty. Find out which one of those families had a daughter eleven years old in that year; and the history of that daughter up to the present date."

The eyelashes of Miss Mayo behaved for an instant as if they were going to flutter, but they were under excellent control. She merely turned back a page of her notebook and wrote: "Jermyn Street, 1903; daughter eleven years old." Like everything else Anthony had about him, his secretary was as near perfection as could be got for money.

She was prompt with her information. One day soon she laid before him a memorandum neatly typed. It contained the names of fourteen families.

"These are the names of the persons living on that street in 1903," she said. She ran a polished finger nail down the list. "You will see there are three names underscored. Each of them had an eleven-year-old daughter."

"The deuce—beg pardon!"

"One of them," Miss Mayo went on composedly, "married a soap manufacturer. She now lives in Denver. The second died when she was fifteen. The third is a schoolteacher in Lynn. Would you like me to follow her up?"

"No—no, thank you," said her employer hastily. Eve was no schoolteacher!

After that there was nothing to do but to send in his check to the committee and wait for another letter. It came promptly as usual with his breakfast tray on Monday morning. But there was no further clew in it. It was a gayly tantalizing little letter, in which she made fun of him and herself and the world in general. But there was a postscript in which she said:

"I saw you having tea at Sherry's the other day. In fact, I was within a few feet of you. But you were listening so absorbedly to a vivacious lady in a widow's bonnet—how becoming they are this year!—that you never once glanced in my direction. Sometimes, Anthony, I am quite maddened by that blind spot in your eye!"

He groaned aloud when he had read this. Confound Zaida Reeves! She never gave a man a chance to look at anyone but herself. He had been conscious for some time of a vague distaste for her, which now sharpened to a definite dislike. He resolved to haunt Sherry's unaccompanied and with his eyes open in the future.

There followed several weeks during which a letter came from Eve every Monday morning. At first he pretended to himself that he was not especially eager to open his bedroom door to see if the gray envelope lay on the breakfast tray; but finally he ceased to pretend—he got so that on Monday mornings he beat the breakfast tray into his sitting room and worried Toyo by pacing up and down until the postman's whistle sounded.

They were such gay little letters! They were like a tender, teasing hand touching him lightly, and gone before he could seize it. They were audaciously intimate, and at the same time maddeningly cautious. Beyond the fact that he and she had lived on the same street fifteen years before she never gave herself away.

And then came the last letter. She told him at the very beginning that this was the last. She had fulfilled her promise to the committee; she had sold her quota of Thrift Stamps—there was no excuse for further correspondence.

"But besides this patriotic deed, Anthony," she wrote, "there has been the joy for once in my life of being myself. How many human beings do you think there are who ever

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She Looked Up at Him With a Faintly Mischievous Smile and Murmured: "Just One! Won't You Take Just One, Sir?"

THE TAKER-UP

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. GRUGER

ON A TIRED evening, in front of the Arrowhead's open fire, I lived over for the hundredth time a great moment. From the big pool under the falls four miles up the creek I had landed the Big Trout. Others had failed in years past; I, too, had failed more than once. But to-day!

At the hour of 9:46 A. M., to be exact, as one should in these matters, I had cast three times above the known lair of this fish. Then I cast a fourth time, more from habit than hope; and the fight was on. I put it here with the grim brevity of a communiqué. Despite stout resistance, the objective was gained at 9:55 A. M. And the Big Trout would weigh a good two and a half—say three or three and a quarter—pounds. These are the bare facts.

Verily it was a moment to live over; and to myself now I was more discursive. I vanquished the giant trout again and again, altering details of the contest at will—as when I waded into icy water to the waist in a last moment of panic. My calm review disclosed that this had been fanciful overcaution; but at the great crisis and for three minutes afterward I had gloried in the wetting.

Now again I three times idly flicked that corner of the pool with a synthetic moth. Again for the fourth time I cast, more from habit than hope. Then ensued that terrific rush from the pool's lucent depths ——

"Yes, sir; you wouldn't need no two guesses for what she'd wear at a grand costume ball of the Allied nations—not if you knew her like I do." This was Ma Pettengill, who had stripped a Sunday paper from the great city to its society page. She lifted this under the lamp and made strange but eloquent noises of derision:

"You take Genevieve May now, of a morning, before that strong-arm Japanese maid has got her face rubbed down and calked with paints, oils and putty, and you'd say to her, as a friend and well-wisher: 'Now look here, old girl, you might get by at that costume ball as Stricken Serbia or Ravaged Belgium, but you better take a well-meant hint and everlastingly do not try to get over as La Belle France. True, France has had a lot of things done to her,' you'd say, 'and she may show a blemish here and there; but still, don't try it unless you wish to start something with a now friendly ally—even if it is in your own house. That nation is already pushed to a desperate point, and any little thing might prove too much—even if you are Mrs. Genevieve May Popper and have took up the war in a hearty girlish manner.' Yes, sir!"

This, to be sure, was outrageous—that I should hear myself addressing a strange lady in terms so gross. Besides, I wished again to be present at the death of my favorite trout. I affected not to have heard. I affected to be thinking deeply.

It worked measurably. Once more I scanned the pool's gleaming surface and felt the cold pricking of spray from the white water that tumbled from a cleft in the rocks above. Once more I wondered if this, by chance, might prove a sad but glorious day for a long-elusive trout. Once more I looked to the fly. Once more I ——

"What I never been able to figger out—how can a dame like that fool herself beyond a certain age? Seams in her face! And not a soul but would know she got her hair like the United States acquired Louisiana. That lady's power of belief is enormous. And I bet she couldn't put two and two together without making a total wreck of the problem. Like fair time a year ago, when she was down to Red Gap taking up the war. She comes along Fourth Street in her uniform one morning, fresh from the hands of this hired accomplice of hers, and meets Cousin Egbert Floud and me where we'd stopped to talk a minute. She is bubbling with war activity as usual, but stopped and bubbled at us a bit—kind of hale and girlish, you might say. We passed the time of day; and, being that I'm a first-class society liar, I say how young and fresh she looks; and she gets the ball and bats it right back to Cousin Egbert.

"'You'd never dream,' says she, 'what my funny little mite of a Japanese maid calls me! You'd really never guess! She calls me Madam Peach Blossom! Isn't that perfectly absurd, Mr. Floud?'

"And poor Cousin Egbert, instead of giggling in a hearty manner and saying 'Oh, come now, Mrs. Popper! What's in the least absurd about that?'—like he was meant to and like any gentleman would of—what does the poor silly do but blink at her a couple of times like an old barn owl that's been startled, and say 'Yes, ma'am!'—flat and cold, just like that!

"It almost made an awkward pause; but the lady pretended she had been saying something to me, so she couldn't hear him. That Cousin Egbert! He certainly wouldn't ever get very high in the diplomatic service of anybody's country.

"And here's this grand ball of the Allied nations in costume, give in Genevieve May's palatial residence. It must of throwed a new panic into Berlin when they got the news off the wire. Matter of fact, I don't see how them Germans held out long as they did, with Genevieve May Popper putting crimps into 'em with her tireless war activities. That proves itself they'd been long preparing for the fray. Of course, with Genevieve May and this here new city marshal, Fotch, the French got, it was only a question of time. Genevieve is sure one born taker-up! Now she's made a complete circle of the useful arts and got round to dancing again. Yes, sir!"

I affected to believe I was solitary in the room. This time it did not work—even measurably. Almost at once came: "I said she was the darnedest woman in the world to take things up!" The tone compelled notice, so I said "Indeed!" and "You don't say!" with a cautiously extended space between them, and tried to go on thinking.

Then I knew the woman's full habit of speech was strong upon her and that one might no longer muse upon a caught trout—even one to weigh well up toward four pounds. So I remembered that I was supposed to be a gentleman.

"Go right ahead and talk," I murmured.

"You'd Never Dream What My Japanese Maid Calls Me! She Calls Me Madam Peach Blossom! Isn't That Perfectly Absurd, Mr. Floud?"

"Sure!" said the lady, not murmuring. "What in time did you think I was going to do?"

Yes, sir; I bet she's the greatest taker-up—bar none—the war has yet produced. She's took up France the latest. I understand they got a society of real workers somewhere that's trying to house and feed and give medicine and crutches to them poor unfortunates that got in the way of the dear old Fatherland when it took the lid off its Culture and tried to make the world safe—even for Germans; but I guess this here society gets things over to devastated France without much music or flourishes or uniforms that would interest Genevieve May.

But if that country is to be saved by costume balls of the Allied nations, with Genevieve May being La Belle France in a dress hardly long enough to show three colors, then it needn't have another uneasy moment. Genevieve stands ready to do all if she can wear a costume and dance the steps it cost her eight dollars a lesson to learn from one of these slim professionals that looks like a rich college boy.

It was this reckless dancing she'd took up when I first knew her, though she probably goes back far enough to of took up roller skating when that was sprung on an eager world; and I know she got herself talked about in 1892 for wearing bloomers on a bicycle. But we wasn't really acquainted till folks begun to act too familiar in public, and call it dancing, and pay eight dollars a lesson. Having lots of money, Genevieve May traveled round to the big towns, learning new steps and always taking with her one of these eight-dollar boys, with his hair done like a seal, to make sure she'd learn every step she saw.

She was systematic, that woman. If she was in Seattle and heard about a new step in San Francisco, she'd be on the train with her instructor in one hour and come back with the new step down pat. She scandalized Red Gap the year she come to visit her married daughter, Lucille Stultz, by introducing many of these new grips and clinches; but of course that soon wore off. Seems like we get used to anything in this world after it's done by well-dressed people a few times.

Then, as I say, these kind-hearted, music-loving Germans, with their strong affection for home life and little ones, started in to shoot the rest of the world up to German standards, and they hadn't burned more than a dozen towns in Belgium, after shooting the oldest and youngest and sexecuting the women—I suppose sexecution is what you might call it—before Genevieve took up the war herself.

Yes, sir—took it right up; no sooner said than done with her. It was really all over right then. The Germans might just as well of begun four years ago to talk about the anarchistic blood-lust of Woodrow Wilson as to wait until they found out the Almighty knows other languages besides German.

I believe the Red Cross was the first handle by which Genevieve May took up the war. But that costume is too cheap for one that feels she's a born social leader—if she could only get someone to follow. She found that young chits of no real social standing, but with a pleasing exterior, could get into a Red Cross uniform costing about two-eighty-five and sell objects of luxury at a bazaar twice as fast as a mature woman of sterling character in the same simple garb.

So Genevieve May saw it had got to be something costing more money and beyond the reach of an element you wouldn't care to entertain in your own drawing-room. And next thing I was up to Spokane, and here she is, dashing

round the corridors of the hotel in a uniform that never cost a penny under two hundred and fifty, what with its being made by a swell tailor and having shiny boots with silver spurs and a natty tucked cap and a shiny belt that went round the waist and also up over one shoulder, with metal trimming, and so on. She was awful busy, darting hither and yon at the lunch hour, looking prettily worried and like she would wish to avoid being so conspicuous, but was foiled by the stares of the crowd.

Something always seemed to be happening to make her stand out; like in the restaurant, where, no sooner did she pick out just the right table, after some hesitation, and get nicely seated, than she'd see someone across the room at a far table and have to run over and speak. She spoke to parties at five distant tables that day, getting a scratchy lunch, I should say. One of the tables was mine. We wasn't what you'd call close friends, but she cut a swath clean across a crowded dining room to tell me how well I was looking.

Of course I fell for the uniform and wanted to know what it meant. Well, it meant that she was organizing a corps of girl ambulance drivers from the city's best families. She was a major herself already, and was being saluted by he-officers. She said it was a wonderful work, and how did I think she looked in this, because it was a time calling for everyone's best, and what had I taken up for my bit? I was only raising beef cattle, so I didn't have any answer to that. I felt quite shamed. And Genevieve went back to her own table for another bite of food, bowing tolerantly to most of the people in the room.

I don't know how far she ever got with this girls' ambulance corps, beyond her own uniform. She certainly made an imposing ambulance driver herself on the streets of that town. You'd see her big, shiny, light-blue limousine drive up, with two men on the seat, and Genevieve, in uniform, would be helped out by one of 'em, and you knew right off you'd love to be a wounded soldier and be drove over shell-torn roads by her own hands.

Anyway, she got mad and left the ambulance service flat, getting into some sort of brawl with an adjutant general or something through wanting to take a mere detail out of his hands that he felt should stay right where it was, he being one of these offensive martinets and a stickler for red tape, and swollen with petty power. So Genevieve May said.

So she looked round for another way to start a few home fires burning on the other side of the Rhine. I forget what her next strategy was, but you know it was something cute and busy in a well-fitting uniform, and calculated to shorten the conflict if Germany found it out. You know that much.

I remember at one time she was riding in parades when the boys would march down to the station to go off and settle things in their own crude way. I lost track of what she was taking up for a while, but I know she kept on getting new uniforms till she must of had quite a time every morning deciding what she was going to be that day, like the father of the German Crown Prince.

Finally, last spring, it got to be the simple uniform of a waitress. She had figgered out that all the girls then taking the places of men waiters would get called for nurses sooner or later; so why shouldn't prominent society matrons like herself learn how to wait on table, so as to take the girl waiters' places when they went across? Not exactly that; they wouldn't keep on lugging trays forever in this emergency—only till they could teach new girls the trade, when some new ones come along to take the places of them that had met the call of duty.

So Genevieve agitated and wrote letters from the heart out to about two dozen daring society buds; and then she terrified the owner of the biggest hotel in her home town till he agreed to let 'em come and wait on table every day at lunch.

Genevieve May's uniform of a poor working girl was a simple black dress, with white apron, cuffs and cap, the whole, as was right, not costing over six or seven dollars, though her string of matched pearls that cost two hundred thousand sort of raised the average. The other society buds was arrayed similar and looked like so many waitresses. Not in a hotel, mebbe, but in one of these musical shows where no money has been spared.

The lady had a glorious two days ordering these girls round as head waiter and seeing that everybody got a good square look at her, and so on. But the other girls got tired the second day. It was jolly and all tips went to the Red Cross, and the tips was big; but it was just as hard work as if they had really been poor working girls, with not enough recreation about it. So the third day they rebelled at the head waiter and made Genevieve herself jump in and carry out trays full of dishes that had served their purpose.

This annoyed Genevieve May very much. It not only upset discipline but made the arms and back ache. So she now went into the kitchen to show the cook how to cook in a more saving manner. Her intentions were beautiful; but the head cook was a sensitive foreigner, and fifteen minutes after she went into his kitchen he had to be arrested for threatening to harm the well-known society matron with a common meat saw.

The new one they got in his place next day let her mess round all she wanted to, knowing his job depended on it, though it was told that he got a heartless devil-may-care look in his eyes the minute he saw her making a cheap fish sauce. But he said nothing.

That hotel does a big business, but it fell off surprising the day after this, twenty-three people having been took bad with poison from something they'd et there at lunch. True, none of these got as fur as the coroner, so it never was known exactly what they'd took in; but the thing made a lot of talk at stricken bedsides and Genevieve spent a dull day denying that her cooking had done this outrage. Then, her dignity being much hurt, she wrote a letter to the papers saying this hotel man was giving his guests cheap canned goods that had done the trick.

Next morning this brought the hotel man and one of the best lawyers in the state of Washington up to the palatial Popper residence, making threats after they got in that no lady taking up war activities should be obliged to listen to. She got rattled, I guess, or had been dreaming or something. She told the hotel man and his lawyer to Ssh! Ssh!—because that new cook had put ground glass in the lemon pie and she had a right to lull his suspicions with this letter to the papers, because she was connected with the Secret Service Department. She would now go back to the hotel and detect this spy committing sabotage on the mashed potatoes, or something, and arrest him—just like that! I don't know whatever put the idea into her head. I believe she had tried to join the Secret Service Department till she found out they didn't have uniforms.

Anyway, this hotel man, like the cowardly dog he was, went straight off to some low sneak in the district attorney's office; and he went like a snake in the grass and found out it wasn't so; and a real officer come down on Genevieve May to know what she meant by impersonating a Secret Service agent. This brutal thug talked in a cold but rough way, and I know perfectly well this minute that he wasn't among those invited to the Popper costume ball of the Allied nations. He threw a fine scare into Genevieve May. For about a week she didn't know but she'd be railroaded to Walla Walla. She wore mere civilian creations and acted like a slacker.

But finally she saw the Government was going to live and let live; so she took up something new. It was still On to Berlin! with Genevieve May.

She wasn't quite up to pulling anything new in her home town; so she went into the outlying districts to teach her grandmother something. I didn't think up the term for it. That was thought up by G. H. Stultz, who is her son-in-law and president of the Red Gap Canning Factory. This here new war activity she'd took up consisted of going round to different places and teaching housewives how to practice economy in putting up preserves, and so on.

It ain't on record that she ever taught one single woman anything about economy, their hard-won knowledge beginning about where hers left off—which wasn't fur from where it started; but she did bring a lot of wholesome pleasure into their simple, hard-working lives.

In this new war activity it wasn't so much how you canned a thing as what you canned. Genevieve May showed 'em how to make mincemeat out of tomatoes and beets; how to make marmalade out of turnips and orange peel; how to make preserves out of apple peelings and

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It Was a Good Demonstration of the Real Thing, All Right. I Ain't Never Needed Anyone Since That to Tell Me What War Is

The Resurrection of Ostend

German Battery at the Palace Hotel, Ostend. Part of the Colonnade Was Blown Up When the Battery Was Destroyed

The Entrance to Ostend, Showing the "Vindictive" Alongside the Farther Pier

One of the Streets of Ostend, Beflagged in Honor of the Allies

By Perceval Gibbon

ZEEBRUGGE, Oct. 22d.

THE coastal motor boat had already been into Ostend and Zeebrugge with the Vindictive, and now as she pranced north from Dunkirk to the scene of her achievements the little lop of sea and the rising wind imparted a quality of triumph, of furious dancing glee, to her ordinary working gait of forty knots an hour. With half her length clear of the water she churned up a wake like a destroyer; when her plowshare bows fell, crashing upon the water as upon granite, she tossed it in a waterspout like a shell splash. And all the time she unwound the miles behind her, and the low coast with its villas reeled itself off astern.

Inshore of us there moved a magnificent slow pageant of paddle mine-sweepers stalking ahead of a line of great monitors, and upon the horizon were destroyers at their own mysterious games. We passed them as if they had been islands; and then there was the façade of Westende, the western suburb of Ostend, with smoke rising from burning houses; ahead of us shells were falling from some battery to the east among and about the patrolling motor launches; and then at last we stood in toward the wide beach and that light bright face of palace and villa and casino which Ostend, Belgium's mask and lure, shows to the sea.

Ostend had always that effect of a stage setting, a pretty thing made pretty by design; but now to its unreality there was added the mystery that wraps a city unseen and unreachable for four years of violent, unceasing and heroic effort. And of late days it had drawn tantalizingly near; the battle south of Dixmude had been aimed at it—had flourished exceedingly, had halted and bogged down in the mud north of the Houthulst Forest, and then resumed as hopefully as ever. The big gun at Leugenboom which afflicted Dunkirk had been busy again and suddenly ceased in such a manner that there was reason to think it had been merely using up its last ammunition; and the irrepressible airmen of the Fifth Group of the Royal Air Force, heirs of the old Royal Naval Air Service, had flown low above the streets of Ostend and been cheered by the crowds. Upon the morning of the seventeenth one of them landed on the beach and brought back the certain news—the Germans were gone.

The Despoiled Vindictive

OVER the beach airmen flew low, swooped and stunted; throngs of civilians showed in black blots of crowds that changed shape, broke up and regrouped in incessant movement; and there were children who played with fireworks, which burned wan in the daylight. The black piers of the port were gaunt and high over the low tide; and to seaward of them a string of mines heaved in the swell. From Le Coq, to the eastward, shell after shell fell among them, to embarrass the sweepers; between them and the western pier we came round, and the disorder and desolation of the harbor were in front of us.

Both Lieutenant Welman, R. N., commanding the motor boat, and myself had been present that night when the old Vindictive, wearing yet her Zeebrugge scars, walked the waters like some solemn ghost of a fighting ship, a moving bulk black against the lesser blackness of the night, yet familiar as in the daylight, and vanished through the smoke screen to the greenish glare of the star shells, the fury of the gunfire and her splendid end between the piers. It was as if we now beheld the dead body of some friend whom last we had seen living and strong. The Germans, after much labor, had managed to swing the old ship so that instead of lying athwart the entrance, blocking it with her body, she lay almost alongside the eastern pier, her long hull a little down by the stern, stripped as the vampires of a battlefield strip the dead. The conning tower at whose door Lieutenant-Commander Godsal met his death, the bridge whence Captain Carpenter conned her alongside the mole at Zeebrugge, her mast, her broken and gapped funnels—everything that the cold chisel or the dynamite could remove, everything that could feed a metal-hungry munitions factory—had been torn away. It was *Kadaververwultung*—corpse exploitation—all over again.

Ahead of her a trawler lay sunk; and farther in yet our way lay over the submerged decks of the old cross-channel paddle steamer Flanders, the tops of whose paddle boxes showed above the surface like half-tide rocks. A couple of dredgers had been rammed together and sunk also, and with them the hopper that ministered to them and received their mud. It was like a disused and neglected graveyard, like those German burial grounds where the broken bodies of massacred women and children are hurried out of sight.

There were people on the pier; the steps were choked with barbed wire, but they waved flags at us and pointed eagerly to a place where we could land.

I think—it is hard to be sure of this in retrospect, but I think—that from the moment of landing, three hundred yards from the nearest street or house, I was aware, as through my physical senses, of that tremendous surge of emotion which possessed Ostend. It was a storage battery charged to the full with four years of accumulated and suppressed feeling and expression. It was not alone the children who charged up shouting and surrounded us—"Engleesh? You Engleesh? God save ze King!"—each with a hoarded flag, French, American or British; there was something more, an emanation from the freed streets, from the souls of the thousands of people who still remained in the city, that overflowed the place.

On the Heels of the Boche

THE first street that opened toward the Grande Place was a vista of flags; and ahead was the crowd, ebbing and flowing before the Hôtel de Ville. To go thither privately and inconspicuously was impossible, for the children formed a bodyguard about us, and our uniforms—Welman's navy blue and my brass-buttoned khaki—seemed to blaze like scarlet. The children burst into song; the crowd heard, looked and understood.

"Now it's coming!" said Welman; and it came.

It was like surf bathing in a human sea. Somebody had her arms round my neck; others had hold of each of my hands; somebody else tore me loose from the first embrace, folded me in, wept on me and handed me on like a doll. I saw only faces alight with smiles or streaming with tears, and over them the kaleidoscope of the flags—all bewildering in an atmosphere of outcries, cheers and laughter. I could not see what had become of Welman; I was swamped in that exuberant welcome. The word *Bürgermeister* began to make itself heard, and energetic men pushed me a passage through the crowd to the door of the Town Hall.

There was champagne in the mayor's office, toasts and the signing of the town records, smiles and handshakes everywhere. And then Welman had to return to his boat, for the weather was breezing up; and I had Ostend and its emotions to myself for the night.

It was toward two o'clock in the afternoon when we had landed, and the "official" final departure of the Germans—a section of cyclist engineers intrusted with the last demolitions—must even then have been leaving the suburbs upon the Bruges road. But there were yet stragglers; and as I returned to the square I halted to watch with the crowd the passage of a string of gray-overcoated human beasts of burden—so vastly were they loaded—who trudged in a rankless gang along the street on their way to their own people. None cheered, none hooted; the crowd just watched, and the laden men passed between them in a dejected silence, looking neither to the left nor to the right, even as condemned men might walk under curious unsympathetic eyes.

There were others prowling about the town and its outskirts who gathered into gangs and departed when darkness

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Putting France Back on the Map

By WILL IRWIN

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

"GENTLEMEN," said the Colonist, "I regret very much to say that we cannot rebuild your homes for the present. France has things more pressing to think about. That will come in time; but first we must live, *n'est-ce pas?* It is like pioneering in that ancient West of the United States from which Monsieur, here, comes. That is how we must think of ourselves—as pioneers, as colonists."

A heavy silence fell upon the group of twenty-odd French farmers who surrounded him—a silence in which you could hear them breathe.

The Colonist, a man who has distinguished himself not only in this war but in the work of settling North Africa before the war, had come north from Amiens to take, on behalf of the French Government, the first steps toward reconstructing the departments of the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais. The Colonist and the Blue Devil are both captains in the French Army, both wear palms on their War Crosses, and both, as agricultural experts, had been summoned from the trenches to do this job. The Colonist is a strapping big fellow physically, and in private life he carries a distinguished title. His whole career has been a French replica of that of the British younger son. The Blue Devil is a little bent man in late middle age. His battle-lined old fighting face is finished with a close-cropped military mustache and goatee, and a pair of marvelously shrewd humorous eyes. Above that face the jaunty little *béret* of the Blue Devils seems somehow incongruous; one feels that a battered helmet would be its proper setting. He is Alsatian born; his family left home after the outrage of 1871. All his life, he admits, he has had but two enthusiasms—recovered Alsace and the agricultural improvement of France.

Typical German Revenge

WITH them had come M. Bachelet, going home to a delivered town in order to see what the Germans had done to his buildings and his broad acres. M. Bachelet is sixty-six years old, though you would not think it. His full, close-cropped head of hair and his pointed beard are only a little grizzled; and he is active and alert. He carries about him, somehow, the air of a man who has met many troubles and weathered them. His look does not belie him. The mayor of his little town, a man of wealth and substance, he stood by when the Germans came through in 1914. After fining the town to the exhaustion of its ready money the Germans tried to issue a worthless paper currency "secured by the property of the community." To give this proceeding the show of legality they needed the mayor's signature on the notes.

M. Bachelet refused flatly and, I judge, saucily. He has a good firm jaw, this man Bachelet. So he was condemned, for the crime of lese majesty, to six months in a criminal penitentiary near Cologne. He was put to making buttons in his cell. As the confinement, along with the poor food, was telling on his health he asked for out-of-doors work. So three days a week he was sent to the fields, where, harnessed sometimes with a murderer and at other times with a burglar, he pulled a cart.

"I made a rather balky horse," said M. Bachelet when he told me about that passage in his war adventures.

At the conclusion of his sentence the Germans seem to have despaired of teaching him obedience. So after detaining him for a time in Belgium they repatriated him through Switzerland. In the retreat of 1917 they abandoned the town. He returned to his properties. His house, the finest in town, had been blown up even before the retreat, as an additional punishment for his stubbornness.

"But there was a little left of the town," said M. Bachelet.

Though the place was still near to the new line, though the fields were still often bombarded, he managed to get a few acres under cultivation. Then the Germans swept over it in their almost-successful attempt on the Channel ports. Now the armistice following the great victories of the North had released it again, and he was about to take up, with full confidence this time, the heavy task of putting his town back on the map.

"They tell me there is nothing left," he had said cheerfully in concluding the tale.

Capt. Alex. Y. Scott, of the Red Cross, and I had been allowed to join the party, that we might see what France has to do, and how, perhaps, the rest of the world may help to discharge her debt to the heroine of the nations.

So we had come first to Beaumetz, a town which stood just at the edge of artillery range during the farthest reach of the German advance, and which had suffered comparatively little—only a few gaping roofs, though many broken windows. The Colonist, it appears, was before the war a fanatic on farmers' cooperatives. The heaviest producers to the acre in France, these farmers of the northwestern departments were correspondingly progressive; they and the farmers of the Rhone Valley were in the lead of this movement. Small holders, like all French farmers, they combined in these societies to buy raw material in quantities, to market crops, and to acquire and use those expensive labor-saving machines whose sole cost a few acres cannot bear. Such a cooperative was working in a canton which ran roughly along the old front lines north of Beaumetz. This region, however, did not afford a single existing building large enough for a meeting; and so the farmers of this cooperative, having been informed in advance, had come down to the nearest habitable town to meet the Colonist and his party.

A French Farmers' Meeting

THEY gathered in a little inn whereof most of the window panes had been lost in the bombardment—twenty-odd men and one woman. For such an occasion the French farmer dresses in his best—but what a best it was! Not a garment among them but showed worn and shiny; and for the greater part they wore scarfs where the white shirts ought to be. Except for one young fellow, whose pale face proved that there was something the matter with his constitution, they were all middle-aged or old; one or two wore in their buttonholes the ribbons which showed that they had done their part in this war and had been excused. Their faces looked worn; their eyes were sad. Tragedy had passed over them all and left footprints.

When they had bought the light beer of the country all round, when, after the preliminary compliments felt necessary in France, they got to talking business they kept coming back to one point. One asked how they stood

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POOL AND GINUWINE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE melancholia of the ages shone in the eyes of the dandified young negro who leaned disconsolately against the lamp-post before the ornate portals of Champion Moving-Picture Theater Number Two—Colored Only. Even the frankly envious hail "'Lo, Bo Brumm'll!" of a one-time rival failed to rouse him from his lethargy; for Florian Slappey had a grudge against the world. Society had done him dirt! The ponies persisted in running true to form when he played the long shots; his creditors exhibited an alarming and ever-increasing distrust of his well-phrased promises; his favorite lottery gigs remained in the big glass wheel, instead of appearing in the lucky dozen which was drawn twice daily.

It was all wrong! Not that Florian Slappey cared for himself; he was well content with a little money, an absence of the necessity for work, the glory of his social dictatorship, and three square meals a day. But continued ill luck was tending to thwart the greatest desire of Florian Slappey's happy-go-lucky young life; it was veering his bark of romance toward a surfy shoal, and ——

"'Lo, Florian!"

The lithe figure of the young negro straightened so swiftly that the angle of the pearl-gray hat was disturbed by three degrees. Then a hand—the fingers of which were tipped by well-manicured, highly polished finger nails—flew to the top piece, and it came off. His body bent gracefully at the waist; and, as he raised his eyes to the superlative pulchritude of Blossom Prioleau, he flushed beneath his coat of racial brunette and gave vent to some of his surcharged emotion by the universal device of sighing.

Jackson Ramsay Took the Paper From His Grasp. The Fat Fingers of the Policy King Trembled Visibly

For if Florian was a fashion plate that the men of the town's uppermost social stratum copied, Blossom was of a magnificence of feature, physique and raiment that defied emulation.

The blood of Jamaica had blended with the rich red life stream of imported Africa through many American generations to make of Blossom a personal perfection. She was educated through the sixth grade, lacked none of the social graces, was a good spender when she had money to spend, and various white ladies for whom she had toiled in a domestic capacity testified to the fact that she was a marvel of efficiency when she cared to be

Blossom was not opposed to work, as such; in fact, she rather favored it—for the other fellow. For herself, she looked contemptuously down upon domestic work as menial and ill-befitting her high social status. Besides, white folks were inconsiderate and lacked a sense of appreciation. They refused to make allowances for her undoubted attractiveness when garbed in a nurse's cap and apron. They actually demanded the services they expected to receive from girls less prominent socially. She craved a life of luxury; so when she and Florian ——

Therein Florian Slappey was in a fair way to be hoist by his own petard; for Florian was a past master of the gentle art of fooling most of the public all the time, and he had fooled it into the belief that he was perennially workless because pecuniarily insured against labor. The occasional appearance of the correct three numbers chosen from those between 1 and 78 in the lottery wheel had enabled him to keep up appearances since his advent from Montgomery, more than a year previous; and it was in the flush of enthusiasm which followed the winning of the blood gig—numbers 5, 10 and 40, paying him four hundred dollars for the two he invested—that he proposed to Blossom Prioleau, and was promptly accepted.

Their engagement, though nominally a secret, had been bruited about among the socially elect and was more or less of a gossip sensation. Florian and Blossom had denied it flatly—at Florian's insistence—for the simple reason that Florian could not afford a diamond engagement ring, dared not attempt to fool either Blossom or her friends with an imitation stone, and refused to sacrifice his position as male social dictator by an admission of his inability to supply his lady fair with the glittering conventional badge of voluntary lifelong servitude.

Of late Florian had found reason for rejoicing over this canny foresight. And only Jackson Ramsay, the portly white man who operated the policy game, guessed that Florian was in financial straits.

Jackson Ramsay was familiar with the symptoms; but, fortunately for Florian, he was tight-lipped. But he saw the dawn of worry in Florian's eyes with the ill luck that followed the daily morning drawing—known as Pool—and the afternoon lottery—arbitrarily yclept Genuine.

Florian's bets were becoming more and more reckless. Not content with saddling his bets and winning modestly, he played three, four and even five numbers straight. And he had won just as often as men who play that system usually win; which is not at all. The odds to the prospective winner were alluring; the odds against him well-nigh impossible.

For Florian, in common with many thousands of his fellow negroes in the South, fondly believed that when seventy-eight numbers are put into a wheel and twelve drawn therefrom there was a very good chance of guessing three of the numbers destined to be included in the dozen. So sure was Jackson Ramsay that the bettor could not perform this feat of clairvoyance that to the guesser of three of the twelve numbers he promptly paid two hundred dollars for one; to the lucky chooser of four, five hundred dollars for one; and to the selecter of five, twenty-five hundred for one.

But no one—and Blossom least of all—among Florian's friends had suspected his pecuniary travail; which accounted for their failure to understand the sudden friendship between Florian and Sally Crouch—the latter a stout female of thirty-five years who owned and operated the Cozy Home Hotel—For Colored, and was reputed to have on deposit in the First National Bank a sum in excess of three thousand dollars. And it was the look of frank disbelief in the lustrous black eyes of the adored Blossom Prioleau that brought a surge of apprehension over Florian Slappey as he gingerly squeezed her unresponsive hand. Florian was unpleasantly aware that he faced an emotional Armageddon.

"'Lo, Blossom!"

"What yo' doin', Florian?"

"Nothin'. What yo' doin'?"

"Jes' walkin' round."

"Thought yo' was workin'."

"I is."

"Missis Clarkson give yo' the day off?"

"She don't give no days off. Tell yo' how come, Florian: Ise sick."

"S'posin' she finds out?"

"She ain't goin' to. I tol' Ma to stay round the house twell she comes down in her automobile. Ma'll meet her outside an' tell her I'm sick in bed. That'll make it easier to-morrow."

"I see!" He cleared his throat awkwardly. "Yo' ain't lookin' fo' nobody, is yo', Blossom?"

"No." And then, with quick suspicion: "Yo'?"

"Me? Course not! Who'd I be lookin' fo'?"

"Reckon yo'-all ought to know that well as me."

"Blossom, youse the 'sinuatinest woman ——"

"I ain't 'sinuatin' nothin' Ise scared to say in plain English."

"How come yo' says ——"

"I reckon yo' an' me is 'bout due to do some plain an' honest talkin', Florian."

"I ain't like no ruckus, Blossom."

She sniffed disdainfully.

"Yo' ain't the on'y one. But they's things ——"

Florian cast a wild hunted glance about the congested avenue, with its battered taxicabs, its rows of stores operated by negroes for negroes, its pretentious nine-story office building, owned and occupied by members of his race—the Penny Prudential Savings Bank on the ground floor. And finally his eye lighted on the inviting portals of Broughton's Drug Store. Unpleasantnesses annoyed him. He wanted peace, and plenty of it.

"How 'bout a soda, Blossom?"

"I ain't keen 'bout no soda. What I want is to make talk with yo'."

"Let's talk in there." There was no help for it.

The sight of a frothy, creamy strawberry ice-cream soda, then in the process of being dispensed to an ebony urchin, dispelled Blossom's opposition.

"If yo' wanna ——"

They seated themselves at a shiny-topped table in the farthest and most secluded corner. Florian gave the order with the nonchalance of a millionaire. Inwardly he was fidgety. He tried his best to avert the catastrophe:

"Pink Broughton sure is got a swell place here."

"Is he?"

"He was tellin' me t'other day ——"

The ice-cream sodas were served and Blossom's long spoon probed tentatively into the foam

"We ain't interest' in what he was tellin' yo' t'other day, Florian. What we's interest' in is what I'm tellin' yo' now."

"Youse actin' so strange, hon!"

Blossom's lips compressed tightly.

"Reckon I'll be actin' stranger befo' long. Why ain't yo' been to the house this last two nights?"

"Business," evaded Florian.

"Huh! Fust time I ever knew her name was Business."

"Who's name?"—innocently.

"That big fat Sally Crouch."

Florian experienced a sinking sensation near the solar plexus.

"Who said somethin' 'bout Sally?"

"I did."

"What for yo' mention her?"

"'Cause she's what I got to talk about. Fust off, I want to ask yo', Florian: Is we engaged or ain't we engaged?"

"Why, honey ——"

"Is we or ain't we?"

"Ain't yo' know ——"

"Ise tryin' to find out."

"I done tol' yo' ——"

"Yeh; yo' tol' me a lot of things. But there's other folks been tellin' me contrariwise. An' yo' ain't been round much lately; an' I sort of been thinkin' ——"

"Youse the thinkenest woman, Blossom. Yo' ain't got no call to be thinkin' all the time thataway."

"I reckon I got a right. Ain't it so I got a right when my fiansay goes traipsin' round with a woman who ain't got no education an' who runs a hotel which there ain't the best things in the world said about it? I ain't got no call? Ain't I? Huh?"

"Ain't been runnin' round with her!"

"Pff! Reckon that ol' sofa in her parlor ain't had a chancet to get cool these last few nights."

"Youse the 'sinuatinest woman ——"

Her eyes compelled his and held them levelly.

"I asks yo' this, Florian: Is yo' in love with me or is yo' in love with Sally Crouch?"

"Honest t' Gawd, hon—I ain't care a snap of my fingers for that woman. I ain't never loved no woman but yo'; an' ——"

"When yo' gonna marry me?"

Florian flushed beneath his racial tan.

"This ain't no time to make marriage talk, Blossom. Things is too 'carious."

"This the time yo' gonna make marriage talk, Florian. I ain't calc'latin' to stand no fumadiddle from yo'—nor no other man. You ain't never tol' no one we was engage'; an' folks is sayin' that I'm runnin' after yo' for yo'r money."

"Folks don't know what they's talkin' 'bout," he retorted earnestly, thinking fearfully of his total worldly assets—an extensive wardrobe and about eight dollars in cash.

"Reckon yo' ain't the marryin' kind—huh?"

"Reckon I is."

"Then whyn't yo' marry me right off?"

"I sort of ain't ready, Blossom. They's business reasons — "

"H'm! What yo' know 'bout business? Yo' got 'nuff money so's yo' ain't got to work."

"I does work."

"Playin' the lott'ry."

"Ise secretary of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise."

"That don't pay nothin' much."

He hesitated.

"'Tain't much, I reckon, Blossom; but I reckon I might's well tell yo' now as later—I need that money."

"What!" She leaned across the table, the strawberry soda temporarily forgotten. "Yo' means to tell me yo' need the money yo' git from the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise?"

He hung his head in shame.

"Uh-huh!"

"How come? I thought yo' was rich!"

"That's what they all think," he answered miserably; for greater shame hath no man than to admit that his wealth is a chimera. "But that ain't makin' it so."

"You useter have ——"

"Useter ain't is! I done had business reverses."

"Playin' th' lott'ry, I reckon."

"Sort of—an' other things. An' that's the truth."

Silence fell between them. Florian Slappey fingered the few crumpled bills in his trousers pocket. The girl tried to readjust in a second her preconceived ideas of the man and his worldly status.

"Broke?" she questioned directly.

He was disconcerted.

"Not ontirely."

"Almost?"

"Uh-huh! I wouldn't be tellin' no one—only yo', hon."

"Whyn't yo' git a job?"

He shook his head.

"My health ain't so good, Blossom. I got the misery."

"And yo' ——"

And then a light came to her. Florian Slappey, wealthy, courted the perfect Blossom Prioleau. Florian Slappey, bereft of lucre, cast mercenary eyes upon the portly and affluent Sally Crouch—Sally of the ample figure, the big heart, the level head; Sally the uncourted, the hard-working, the unbeautiful, the none-too-young.

Blossom half rose in her sudden accession of violent anger, and then dropped back to her seat. Florian missed none of the business and knew that his fowl was hung high.

"So—so that's it!" breathed Blossom.

"What's it?"

"Yo' go lose yo're money an' make a set f'r Sally Crouch 'cause she's got a heap."

The hour for evasion had passed, and Florian knew it. He bent forward earnestly, his slender fingers, with their polished nails, clasping and unclasping.

"That ain't the way to look at it a-tall, Blossom. Yo' knows well enough that I love yo'; youse the lovinest woman I ever seen. But gittin' married is something different. Honest, I love yo' too much to marry yo' an' then make yo' work fo' me."

"Pff! I see myself workin' fo' any man!"

"Sure—that's it!" He brightened perceptibly. "It woul'n't nowise be fair fo' yo'-all to have to work fo' me an' I ain't able to work fo' myself. White folks asks too much these days an' they don't pay nothin'. I been tryin' to make back my money. Mister Ramsay c'n tell yo' I been playin' th' Pool ev'y mornin' an' saddlin' over to th' Ginuwine in the afternoon; but the gigs ain't been comin' right. I ain't call 'em right no mo'. Oncet I been win a few dollars. . . . But I ain't aimin' to marry yo' on no few dollars, hon. Yo' is meant for fine clothes, an' suchlike. I knows yo'-all woul'n't want to marry me if ——"

"Listen here, Florian; yo'-all ain't tootin' a-tall. I got a single mind, I is. I ain't fickle. I ain't never love' no man but yo'; an' if yo' is willin' they ain't no reason why we cain't git married to-day."

He shook his head in sad negation.

"'Twoul'n't be fair to yo', hon."

"Reckon I c'n jedge that."

"I cares too much to let yo'. 'Cause ef my strength give out. . . . Yo' ain't got no money save' up, is yo'?"

"No"—suspiciously—"I ain't."

"Y' see ——"

"Yo' gonna marry me?"

"'Twoul'n't be right."

"Yo' mean yo'-all won't?"

"I'm tellin' yo' ——"

"S'posin' yo' jes' answer my question."

"Marriage ain't like credit, Blossom. Folks is got to have money or they'll be mis'able. I ain't got the heart to ask no good-lookin' woman like yo' to t'row herse'f away on ol' trash like me. I ain't aimin' ——"

"Yo' is aimin'!" she flashed with sudden heat. "Yo' is aimin' to marry fat ol' Sally Crouch an' make her s'port yo' all yo'r nacheral life. Tha's all the heart yo' got—jes' to make a woman work fo' yo' ——"

"Hol' on, Blossom; hol' on! That ain't nowise fair. I ain't the kind of man to take adwantage of no woman. Love is a fine t'ing, I says; but it's espensive—like a automobile. I ain't got no money an' I ain't able to work. Doc Simmons says I ain't. Last white gen'l'man I work fo' said the same identical thing. I sort of guess that poet what said 'bout bein' better to have love' an' lost than to have marry the girl wasn't no liar, at that."

"An' so"—bitterly—"yo' is plumb set on marryin' Sally fo' her money?"

"I ain't never goin' to stop lovin' yo', Blossom."

"Humph! Lot of good that's goin' to do either of us. Ain't yo' got no sense, Florian? Is yo' saw a picture of Sally Crouch as Missis Florian Slappey? Why—why, she even talks like po' white trash! Yo' is a disumpointment to me, Florian—that yo' is."

"Reckon yo'-all'd do the same thing."

"Yo' ain't know what yo' is talkin' 'bout. Ise had chancests—I is. I got a friend up home in Nashville name' 'Zekiel Rothwell. He runs a jitney line an' he's got plenty o' money. Ise tellin' yo', Florian, 'tain't his fault—none a-tall—I ain't been Misses 'Zekiel Rothwell long time ago. Tha's what! But I ain't b'lieve in marryin' fo' money."

"Tha's whar you is makin' a mistake," he told her earnestly. "A honeymoon ain't last but a week or so, Blossom. Tha's whar it's diff'rent from a bank account. We alwnys c'n love each other, hon. Guess we is just got to try an' be happy."

Blossom rose abruptly, a victim of unrequited love and hurt pride. Florian trailed her to the door. A few men seated at the soda fountain turned to stare with glittering eyes at her Junoesque figure.

Florian swelled with self-pity and affection. There was a pleasant glow imparted by the knowledge that he was rejecting the hand of this regal creature; doing it, he told himself, for her own good, out of pure generosity. There was a hint of moisture in his eyes as he extended his hand to her in farewell.

"Ef on'y I had the money like what folks t'ink I is got ——"

"I—I—woul'n't marry no—such—man as yo'!"

"Don't yo' go hurtin' my feelin's, Blossom. An' don't yo' never fo'get I ain't never love' no woman—on'y yo'."

"Ise goin' to remember ev'ything, Florian—specially that a man what'll sell hisself to a big, fat, wuthless wench ain't worth cryin' 'bout!"

She turned suddenly and walked swiftly down the street. Florian stared after her thoughtfully. He sighed. Then he smiled. So much for that!

The job, deliciously unpleasant as it had been, was finished. The Rubicon had been safely crossed, and he flattered himself that it had been rather adroitly handled.

He was a bit sorry, of course, that he had been forced to break the heart of the most glorious woman in the town's Four Hundred; but there was an aftermath of quiet pleasure in the knowledge that it had been within his power to do so.

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"Looka Heah, Colored Folks; I Ain't Keer How Much Jokes Yo' Play After Dis Ceremony Done Been Over, But I Ain't Gwine Stan' fo' No Fumadiddles Now"

Marvels of Army Organization

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

IF YOU should arrive in France and want to know at once the whereabouts of your son, brother or friend from your home town who is with an American unit somewhere in the field, all that you have to do is to get in touch with the Central Records Office of the A. E. F., and you can find out as quickly as the telegraph can transmit your inquiry and flash back an immediate answer. This personal-intelligence system is just one more detail in the many-sided army organization that is a marvel of efficient coördination.

For five articles we have been journeying through the major and therefore spectacular Services of Supply. Significant as are their activities they comprise only a comparatively few sections of that vast and throbbing domain which feeds, equips and unifies the American Expeditionary Forces. We can now take up some of the other and no less vital agencies which form what may be called the subsidiary corporations of the business of war. They range from a life-insurance company to the largest real-estate-operating office in the world. Included among them is a school for citizenship, a complete renting and claim agency, a scientific forestry service, a job-printing plant, even a full-fledged newspaper of, by and for the Army. Each in its way reveals a distinct phase of highly developed administration that is not only essential to some phases of the conduct of the conflict and the mental or physical upkeep of the men but conveys a useful and constructive lesson for peace.

The Central Records Office is typical. We put the card index on the commercial-efficiency map. Hence no one will be surprised to learn that we have probably the largest one ever created, and comprising, when you consider all ranks, civilians, prisoners of war and other individuals connected with our overseas forces, more than two million names. This monster and up-to-the-hour directory makes it possible to locate every person who draws pay or property from the Army, and to know at a glance his or her past and present.

You find this huge institution housed in an immense structure in a pleasant town well up in the intermediate section. Here are hundreds of Waacs, who, working as clerks and stenographers, perform the same admirable service for the American Army that they do for the British Expeditionary Force, in that they release fit and semifit men for the Front or for service in the supply and transport branches. At first sight the establishment makes you think of a census office, and such it really is. You hear the machine-gunlike rattle of batteries of typewriters; you see apparently unending vistas of card-catalogue cabinets; there is the charged atmosphere of swift and orderly action. All these cabinets are in groups by army corps, divisions and smaller organizations. Each cabinet bears a card which indicates the body whose records it contains.

Who's Who in the Army

CENTRAL RECORDS, as it is more commonly known, is technically charged with "maintaining accurate and complete records of the entire personnel of the American Expeditionary Forces, civilians attached thereto, all the American prisoners of war held by enemy forces and all enemy prisoners of war held by our forces." This bald and more or less official outline of responsibilities covers a multitude of other details that extend from the entry of the army individual into this world to the final record of his passing into the next.

To accomplish all this the office is divided into various divisions. Some of these divisions are so large that they in turn are composed of three or four sections. Each has its separate and distinct function. The Mail, Record and Correspondence Division will illustrate. It not only opens, distributes and files army correspondence for record but conducts the courier service which daily conveys official documents from one service to another. Likewise it handles, collects and replies to inquiries about the oversea forces.

The card index of the army personnel is an illuminating example of how Central Records works. Its main object is to provide what is known as a master card for every person connected with the A. E. F. It is no simple task. New units have been arriving in France every day—indeed, every hour. They came from every part of the United States. Men have been constantly dying from enemy action, disease or accident; forces are being shifted from one point to another, and sometimes this movement involves tens of thousands of men whose orders may come almost without notice. On top of this is the fact that staffs are reorganized; officers and enlisted men are shunted from service to service: there is incessant evolution. This eternal change must be focused and every change recorded in the army directory. Now you can see just what a job it is to make the army index live and up to date.

Colonel L. M. Nash

It is possible only because every unit that comes overseas begins to contribute to the Central Records before it embarks. Just as soon as an organization is ordered to France it is required to fill out a card for every member. At every port in France are statistical officers who compare these cards with the passenger list of the organization. If there is any discrepancy the organization is immediately called upon to fill up the gaps. This preliminary work, I might say, is in charge of what is known as the Initial Information and Army Serial Number Division of Central Records.

Now we can proceed to the second stage of the census, which deals with the army serial numbers. There is a serial number for every man in the Army. The complete sequence of these numbers is on the books of Central Records. Let us assume that John Jones is Number 1,000,000. As soon as he reaches France and the records of his unit pass through their proper channel his name is written alongside the number 1,000,000 in the army register. Henceforth in all records of John Jones overseas that number will accompany him, even to the identity disk that he wears on a string round his neck.

The Master Cards

THIS brings us to the preparation of the master card which is the compact and concrete record of the soldier. This card is eight inches long and five inches wide. It contains the full name; army serial number; rank; organization; complete home address; name, relationship and address of party to be notified in case of emergency; date of birth; place and date of enlistment or commission; date of arrival in Europe; location in France or elsewhere abroad; record of all transfers and changes, which includes every promotion, capture, absence with or without leave or furlough. It also states the individual's occupation before the war. In the lower right-hand corner is a blank square that has a grim and tragic significance. It is the spot left for the photograph, diagram or description of the place of burial.

On the back of the card under the head of Hospital Record is space for the record of every wound, illness or physical incapacity of any kind. It shows the date of the casualty, the hospital where the soldier was sent, the nature of the illness or wound, whether it was slight or serious, and the hour and date when the soldier was discharged or died. When you examine one of these master cards there is precious little of vital importance about the soldier that you do not know. So complete is this card index that if you asked to see the record of the commander in chief you would discover that it followed the same form as the card of Bill Brown, buck private in the X division.

With the machinery at the disposal of Central Records it is comparatively easy to make out the original master card. The problem is to keep this card live, as they say in business. This is achieved through the coöperation of every unit in the A. E. F., which is required to submit all casualties and changes in the status of its personnel to Central Records at regular intervals. From these reports the various changes are made on the master card.

Two divisions of Central Records have special and poignant interest: One relates to casualties, which I shall describe later on in this article in connection with graves registration; the other is that section which deals with American prisoners of war held by enemy forces. As is the case with every other detail of the war, whether it involves the capture of a town or the record and treatment of prisoners, the Allies display an infinitely larger spirit of justice and fair play toward their enemies than the enemies show toward them. The German military authorities seem to take a particular delight in intensifying the suspense of relatives and friends over the fate of those reported missing. Only those who have been through this anguish can realize what it means to be kept in the dark concerning the whereabouts of loved ones.

Under the international agreement the ordinary method of conveying information about prisoners of war is through the Red Cross. Central Records compiles the names of all German prisoners in our hands, and they are sent expeditiously to the German Government by way of the accredited channels. The system of the American business of war operates alike for friend and foe. Hence you find a master card for every boche in our hands. I doubt very much if the German has been so considerate of our own men.

Brigadier General Edgar Jadwin

The deeper you probe into the business of war the more you realize its intimate parallel with everyday commerce. War these days is simply colossal merchandising with men. Instead of converting raw steel into rails or girders it transforms the raw human being into a finished fighting man. To maintain its output every industrial concern must renew its machinery regularly to meet the wear and tear of incessant production. In the same way the army must renew its fighting machine, which is the soldier. Every day its ranks are thinned by enemy action, accident, disease—any one of the many perils that beset a huge force in the field. This army renewal is technically known as replacement of men, and it discloses another phase of scientific military organization well worth explaining.

All new men for the American Expeditionary Forces, whether they are combat troops or in the Services of Supply, mainly come from the same source, which is the draft. Likewise the great majority get their preliminary training at home. The bulk are attached to some organized unit before setting sail for France. At the time I began these articles eight to ten men were leaving the shores of America for the ports of the Allies every minute. This steady stream of khaki not only had to have a destination but must meet some definite need, be assigned to some specific unit, and take its orderly place in the fabric of our fighting force. How was this done?

Study the replacement process and you soon find out. You discover that with men as with supplies we depend on what amounts to an automatic supply, which means that gaps in the ranks are regularly filled and that there is always a reserve to draw upon. Replacement deals with men for the Front and the rear. Since this series of articles is concerned solely with the Services of Supply we will stick as far as possible to our bailiwick. It will serve to explain the system, first because it is a self-contained empire and second because the troops comprise more than one-third of our overseas Army.

Perhaps I can best explain the scheme of replacement by saying that it is like banking. If you have a bank account and keep on drawing checks against it you exhaust the purchasing power of your balance if you do not keep on depositing in the bank. The Army in France was in the same position as the individual. It was constantly drawing on its human deposits in America, which are the training camps. Since the A. E. F. made out a check every month in the shape of a big replacement order it follows that Uncle Sam in his turn had to have the available trained men ready. Through the draft he kept on depositing men in the human bank, which is the Army at home. Hence the Army must keep books on men just as it keeps books on everything else.

What the Chart Tells

ALL this means that General Headquarters in France must know exactly how many men are available in America all the time. Hence you can see up there a blue chart which shows every division in the American Army at home and abroad. The units in America are indicated by a white square. The moment that a unit arrives in Europe a smaller square is placed inside. A glance at this chart shows what troops are at home and what are overseas. The process that registers these results is packed with detail.

Let us begin at the beginning, which means that the machinery of supplying men for France starts with the section of the General Staff known as G1, whose functions I described in a previous article and which is the great army provider. Every requisition for men, like every requisition for food, clothing, engineering material or equipment, must pass across its desks. Though the G1 at General Headquarters is the senior section and has general authority in requisitioning men, the G4 of the Services of Supply also has a responsible task, because every man that sets his foot on French soil comes under its jurisdiction first. G1 at G. H. Q. gets him to France, and G4 of the S. O. S. equips, transports him to his training area and gets him up to the Front, where he comes under the authority of G. H. Q.

In order to get at the very first step in human supply we shall be obliged to step out of the A. E. F. for a moment. It takes us to a charming little town in France which will be a shrine, for the reason that in a simple structure on a side street sits the master strategist, Marshal Foch. In him is vested the supreme unity of command of the Allied Armies, especially those operating in France. All major orders for troop movements emanate from him. It is Foch who determines what men are needed for offensives, and this in turn determines the number of men required to equip, supply and transport them. Thus the human demand, so far as the American Expeditionary Forces is concerned, really begins with Foch in conjunction with General Pershing.

Let us say for the sake of illustration that 350,000 men comprised the monthly shipment to France. This number included two separate and distinct groups: One was the regular, normal addition to the Army; the other included the men needed to replace losses at the Front or in the rear and is the replacement force.

This again brings us bang up against the supreme problem of the A. E. F.—tonnage—which applies to men no less than it applies to material. Every unit in France wanted all the men it could get. Normal increase and replacement therefore became matters of careful tonnage allocation, and G1 at G. H. Q. does the allocating. First of all both Front and rear file their requisitions of human needs. If the Army had been in a big offensive its demands were greater than usual, because it had casualties. In the same way if vast new construction projects in the base or intermediate sections had been launched and had to be pushed through to early completion there was an abnormal requirement for additional engineering units. If the demand for men at the Front made it necessary to send men from the S. O. S. up into the fighting line they must also be replaced.

Lieutenant Colonel C. C. Pierce

The emergencies that beat about supply and replacement are many and complicated.

G1 sifts out all these needs and does precisely what the chief quartermaster does with regard to his tonnage allotment. It makes up a priority schedule which indicates the urgency of the human shipment. This priority schedule is based on a fixed arrangement called Schedule of Priority of Shipments and which is the convoy Bible. It is divided into phases. Each phase includes a certain number of troops for the combat army and a certain number for the Services of Supply. In priority, as in everything else, you realize how all-important the S. O. S. is, because there can be no fighting at the Front without this unspectacular and bloodless fighting in the rear.

One reason why an up-to-the-hour check can be kept on replacements is that for every unit in France there is a chart which shows the strength of the organization. Let me illustrate with the case of a division. On the left-hand side is an itemized list of its various kinds of units. Alongside is a column for Authorized Strength and another entitled Present for Duty. Extending from each unit in the division such as Headquarters, Infantry, Artillery, Supply, Engineer and Sanitary Trains, and so on down the line, is a horizontal black bar which indicates a scale of strength up to one hundred per cent. If the bar radiating from Infantry, for instance, stops under the number 90 it means that the infantry in the division is ninety per cent of authorized strength. At the bottom of the sheet is a square which indicates replacements required. If the division is at full strength this square remains white; if ten per cent replacement is necessary it is so indicated. The sum of these charts in every branch of the service makes it possible to know the strength from day to day and the replacements required.

When all requisitions for replacements are in, G1 sends a blanket cable to Washington specifying needs. The various kinds of casual troops are ordered by letter, which means that if G1 cabled X15000 it would mean that 15,000 engineers were required for replacement. In the same way Y may mean Medical Corps, Z, Ordnance, and so on. I am using hypothetical letters. These troops came over unassigned. This is why they are known as casuals. Most of them went to the great clearing house on the banks of the Loire that I described in the preceding article.

Distributing Casuals

JUST as soon as troops are at sea—or floated, as the army phrase goes—they are caught up in a ceaseless system of scrutiny. The War Department advises G1 by cable the precise number and class of regular organizations and the total number of casuals embarked and on the way. The whole process now becomes visualized. If the convoy includes A Division which is intended for B Army in the field there is already a blank square for this division on the B Army chart of organization which hangs at General Headquarters. So long as this division is in America this space is white. The moment it starts for France half of the square is filled in with red. As soon as the unit arrives in France the square becomes all red. Meanwhile G1 has advised the armies in the field or the Services of Supply just what troops are on the way in the same way that the quartermaster corps or the engineering or ordnance services are advised of the shipment of needed supplies. This complete system of advice makes for an efficient use of man power in the Army.

The remarkable document known as the Daily State obtains with human as with material needs. Every day there is placed on the desk of the commander in chief at G. H. Q. and on the desk of the commanding general of the Services of Supply at Tours a typewritten sheet which shows the total personnel—combatant and Services of Supply—in France; the arrivals during that month; and the total debarked the day before; the monthly human demand; what has arrived; what is at sea and the balance to come. Scientific supervision can do no more!

Just as soon as troops, whether assigned to combat organizations or replacements, arrive in France they come under the administrative direction of G4. If they are intended for the Services of Supply they go where the commanding general of S. O. S. directs; if they are headed for the Front they are distributed by order of G3, which is the Operations Section at G. H. Q., and which controls fighting. Combat troops arriving in units go at once to a training area for further training or to barracks or billets for a brief rest before going up to the zone of advance.

Since we are mainly concerned with replacements and more especially replacements in the Services of Supply we can now follow them through. All replacements are casuals and are usually sent to depot divisions, which may be anywhere in the domain of the S. O. S. and which are often training centers. These depots are for both officers and men. The men are kept in pools and are withdrawn as the Army needs or emergencies dictate. Each army

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AMERICA IN THE AIR

By Elizabeth Frazer

UPON the acrobatic field at X—— it was superb flying weather. X—— in this particular case represents the largest American training center for chasse pilots in Europe. Another nom de plume for it is The Muddiest Hole in France. For the past few days ugly swollen black clouds had held the center stage of the heavens like an extremely wet and soggy army blanket sagging low in the middle; and at all too frequent intervals that soggy center had ripped just at the sagging point, to let down rain by the liquid ton on impatient aviators. The flat surrounding prairie was still sludgy underfoot, with great ruddy discolored pools collected in all the depressions. But to-day, up in the clean big top spaces of the sky, a keen bracing wind prevailed. It had ripped and whipped the swollen black clouds to ribbons, swept them over to the horizon, and now it was gayly chasing a fleet of little white-cotton clouds which were racing before it like yachts for the regatta cup. With a tail wind like that and a Spad a pilot could beat it to the airy frontiers of Kingdom Come in a morning.

Far off in the distance, mere gnats against the windy blue brilliance of the sky, a group of planes were flying in formation. But in the acrobatic field in which I stood no one was up for the moment. I had motored over from headquarters in the C. O.'s car—a matter of ten minutes; while the chief training instructor, Major M——, from the same goal had flown over in his tiny fighting plane in the twinkling of an eye.

Stunts and Acrobatics

"I'M SENDING up Lieutenant X——," he explained, "who has just come down from Saint-Mihiel. He's consented to do some acrobatics for you. Take my ship," he added, turning to the lieutenant, "and wait until you have some altitude before you begin to stunt."

The lieutenant nodded and turned away. He was just like a million other good-looking young lieutenants who have been fighting this man's war—clean face, clear eyes, firm jaw and a slim muscular body. In France his name is legion; he belongs to that vast majority with which, year after year, England has headed her long casualty lists: "Second Lieutenant, unless otherwise stated."

A group of us watched him as he walked across the field and climbed into the snug little cockpit of the Nieuport scout. The mechanic standing by gave the propeller a sharp whirl; the engines started with a roar; the propeller blades vanished in a flashing blur of speed. The lieutenant throttled down his engine and the plane began to taxi swiftly, gracefully over the field. He headed her into the wind and pulled wide open his throttle. The front wheels cleared the ground, the tail lifted, and the little fighting plane took off at a smart angle in a beautiful clean zipping line.

First he cut a gorgeous big circle round the field. Then he squared the circle and circled the square. Next he limned a gigantic triangle, base, perpendicular, hypotenuse, against the airy background of the sky. Then he tilted that same triangle up on end, climbing steeply, nose skyward, to some remote vertiginous goal; then throttling down his engine he gracefully volplaned down the long hypotenuse, and doubled back once more on the base line. Behind him was the flawless blue of the French sky, upon which as upon a sapphire slate he etched his airy designs. And each line had a grace, a purity, a verve, as if the Creator himself had taken his crayon in hand, unlimbered his elbow, and said: "Behold! I will show you the eternal beauty of a perfect straight line."

Below, heads tilted back, noses in air, we watched him, spellbound.

"He's warming up," murmured the instructor. "But just wait until he begins to stunt."

"Isn't he stunting right now?" I demanded.

"Oh, no. He's just strolling round to get up steam. Watch him rock his ship! There! There! He feels so darned good he's just playing with it. You know those little Nieuport scouts are so sensitive on the control that once you are used to them you can fairly wish them round. Now—look! He's begun to stunt. That's a side slip. Now he's converting it into a vrille. Watch him straighten out of it. You've got to have altitude for that."

We continued to gaze upward while the tiny wasplike plane with its lonely pilot disported itself in that high limpid space, now reeling in terrible dizzying, spinning nose dives, now tearing along like a lightning express, now climbing steeply, turning completely over in a barrel, looping the loop and flying on its back.

"That's a nice vrille," murmured someone, as once more the little plane spun crazily, nose down, spiraling on a perpendicular axis, apparently out of control and destined for a spectacular crash. But just as I caught my breath in sickening horror—for within the week I had seen a plane crash and its pilot instantly killed in just such a spinning nose dive—he flattened out into a magnificent sweep, half barreled, side slipped, looped the loop, vrilled again; merging one astounding feat into another with a swiftness, an ease that brought exclamations of delight to all lips.

The Epitome of the Front

AND now up in that sunny field of air began a battle with an invisible foe. Round and round he circled, maneuvering for place; now he shot straight toward the zenith, climbing steeply into the sun to dazzle his antagonist; now feinting he spun dizzily downward as if mortally shot and out of control; then suddenly he swerved, shot upward and flashed by his antagonist, dead on his tail, pumping him full of fictitious lead. It was all over in half a minute, that sham battle, but we could guess who had won! And though in one sense it was sheer fantasy and nonsense, that combat with an imaginary boche, yet in a larger, deeper sense it was also the very heart of reality. For it was as if that young pilot, but recently returned from the Front, paused in his lofty capers and spoke down to us by wireless telephone thus:

"Now see me kill a Hun! There he is—just under that little white puff cloud. Watch me fix him! This is how we do it over the lines. This is how our pursuit squadrons work. Multiply me by eighteen. Echelon me out in flying formation. Put twenty, fifty Hun Rumplers, instead of one, up behind that little cloud—yet the principle remains the same. I am the epitome of the fighting Front."

Not that the young pilot thought any such vain thoughts or deemed himself the epitome of anything. He was far too modest. For after he had made a very smooth landing he vanished behind his machine.

A moment later two aviators came forward and one of them said: "Lieutenant X—— begs you to excuse him. He's gone in to wash his hands. But he hopes you enjoyed the stunts."

And it was not until he had turned away that I discovered, by the delighted grins of the audience, that a joke had been played on me by the epitome of the Front. It was he himself who had spoken; he had faked his own absence, even as he had faked the battle in the air!

Nevertheless, he was indeed an epitome. And that is the reason I have lingered over this picture in the air. He represented the Front, the zest, the spirit with which our pilots were gaining and holding the

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A Flying Field in France—the Planes Out in Front of Hangars. Above—Salvaging the Crashed Planes

THE CITY OF COMRADES

"It's a Step on the Way to Your Marrying a Man You're Not in Love With, and My Not Marrying at All"

XXI

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

SO MY celibacy of the will was threatened. I mean by that that I found myself with two main objects of thought instead of one. Having vowed myself to a cause, a woman had supervened with that pervasiveness of presence with which a perfume fills a room. I might still vow myself to the cause, but I shouldn't serve it as I had meant to, with heart and senses free.

Or should I?

The question fundamentally was that. Could I at a time like this divide my allegiance as I should be obliged to divide it by falling in love and being married? Or ought I, in deference to the work I was to do, suppress this old passion and smother the problems and curiosities it had begun to rouse in me?

If in view of the many men who have been good soldiers and equally good husbands this hesitation seems farfetched to you I must beg you to remember what I have told you already, that my mission, such as it was, had become my life. For this the inspiration sprang from what I had seen for myself. What I had seen for myself compelled me to believe that the world was divided into just two camps—those who fought the Germans and those who did not. "He that is not with me is against me," I was prepared to say; except that for the small bordering nations, whom the arch-enemy could have crushed as he had crushed Belgium and Serbia before anyone else could save them, I was ready to make long allowances. I couldn't make these allowances for the United States; and to win the friends I valued so highly to joining in the task that seemed to me the most pressing before mankind was the work to which I longed to give myself every minute of the day.

No consecrated soldier of a holy war had ever been moved by a purer singleness of purpose than I when I came on board the Assiniboia; and now I was already thinking most of something else. As violently—I choose the adverb—as if I had never seen this woman's image grow fainter and fainter in my memory I craved to know certain things about her.

I might state those things in this way: Why in the summer in which I joined the army and went across with the first Canadian contingent did she seek the acquaintance of my sister Evelyn, and undertake nursing in her company? Why did she join my sister Mabel, and steal in and out of my room when I was blind? Why, since I was blind, did she keep her presence unknown to me, and swear my sisters to secrecy? Why was she coming back on board this boat? Did she really care for me? And if she really cared for me, why this air of ever so courteous, ever so gentle constraint the minute we were alone and I broached any subject that was personal?

Was she angry? Was she contrite? Was she wounded? Was she scornful? Was she proud? Or was she simply subjecting me to one more test, which might end again in her being disappointed?

I have to confess that these inquiries already absorbed my soul in such a way that I forgot that on which I had been accustomed to meditate every hour of my time—the approach I was to make to American citizens like Beady Lamont and Ralph Coningsby. Against this weaning away of my heart some essential loyalty cried "Treason!" I was the man who had put his hand to the plow and was looking back. If I continued to look back I might easily prove unfit for the kingdom of heaven as I conceived of it.

Throughout the next day I was eager to test the effect of these counter-inclinations on myself. That I could only do by meeting her. If I met her, would she be to me to a more intimate degree simply what the Consolatrice was? Or should I find her the brave, aspiring, provocative spirit that had led me up the path that had begun to mount from the moment when I first saw her—only in the end to let me fall over the edge of a precipice? I wanted to see; I wanted to be sure.

But she kept me waiting. She didn't appear that day. It was a fine day for the ocean in November, with a tolerably smooth sea. It was not weather, therefore, that confined her to her cabin; it was something else. She knew I would be on the watch for her, and she let me have my labor for my pains.

It was the kind of advance and recession with which I had least patience. On Thursday morning I kept no watch for her. Swearing that she meant no more to me than Miss Prynne and that my work in life was too serious to allow any woman to interfere with it, I gave myself to the reading of books on the war situation as it affected America. If she was playing a game she would learn that it was not one of solitaire. Two could take a hand at it, and with equal skill. I prided myself on that skill when some time in the latter part of Thursday afternoon she passed my chair in the music room—the sixth sense told me it was she—and I did not look up from Sheering's Oxford lectures on The War and World Repentance.

Though my eye followed the passage I got little or no sense from it.

"Human effort after human welfare is never drastic enough," I read. "It is never sufficiently radical to accomplish the purpose it tries to carry out. Instead of laying its ax at the root of the tree of its ills it is content to hack off a few branches. It never gets beyond pruning work; and the most one can say of the results it achieves is that they are better than nothing.

"So much then one can affirm of the dreams that are now being dreamed, in all probability to vanish with waking. They are better than nothing. Better than nothing are the aims held up before the Allied nations as the citadels they are to capture. The crushing of military despotism is better than nothing; the elimination of war is better than nothing; the establishment of universal democracy, the founding of a league of nations, the formation of a league to enforce peace, the dissemination of a world-wide entente, these are all of them better than nothing, even though they end in being no more productive of permanent blessing than the Hague Conference, which was better than nothing in itself. They are probably as effective as anything that man, with his reason, his wisdom, his science, his degree of self-control, and his pathetic persistence in believing in himself when that belief has so unfailingly been blasted, can ever attain to. But, oh, gentlemen, as the prophet said thirty centuries ago, 'This is not the way, neither is this the city.' You are pouring out blood; you are pouring out money; you are giving your sons and your daughters to pass through the fire to Moloch; through the fire to Moloch unflinchingly they pass; you are tearing the hearts out of your own bodies, and you are doing it with a heroism that cannot fail of

some reward. But this is not the way, neither is this the city. It is better than nothing, but it is not the best. You could do it all so much more thoroughly, so much more easily. You will accomplish something; there is no question about that; but till you take the right way, and attack the city of which you must become masters, that great good thing for which you are fighting will still be a vision of the future."

But with the knowledge that this woman had simply passed and let her shadow fall upon me I had no heart for Sheering's impassioned words. I got up and followed her.

I found her on deck, far forward, leaning on the rail and watching a fiery, angry sunset that inflamed all the western horizon. As she looked round and saw me advancing along the deck I detected in her telltale eyes the first scared impulse to run away.

But what was she afraid of?

It was the question I asked as soon as I was near enough to speak.

"What makes you think I'm afraid of anything?"

"The way you looked. You see, this queer sort of veil doesn't protect you; it gives you away by throwing all your expression into your eyes. There's an essence that eludes one till it's concentrated and distilled."

"I'm sure I didn't mean ——"

"To look like an animal trying to escape? Well, you did."

"Oh, as to that, I could easily have walked round the deckhouse to the other side of the ship."

"If the discourtesy wouldn't have been too obvious—of course!" But I didn't press the point. There were other admissions to which I had an unchivalrous craving to bring her if I could; and so I went on artfully: "It was clever of you to find my stateroom on Tuesday—all on the spur of the moment like that."

She contented herself with murmuring "Yes, wasn't it?"

"And your own cabin is on another deck."

"I'm on this deck."

"So that you hadn't even seen me going in and out."

"I'm a nurse—in a way. Nurses have to know more than other passengers or they'd be no good on board ship."

"And do you know everyone's cabin ——?"

"I know everyone's cabin to whom I can be useful."

"Is that many?"

"No; not many, unfortunately." She diverted the attack by saying: "What are you asking for?"

"Oh, for nothing," I answered carelessly. I added, however, with some slight show of intention: "I've called it your cleverness, but I really mean it as your kindness."

She decided to take the bull by the horns, shifting her position and standing with her back to the rail

"If you call it kindness that I should have learned the number and location of your cabin before we left Liverpool ——"

"Oh, you did it then?"

"Yes, I did it then. But if you call it kindness of course I can't prevent you. I can only assure you it isn't. I knew you couldn't get about easily ——"

"How did you know that?"

"I saw you come on board. Wasn't that enough?"

"Then let me go further back and ask how you happened to see me come on board. Wasn't it an extraordinary coincidence that you should have been there, right at the head of the gangway?"

"Well, life is full of extraordinary coincidences, isn't it? And when a woman who can do so little sees a wounded man ——"

There were other wounded men scattered about the deck. I glanced at them as I said: "And have you done that for all the wounded men on board?"

"I've done it for all I know."

"And how many do you know?"

She averted her profile, with an air of having had enough of the subject.

"I wanted you to tell me a minute ago why you were asking me these questions, and you said for nothing." I could see her smile behind the chiffon of the yashmak as she went on: "Since that's your only reason perhaps you won't mind if I don't answer you."

"But if I had a reason for asking, would you tell me then?"

"Wouldn't it have to depend on the reason?"

"You're very careful."

She shot a daring, smiling glance at me as she riposted: "Well, aren't you?" Before I had time to recover from the slight shock that these words dealt me she pointed to the horizon: "See, there's smoke over there. I do hope it's not another U-boat."

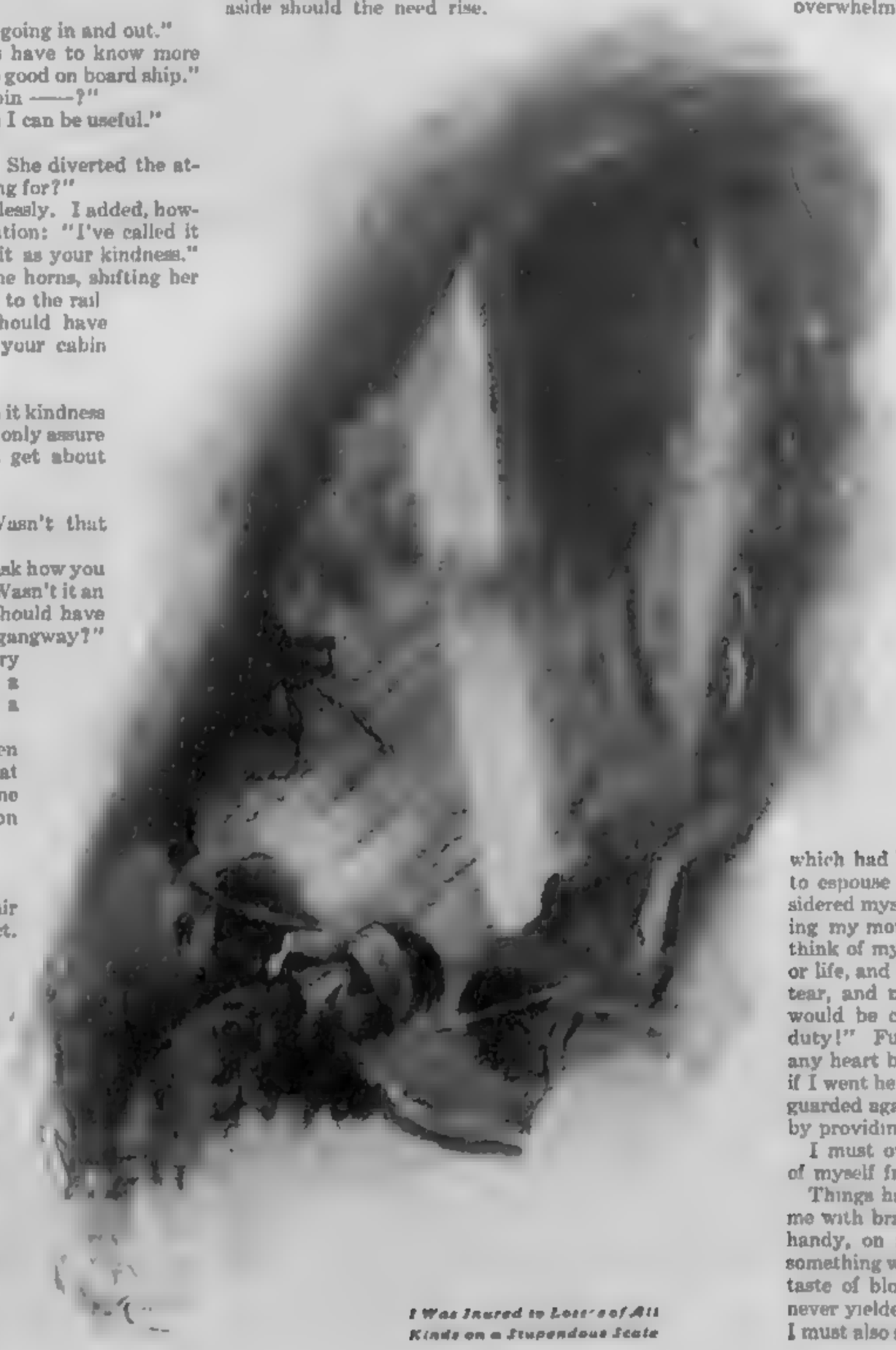
I accepted the diversion—for more reasons than one. Of these the first was the shock to which I have alluded. She saw through me. That is, she saw I didn't place her first. How she saw it I could no more tell than she could tell how I knew her history of the past two years. But the tables were turned, and turned in such a way as to make me feel ridiculous. A man who is careful with regard to a woman is always slightly grotesque.

As my most skillful defense lay in feigning a lack of perception I talked about U-boats and the experience of two days before; but I came away from her with a feeling of discomfort.

I analyzed the feeling of discomfort as due to the repetition of our mutual attitude more than two years previous. When she came forward I drew back. I had always drawn back. I used to suppose that nothing but one motive could have driven me to this humiliating course and now I was taking it from another. I was taking it from another, and she knew it. The essence of the humiliation lay in that.

Each time I met her on deck she betrayed a hesitation that I found harder to bear than contempt. Her very effort to preserve a tone of friendliness was a reproach to me. It seemed to say: "You see all I've done for you. You accept it and give me nothing in return."

And yet I was obliged to consider that which, were I to let myself be nothing but myself, might lie before me in the next few weeks and months. I should arrive in New York as a man engaged to be married. As a man engaged to be married I should be at once enveloped in that silken net of formalities with which women with their consecration to the future of the race have invested all that pertains to the preliminaries of mating. I had seen for myself that in America that silken net is more elaborate than it is elsewhere. In any British community it is spun of tissue, fragile, light, easily swept aside should the need rise.



I Was Inured to Loss of All Kinds on a Stupendous Scale

In America it is solidly constructed of gold cord, and is as often as not adorned with gems. In America an engagement is something of an anticlimax, in that, from the human point of view, it is more important than a marriage. It is sung by a chorus of matrons and maidens and social correspondents of the press in a volume far more resounding than that of the nuptial hymn. That a man should marry after he has become engaged is considered as much a matter of course as that he should fight after he has enlisted; but that he should become engaged is like taking that first oath which denotes his willingness to give himself up, to make the great renunciation for the sake of something else. More than any single or signal act of bravery that comes later it is the thing that counts. I am not quarreling with American social custom; I am only saying that I had reasons for being afraid of it.

I should arrive in New York as a man engaged to be married, and as a man engaged to be married I should be put through paces as strict and as stately as those of the minuet. There would be no escape from it. I might be promised in advance an escape from it, but the promise would not be kept. I might be promised simplicity, privacy, secrecy, a mere process of handfasting before the least noticeable of legal authorities; but all would go by the board.

Whatever my future wife and I might say—and my future wife would say it only half heartedly, if as earnestly as that—I should be seized in the soft, tender, irresistible embrace of the feminine in American life, the element that is far more powerful than any other, and I should have no more fight to put up than a newborn infant against a nurse. There would be a whole array of mothers and potential mothers to see that I had not. There would be Mrs. Barry and Annette van Elstine and Hilda Grace and Esther Coningsby and Elsie Coningsby and Mrs. Legrand, not to speak of a vast social army behind them, all supported and urged on by the unanimous power of the press.

No one of them would allow me to slip from their kindly, overwhelming attentions any more than would bees allow a queen. Like a queen bee is any man who is engaged to an American girl—or at least he was in the days, now so extraordinarily long ago, before America went into the war. Since then marriage has become casual, incidental, one of those hasty touches given to human life which, like the possession of money or the pursuit of happiness or the leisure to earn a living, are pleasant but not vital. But in the America of the end of 1916, the mentally far-away America to which I was going back, matrimony was the most momentous happening in a life history. From the minute a man became engaged to that when he turned away from the altar he had to give himself up to his condition. He was no longer his own. Dinners, lunches, parties, theaters, publicity and the approval of women claimed him; and shrinking was of no avail.

To the life after marriage, from this point of view, my mind hardly worked forward. I have spoken of men who were good soldiers and equally good husbands. Undoubtedly there are hundreds of thousands in the class. But I had seen not a little of men who because they were husbands would gladly not have been soldiers at all. Theirs was not a divided allegiance, for they had only one. The body was in the fight, and it did wondrously; but the heart and soul and mind and craving were with the wife and little ones. And who could blame them?

But all my personal desire was not to be of their number. Had I been married before the war I should have been as they; but since I was free to espouse the cause which had become mistress of everything I was I wanted to espouse it. I thought I had espoused it. I had considered myself bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. During my months of fighting it had been a satisfaction to think of myself as at liberty to make any sacrifice of limb or life, and leave no heart to bewail me, no eye to shed a tear, and no care to spring up behind me. My family would be content to say, "Poor old Frank, he did his duty!" Further than that I should bring no regret to any heart but Lovey's; and of him I was persuaded that if I went he wouldn't wait long after me. Moreover, I had guarded against any too great misfortune's overtaking him by providing for him in my will.

I must own to another misgiving: I was not too sure of myself from the point of view of the old failing.

Things had happened in the trenches—they had dosed me with brandy, whisky, rum, any restorative that came handy, on a number of occasions—and there had been something within me as ready to be waked as is a tiger to the taste of blood. I can say truthfully enough that I had never yielded to the desire of my own deliberate act; but I must also say truthfully that I was by no means sure that

"You Know About Me—How I've Been Engaged to One Man After Another—and Broken the Engagements"

one day I might not do so. We had talked often enough, as men with men, of what we called a moral moratorium—and the talk haunted me with all manner of suggestions. The ban on what is commonly called sin was to be lifted for the period of the war; and we who had to deny ourselves so much were not to deny ourselves anything that came easily within our grasp. It seemed an alluring condition, and one which, without waiting for the license of supreme war councils or permission of the church, each of us was tempted to inaugurate for himself. In a situation in which that which is born of the flesh is flauntingly before one's eyes, and millions of men are thrown together as flesh and little more, appetite has its mouth wide open. That man was strong indeed who could ignore this yearning of the body; and that man was not I.

So again the consciousness of freedom was like a reserve fund to a corporation. It was something on which to fall back if everything else was swept away. I didn't want to go to the devil; but if I went no one would suffer but myself, as no one would suffer but myself if a German sniper were to blow the top off my head. Mind you, I am not saying that I came back morally weakened from the war; I only came back with a sense that one man's life or death—one man's ruin or salvation—was of no more account than the fate of a roadside bit of jewelweed amid the infinite seedtime and harvest of the year. I was inured to losses of all kinds on a stupendous scale. I had seen thousands blown to pieces beside me, and my mind had not turned aside to regret them; thousands would see me blown to pieces with the same indifference as to whether I lived or died. Callousness as to the life and death of others induces callousness as to one's own; and compared to life and death what is the control of a mere appetite? No; I was not morally weakened; but I was morally benumbed. There was a kind of moral moratorium in my consciousness. I repeat that I wasn't practically making use of it; but I was in a period of suspense in which I admitted to myself that it might depend on circumstances whether I made use of it or not.

And if I did, and if I was married. . . .

From the sheer possibility my mind turned in dismay. To the celibacy made urgent by a purpose I added the celibacy necessitated by a curse. As the one counseled me not to involve myself with anybody else, so the other warned me not to involve anybody else with me. Through warning and counsel I had kept myself in something like a state of serenity till now.

It was a state of serenity with just one dominating impulse—to get back among the comrades with whom I had already found shelter. Whatever I had that could be called a homing instinct was bound for the house in Vandiver Street. There had been times when I thought I had outlived that phase, times when what seemed like a new and higher companionship, with a new and higher place in the world and in men's esteem, half persuaded me that I was so little the waster in fact and the criminal in possibility that the Down and Out was no more to me than a sloughed skin to the creature that has thrown it off. But I always waked from this pleasant fancy to see myself as in essentials the same gaunt, tattered, hungry fellow who had come with his buddy to beg a meal and a bed of the Poor Brothers of the Order of Pity, who never refused any homeless, besotted man. No matter what battles I fought, what medals I won, what banquets I was asked to sit down at, my place was among them; and among them I hoped to do my work. They were all American citizens, with as much weight when it came to the franchise as the moneyed potentates of Wall Street. As being not only my brethren but a nucleus of public opinion as well I had had no other vision before me for my return than that of sharing their humble refreshments and talk, together with that blind, desperate, devoted fraternity which made a city of refuge of the home that had once been Miss Smedley's.

And since coming on board that vision was threatened by another—one in which I saw myself moving amid compliments and flowers and polite conventions, in all the entangling convolutions of the silken net. Whether it would be with or without love was, in my state of mind, beside the mark. Love had ceased to be, for the time being at any rate, the ruling factor in a man's decisions about himself. There was a moratorium of love, let there be one of morals or not. "I've got to," had been the reply to love made by twenty millions of men all over the world, either under compulsion or of their own free will; and women had accepted the answer valiantly.

The difficulty in my case sprang of choice. "I've got to" wasn't imperative enough. Or if imperative it was imperative on both sides equally.

XXII

AND then a word was said which though solving no problems opened up a new line of suggestion.

I have spoken of Regina Barry as another transmigrated soul. I have said that I could not tell at a glance in what direction her spirit had traveled; nor could I after some days of intercourse. As much as she had been frank and open in the other period of our acquaintance she had now become mystery to me—elusive, tantalizing, sealed. By the end of a few days I began to perceive that she came near me only, as I might say, officially. If there was danger or storm or darkness—we sailed without lights—she was within reach of me. She was within reach of me many a time if I wanted no more than a book that had fallen or a rug that had been left elsewhere on the deck. It was strange how hovering and protective her presence could be for the moment of need, and how far withdrawn the minute I could get along alone.

And far withdrawn the transmigrated spirit seemed to me at all times. Do what I would to traverse the distance I found her as remote as ever. Do what I would to break down her defenses or transcend them they still rose between us, impalpable, impregnable, and all but indiscernible. She had traveled away from me as I had traveled away from her; and yet now that we met in space there was some indefinable bond between us.

It was in right of that bond that I asked her one day why she was going home.

"Oh, for all sorts of reasons." She added: "One of them is on account of father."

"Isn't he well?"

"Yes, he's well enough. That isn't it."

As she did not explain I refrained from asking further, not because I didn't want to know but because I knew she would tell me.

It was our usual trysting place, the deckrail, though not now that which ran along the side of the ship but the one across the portion of the upper deck toward the bow, allowing us to look down on the pit in which the few steerage passengers took the air. They were standing about in helpless, idle groups, some ten or twelve oddly clad, oddly hatted men, with three or four of their women, and a white staring baby, whose fingers, as it hung over its mother's shoulder, dangled like bits of string.

We were in the Gulf Stream so that the day was comparatively mild. A north wind not too violent blew away the possibility of fog and sent an occasional shaft of sunshine through the rifts in the great gray clouds. The swell left over from the gale of the past few days tossed the ship's nose into the air with a long, slow, rhythmic heave, slightly to port, and gave to good sailors like ourselves that pleasant sensation of swinging which a bird must get on a tree.

Wind and water were fraught with the nameless peaceful intimations of the new world after the turmoil of the old one. It is difficult to say how one seizes them, but they come with the Gulf Stream. I have always noticed that halfway over there is a change in the aura, the atmosphere. It throws a breath of balsam on the wind, and flashes on the waves that gleam which Cabot, Jacques Cartier and the Pilgrims saw when they sighted land.

It is that wonderful sense of going westward which, I suppose, is primal to the instinct. Going eastward one is going back to beginnings, to things lived, to things over and done with. Going westward all is hope. It is the onward reach, the upward grasp, the endless striving. It is the lifting of the hands, the straining of the power to achieve, the yearning of the inner man. The thing that is finished is left behind, and the thing to be wrestled with and done is in front of one. The very sun goes before one with a splendid gesture of beckoning—on to work, on to self-denial, on to triumph and success—and when it sets it sets with a promise of a morrow.

We had already begun to feel that; and on my part in a spirit of compunction. I was going, as far as lay within my small powers, to turn the west back upon the east again, to reverse Nature by making the stream flow toward its source. I was far from insensible to the pity of it, for I had seen the effect on my own country.

I had seen my own country—that baby giant, whose very existence as a country antedated but little the year when I was born—I had seen it pause in its work, in its play, in its task of self-development—listen—shiver—thrill—throw down the ax, the spade, the hammer, the pick—go up from the field, the factory and the mine—and offer itself willingly. It was to me as if that was fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet:

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."

I had seen that first flotilla of thirty-one ships sail down the St. Lawrence, out into the ocean and over to the shores of England, as the first great gift of men which the new world had ever made to the old, as some return for all the old had poured out upon the new. I had seen it, for I was on it. We went gayly, as hop pickers go to a beanfeast. We knew it was war, but the word had no meaning for us. What it meant we found out at Ypres, at Vimy, at Lens. But when I think of my country now I think of her no longer as a baby giant. She has become a girl widow—valiant, dry eyed, high souled, ready to go on with the work and do bigger work—but a widow all the same.

And the sword that had pierced one heart I was bringing to pierce another. I was sorry; but sorrow didn't keep me, couldn't keep me, from being terribly in earnest.

(Continued on Page 75)

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 4, 1919

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Let the Eagle Scream

LAST week the Hun came to our town. We are a little suburb, a village community, a few miles out of the city. We have had our Liberty Loan and our Red Cross drives and have talked proudly about "going over the top." We have eaten bran bread and saved sugar and been rather boastful about our stay-at-home sacrifices. We have had our village heroes—an officer promoted on the field of battle, a private decorated by the general for valor. The official envelope has come to some of our homes, and then blue stars in our service flags have blazed into gold. But even death had not really made the war a concrete thing to many of us—it was something half realized, a shadow by day, an oppression by night, a blur on the familiar outlines of life.

Last week a khaki-clad boy of twenty-one groped his way back to our town—blind but undaunted. And through his blindness we have learned to see many things clearly.

There is no sentimentality now about the Hun in our town; no peace-without-repentance-and-atonement talk; no remoteness about the battlefields; no smug self-satisfaction over our personal savings and sacrifices. We know why our Army, that since it took the first step forward has never taken one backward in retreat, is called "this man's army." It is a man's army. Nothing could sum it up better; nothing finer could be said about it. Yet last spring an American woman novelist who was a looker-on in Paris wrote an article picturing our provinciality in the death struggle, our simple optimism at the eleventh hour, our fundamental lack of seriousness. It seems that among others she had talked with a roughneck doughboy who could not speak Bostonese, who was really quite too American——and what would the cultured polius think of us? Oh, dear! Besides, it wasn't any use—nothing was any use—the Germans had us all licked and even if they hadn't we were headed for the Stone Age and raw meat. No more open plumbing, jazz bands or best sellers—we were on our way back to being trilobites in the primeval slime. But while the stuff was on the press our provincial roughnecks did some pretty little bits of fighting and made the world safe for best sellers. It is true, perhaps, that we got in at the eleventh hour, but it is also true that shortly thereafter it struck twelve for the Allied cause.

Our achievement at home has been marred not so much by our early stupidity and blundering—gross and inexcusable as they were—as by the attempts of some men to make political capital out of them. The blunderers and profiteers must be brought to book, but not by politicians for partisan purposes. There is little difference between those who have made money out of the war and political profiteers of any party. Perhaps the boys will have something to say about all this when they get back.

In their anxiety to damn the Democrats and the President—and even his best friends do not hold him to be above criticism—some men have gone to the length of minimizing and depreciating the whole American effort, including the achievements of our men in the field. They have been ably seconded in this by American expatriates, ribbon-chasers and observers who were too far away to comprehend the true significance of events, or so near that they lost all perspective on them. But we have seen no reflection of this in the attitude of the Allies. Men who have fought side by side with high heroism are too broad-minded for this civilian meanness. They have generously recognized the importance of American help and the valor of our Army. Nor have the leaders and the press of the Allies withheld one word of the praise due to their own armies or sought to minimize their national achievements, though they, too, have had their blunderers and their profiteers.

It has long been charged against Americans that they brag. But on the whole our press is rather more given to playing up our worst than our best side. Still we do brag. So do the British, the French and the Italians—each nation in its own peculiar racial way, though a good deal of this European self-appreciation that has come to our attention is quite American in its directness. It is right and proper that the Allies should express pride in their men. They have suffered all things and done big things. And any American who does not brag about our man's army is not worth fighting for, let alone dying for. They have made it possible for us to hold up our heads before the world and, adapting the old Roman brag, to exclaim *"Civis Americanus Sum!"*

Let the Eagle Scream.

Government and Business

MR. McADOO was a very useful man at Washington. He quit, he said, because he was overworked and because he wanted to make reasonable provision for the comfort and security of his family—because he was overworked and underpaid. The Government might have lightened his task by transferring some of his duties to other hands. But it would not have given him an opportunity to make that reasonable provision for his family which most men want to make and which business gives them every chance to make. That is one outstanding reason why business has the advantage of government in bidding for talent.

Other men, recruited from the ranks of business in the war emergency and who proved highly useful, are leaving Washington. Some of them are comfortably beyond the need of making provision for their families. They are rich and can dispose of their time as they please. And they are in excellent health. They prefer business to government because business gives a far freer scope for the exercise of their abilities. If they can do a particular thing better than another man can the first thing business wants of them is to develop and put into practice their better way of doing it. That is the principal use business has for them—to do it better. It will give them the freest hand and the greatest reward for exercising that talent.

But government, by its very nature and by an almost immutable law, tends constantly to adopt a hard-and-fast rule for doing the particular thing. It tends constantly to set greater store on exactly following the rule than on proposing an innovation. Its disposition is to resent disturbing the rules. Its habit is to delegate authority grudgingly, with strict limitations. A man used to the free field of business finds government's restrictions irksome. It is well-enough known that various dollar-a-year men were fairly in despair over the rigidity of the machine with which they had to deal. Stiff, with rule-riveted joints, it would not respond to an application of energy as the business mechanism with which they had been used to dealing did.

The ability that enlisted in government service for war would be very useful to it in peace. But government is not so constituted as to attract it except in a great emergency.

After Another War

WITH some minor ups and downs good times continued for seven years after the Civil War. The North was expanding, employing both labor and capital on an increasing scale. Many new enterprises were carried forward. One of them was the Northern Pacific Railway. Jay Cooke & Co. financed it. The bankers borrowed more money than they could repay, and failed in 1873, precipitating a panic that ran from end to end of the country. Many banks failed. Credit was shattered.

There followed six years of hard times, with industry at a low ebb. Out in Iowa and Nebraska farmers burned corn for fuel. In the East the price of a day's labor fell to a dollar or even eighty-five cents a day.

We can have all that over again. Credit—faith in a piece of paper—is as necessary to modern industry as steam is to an engine. The machine will not work without it no matter who is at the throttle or what sort of political emblem is stamped on it. Putting the engineer in a scarlet or vermilion uniform does not alter the condition.

We want expansion now—the old industries going full tilt at peace production; new and suspended enterprises taken up, such as public building, road improvement, land reclamation, to absorb the labor power released from training camps and returning from France; new markets; industrial developments in South America and Asia financed and directed from the United States. We want great expansion in many directions.

But there is a cast-iron law about it. If we put out more paper than we can redeem we shall come a cropper. Practically every bit of the expanding will be done on paper, on a promise to pay. Finally we must pay or fail. This is exactly as true of government paper as of any other. When we are contracting and everybody is cautious there is little danger. When we are expanding is just when the vital necessity rises of seeing that the paper issued has real value behind it.

Contraction supplies its own conservatism. Expansion needs all the time to borrow it from experience.

Opportunity

IN THIS new year of peace the issue is in our own hands. Nothing requires us to hurl lives and limbs and energy into a bottomless inferno. We are free to choose the ends to which we shall apply ourselves, and the methods of application. It is worth while, maybe, to glance back.

About four million young men, in the prime of condition, were withdrawn from productive labor last year, and we produced more than ever before. In every township farmers and farm hands were taken away, but the farm output was as large as ever. Many miners went into training camps, but the output of coal set a new record. In spite of the draft we kept more hands busy in manufactures than ever before, because there was practically no idle labor and because labor power that had not been used before—notably that of women—was called in. The quantity of manufactured goods was greater than ever before.

Wages were decidedly the highest ever known, in the United States or anywhere else; and profits on the whole were also decidedly the highest. Industry produces a certain gross dividend every year. Part of it goes to labor, in wages, and part to capital, in profits. So a good many quite intelligent people are caught by the specious statement that if profits are higher wages must be lower. They forget that the gross dividend, in which both share, may be increased indefinitely, giving both larger shares. It is well enough known that as a pretty general rule wages are highest in those lines of industry in which profits are highest, and lowest in those in which profits are lowest, as in the sweatshop trades. Anybody who looks back at 1918 and still argues that profits can increase only at the expense of labor looks with shut eyes.

We discovered twenty million bond investors in 1918. Well toward a billion dollars of thrift stamps were bought. All over the United States the person who earned anything and saved nothing was the exception.

Stocks of goods of all sorts are unusually low. There is a tremendous work of reconstruction to be done abroad. At home there is a great arrears of work, such as building, to be made good. There is a market for all the goods we can produce.

By this time many newspapers and other publications have printed annual reviews comparing the economic performance of 1918 with that of previous years. Look the tables over. Keep in mind that four million hands were idle. It indicates what we can do in this new year of peace.

HOLY SMOKES

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

To Miss Marie LaTour
Palatial Apartments
0256 Riverside Drive
New York City
U. S. A. America

[Kindly forward if on tower]
Passed by censor

Dear Mary: Well say little one, I am certainly glad your health, new contracts and the two fool dogs is both doing so nicely and as for the cigarettes they were O. K. not to say swell. Only dearie, it aint hardly necessary to have my monogram on the next lot for Fritz has never waited for me to catch up to him so's I could offer him one and he's about the only person would be impressed by the J. La T. because our own boys kid me about any little thing like that on account of their knowing me to be your dancing-partner and not to mention husband and they are still slow to realize that it takes a real he-man to swing you around my neck twenty times like we do in the Tango de Lux, and I have to continually keep showing them.

Then another good reason for no gold monograms is that the price of same would cover quite a bunch of cheap smokes and dearie handing them about is more to me than my own personal vanity and would be the same with my shirts if necessary, while over here in distant Belgium I realise it was also a waste to have them embroidered on the sleave because the dam chinaman always used to mark them up with monograms of his own anyways.

Speaking of money we used to spend on unessentials before the war, I tell you dearie we certainly learn in the army, especially since getting into this recaptured territory, that many objects we would have swore could not be done without is laid off like the extra people after the ballroom sceen and nobody misses them until somebody sends over one of them—like them monogramed smokes of yours. Immediately I got them I commenced to think about little old B'way and dry-martinis and my little old roadster with the purple body and the red wheels, and us dancing at the palatial with the juice full on us, red and green, violet and amber. Oh Kid! it made me home-sick!! But then we got a order to start on cleaning up after them Botches again and so I forgot everything but you and my new step—which is forward, double time!

Well, sweetie, now about this smokes question. Of course your Ma having been with a circus is used to giving up things, as naturally in a trapeese-act such as hers used to be she would need all the nerve she had and even eating a welsh rabbitt would of been a wild party to her. The center ring is no joke and forty feet above it on a trapeese from the center canvas less so. But trapeese work has not yet been offered to the Allies except mebbe Itily on them mountains and any lady which starts a society to keep smokes from soldiers may be strong in the morals but is surely weak in the head, which I never knew your Ma to be before. She being always not only a lady but a great little picker on contracts and what would we of done without her that time Goldringer tried to slip the "satisfactory to the Goldringer Theatrical Productions Corp." stuff over on us and she spotted it?

But for the love of liberty can this idea of hers about it not being good for the boys to smoke and make her quit worrying about us tearing around France learning no new sins. For sweetie the crimes a man can committ on whats left of his pay after the alotment is took out and the insurance and the liberty bonds instalments would be sanctioned by anybody in the country even if his collar buttoned up the back. For take it or leave it, liquor, ladies and lyrics is as expensive here as north of 42nd St. and our pay dont go for them even after distracting the above.

Why me and a fellow went off on leave to a general store in a town which I couldn't spell for you much less mention it, even if permitted. But anyways we went to it and Mac bought some winter-weights and they was four-fifty a pair, and no better than the U. S. seventy-five cent kind, and I got two pair socks a dollar per each and two bananas for 25c, which only goes to show everything here is terrible expensive except nessessaties. So dont let your Ma worry over me spending my remaining nickle on vice.

I note what you say about the way folks at home get your goat by passing the buck on war-releifs—if it's chocolet they say theyve just given to tobacco, if it's tobacco they just bought a W. S. S., if it's W. S. S. they just got a hatful of bonds, or if it's bonds they just give their last cent to chocolet—passing the buck all along the line. Well dearie, I guess mebbe that's their way of getting a little war-releif of their own, but as you say why would they need any releif when the fact that they are for the most part without cooties ought to be releif enough in itself? Let alone having to dodge only taxi cabs and bill-collectors instead of shells. Only of course we dont have to do that now, only shell-holes, and dodge them in a hurry to get one last look at the german army before it puts on its good old soup and fish—or whatever the german for civilized clothing is, that is if they have any.

But you are right girlie, to boost the smokes. We'll need them for a long while yet. I know you have been obliged to keep your own from your Ma and what with not really caring for peppermints it has been hard all these years. But while her trapeese work stood alone in its day and no one on Broadway is more respected at this writing and as a mother-in-law I have no complaint of her outside of her wearing my dress-pumps, this one time she is dead wrong. Soldiers are not always acrobats and they do need to smoke and your Ma will put herself in the small-time reform class if she dont look out. When I think of the stuff I seen up and down Broadway and elsewhere in my days which could be reformed and no one miss it, I get hot when I hear this talk about keeping the army pure. Take it or leave it, but the truth is the Huns has kept us pure alright—they sweat all the wickedness out of us running after them.

But to get back to the tobacco stuff. Dont let nothing hinder you from bothering everybody you see to send smokes. We'll use 'em up never fear! And if you was to be walking down the Avenue or mebbe Broadway sometime and a box in your hand and asking for Smoke funds or something whichever way its done—and your Ma was to fight her way through the howling mob which would undoubtedly be surrounding you on account of course the best known parlor-dancing act in America and the world woudnt walk out looking for funds and not draw a mob which was only too glad to see you for five cents in the smoke-fund-box instead of two dollars in the box office—well, anyways if your Ma was to force her way through this mob which with her weight she could do easily, why she would forgive you in the end if not right there on the street, and I believe a hand-organ would start and play hearts and flowers at that.

Anyways, keep up the good work only never mind the monograms as long as they taste like tobacco and can be lit. And if you fall out with your Ma just tell her this story which I will tell you and she will see mebbe God didnt put tobacco in the world merely for little slum children to pluck on their two weeks vacation in all its green beauty.

Well the story is like this sweetie, and I will write it as good as I can and if it seems comicle go ahead and get a good laugh only take it or leave it, it was no comedy at the time. But if you was to news it around mebbe the folks at home would start dropping something beside coppers in them soda-fountin boxes you was talking about, and commence trying to squeeze a quarter through the slot now and again. Come to think of it, the biggest thing a copper penny can buy is the feeling a person gets from dropping one in a Belgium milk bottle or home for crippled children, or Merry Xmas for the Salvation Army. You know the cheap chest it gives you. Many a liberty bond has been left in the Govts. hands by a prospective buyer stumbling on a "drop a penny" box in a cigar store on his way to the cupon-cutters, or I miss my guess. I've done the same in my day and the man who says he aint raised his own stock with himself by giving a nickle to the Newsboys Annual Outing is as big a liar as the guy which says he never loved another girl. And if pennies was to be cut out of the currency a whole lot of cheap philanthropists would have to make their concience work or fight.

Well, anyways you go right on boosting the smoke-fund and never mind Ma. She'll learn different some day.

Now about this story I was going to tell you. First off leave me explain that the drinking regulations over here is different to uniforms than on the Rialto and America. I hunch it that the managers and booking agents and so forth of the U. S. Military Amusements Co. inc. figure that a few of the rules have to be let down while the big show is on. Same as the stars can lean against a no smoking sign on the big time and roll a makin's quite openly. So when on leave and even sometimes in the dressing-rooms or I should say rest-billetts, a bottle of wine is not out of order. Very different sweetie, from the night Goldringer gave me in my uniform the big send off at the Ritz with all the newspaper birds and the leads and everybody and me and you the only sober person present, do you remember?

Well, its no news to you to say that I havent forget I am a proffessional dancer and good condition is my middle name for my future, not to mention my present contract with Uncle Sam and that a sober man is worth more to both—also to you and myself.

But the Allies dont look on liquor like we do. As a matter of fact they seldom look on what we would call liquor at all, hardly ever even getting a glympse of anything hard such as rye, scotch or gin, and a cocktail being practically a stranger and a repulsive one at that to them. But wine is something different again. Which while with us it is the high sign for a big party and flowing only in extremely good classes such as at the lobster layouts—leaving aside dago spagetti parlors when folks is resting—with them it is a common matter and everybody drinks it and while there aint much kick to it, still it has it all over the water we get and coming under their idea of nessessities, is low in price. Of course by wine I do not mean champayne like we used to for publicity purposes order for our dinner in public, but stuff made out of common grapes I guess, and with the seltzer left out.

Well, dearie, the reason I hand you all this info. is that the story I am going to tell you got started because of this wine. "In Venus Veritas" you know or so they say, and I confess that trying to get a little kick out of the stuff I got sort of lit and that's what caused me the story.

Well, we was sort of waiting off stage as you might call it, in a little town in Belgium, our act having just been on

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and a pretty lively one it was and the Captain give us a pretty good hand on it, altho as you know the audience didnt wait for the finish but left us their orchestra seats or front line trenches which we moved into and then give up to the next number on the bill and come back to watch from the wings, or would of only we was a little too far off.

Well, the Capt. felt so good and the water was so bad that he sent a delagation back for a little liquid refreshment. They have big jugs over here like the molasses is kept in at home only here it is frankly booze and no one pretends any different. And the game is this. The one which volunteers for this dangerous work, if broke himself, takes a swig or so out of the jug he is bringing back which it dont show on account of their not being transparent and so the officer dont get any surprise until toward the end of the jug and even so may think he took more than he had thought. The private will take only a little from each but if there is jugs enough many a mickle makes quite a jag.

Well, me and a fellow named McFarland and a French kid called Ceasare was each given two of these molasses jugs which looked like props, and was sent off to a village some place in cognito for you couldn't pronounce it. And we was glad enough to go because among other things we was short of smokes. Some cleaver actor had accidintly lit the last mess fire with a bale of Virginias and there wasnt hardly a smoke among us.

You just figure out how it would feel if you was to have a bath and do your exercises and eat a swell breakfast and then realise there wasnt a pill in the house! Think sweetie, how your brest would swell up with alarm, and the royal fit you would throw while the elevator boy was on his way to the corner drug store! Why figure even the way you feel once you get a cigarette in your face and then cant find a match for two whole minutes! Well, take it or leave it, I tell you that feeling is a whole lot multiplied on the victorious fields of France when little friend cigarette is notable by its absence. A empty house on an opening night is nothing to it. So you can see where me and Ceasare and Mac was glad to get in the neighborhood of one, leaving even all considerations of the wine aside.

Well, we started out carrying each two jugs and as we went the fellow which acts as usher, or sentry on the road hollers at us do we know the way and Ceasare and him jabbered at each other in French in the remarkable fluent way they do over here. And Ceasare laughed and when we asked what it was he says the guy told him to look out Fritz didnt get us on the open road, which was certainly some joke for of course we hadnt been able to get near enough to Fritz to hear him in some time. So we laughed too, for if any snipers had managed to stay behind and opened up on us we could of spotted them and wiped them out if they had kept it up.

Well sweetie, there wasnt any road exactly toward the place we was bound for on account of our having done considerable trespassing on private property and taking little notice of fences whether barbed-wire or civillian or shellholes or trenches but having went straight ahead. And after the last 5 years on upper Broadway you will realize it come easy enough to me, I often having come unharmed from the Claridge to the Astor, and the French fields has nothing on that crossing. So to me that first part of the trip was as little or nothing and I was the cheerfulist of the party though we was all pretty cheerful and singing a little song of Cesare's which I dont know what it means but I guess I'd better not write it in for fear you would.

Well, it was late afternoon and awful cold for the time of year, and I was thinking that at home the frost was on the pumpkin and the pumpkin would soon be in the pie and the turkey was about to get the axe and Halloween was due and a lot of nice things like that. And after a lot of kilomets had been covered, we come to the funny little town which looked like the back-drop to the opening seane in a musical comedy only all shot to pieces like it had been on the road with a No. 2 company for a long and successful tower.

Well, we come to it, anyhow, and being on duty in a way as far as them jugs went—we went with them and took what we could afford our ownselves while we watched papa Ceaseare fill 'em up. Then the tobacco dept. claimed our attentions only to find there wasn't any!

Well, sweetie, I have tried to put over the way I felt at these glad tidings and the censor wouldn't of stood for it, so out she goes! But I felt that way all right and so did Mac and Ceasare.

"I'll no beleeve ut!" says Mac which he talks a funny kind of way like Harry Lauder. "I'll no beleeve ut—theer must be some someplace aboot!"

"Say la guyer!" says Ceasare and gives a shrug, altho he was a lot more dissappointed than Mac on account of Mac's really caring more for liquor than smoke any day. "Say la guyer!" he says, and asks his pa why it happened and his pa tells him and he translates it to Mac and me.

"He say a young lady have took it all only hour ago for free to soldiers" he explains.

And take it or leave it, but I was certainly a little sore for altho I am the first to believe in the other fellow getting it, still this time we all felt like the other fellow was us, and no doubt she had took it to the nearest camp or hut, and so I ast which way was it she went for mebbe we would get some of it. And then come a big surprise.

"No 'ospitil here!" Ceasare explained again. "An no 'ut! It ees too soon after we take it. Then papa says she is first cross red lady he have see and she speak in French!"

"Well, thats funny!" I says—and of course dearie you understand this had been enemy ground only a little bit before and that there was a wine-shop going was a miricle and only for it being Ceasare's papa we wouldnt of got none, which is how he come to be along with us.

Well, we all felt real sore and dissappointed but took it like a man for of course a red cross nurse would get it for the wounded and we had our health.

So papa give us all another round and we took the big molasses jugs and started off. It was getting toward twilight and pretty cold and I will say it give me sort of sore feeling towards the folks at home and blamed them for letting me be without a cigarette and you know how it is about two drinks make me a little sore at things and I begin to cheer up after the third and this was early in the evening.

Not so Mac. He has a talent for drink. Well, we had just about left that motion-picture village behind us when he commenced to sing and while I dont know what it was about, I will put it down this time because you wont know neither.

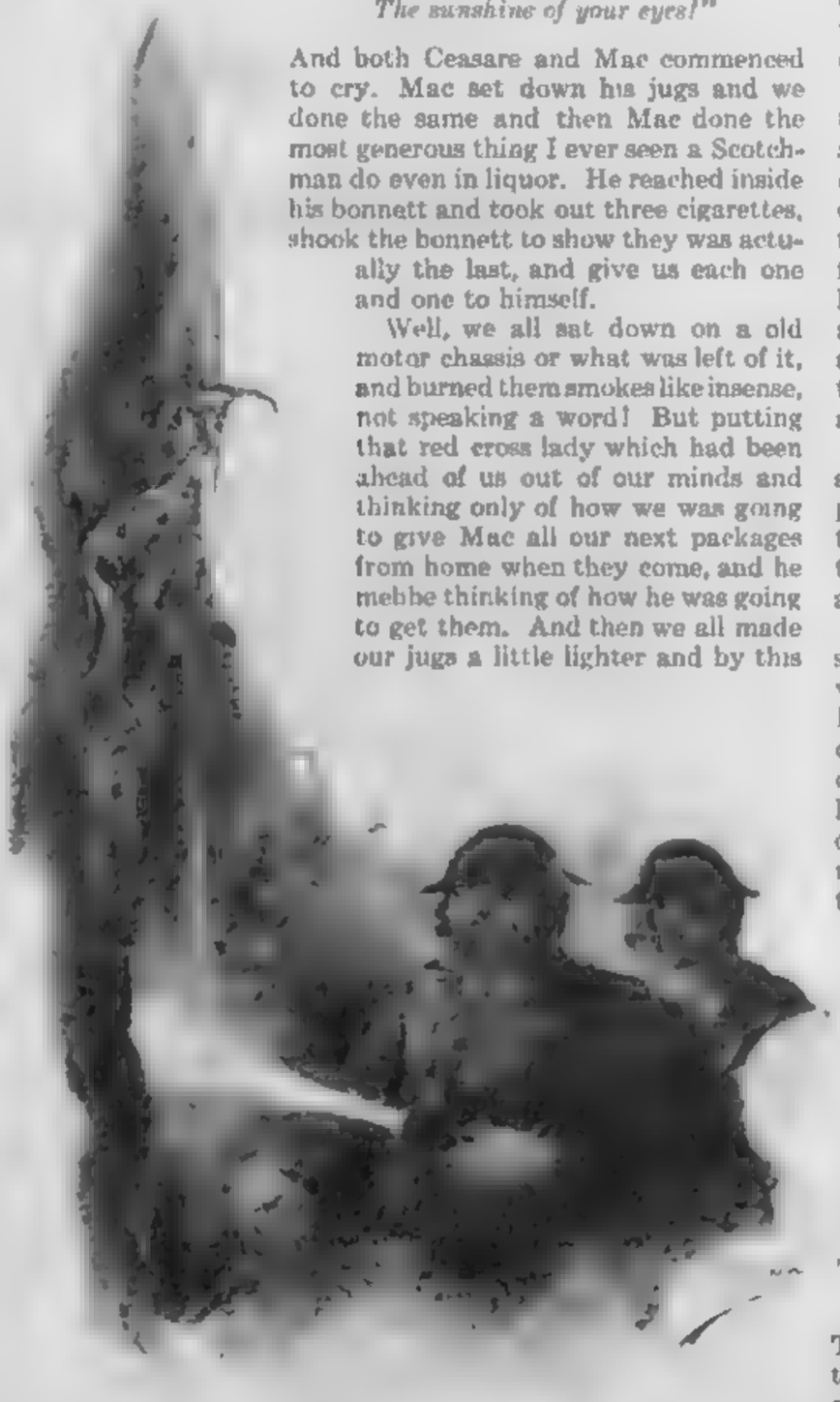
"Fortune if thou'll but gie me still
Hale Breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest,
An' deal 't about as they blind skill
Directs thee best."

Well, naturally we applauded which is always safe when you dont understand a thing, and it certainly was comical for Mac is generally a quiet cuss and a tightwad as well. Then I spoke up.

"These jugs is too heavy!" I says. "Lets lighten 'em up a bit."

Well they thought so and we done it and felt better and than I sang them:

"Give me your love,
The sunshine of your eyes!"



We Finally Got it Over With Signs and Shoves, Because the Bird Didnt Speak Nothing But German and We Hadnt a Word of it Among Us

And both Ceasare and Mac commenced to cry. Mac set down his jugs and we done the same and then Mac done the most generous thing I ever seen a Scotchman do even in liquor. He reached inside his bonnett and took out three cigarettes, shook the bonnett to show they was actually the last, and give us each one and one to himself.

Well, we all sat down on a old motor chassis or what was left of it, and burned them smokes like insense, not speaking a word! But putting that red cross lady which had been ahead of us out of our minds and thinking only of how we was going to give Mac all our next packages from home when they come, and he mebbe thinking of how he was going to get them. And then we all made our jugs a little lighter and by this time it was pretty dark and we commenced to hurry back. But before we had went very far we had to hesitate about which way. Because sweetie, take it or leave it, what you write about getting lost in the new subway has nothing on finding your way about after dark by yourself in this part of the world.

Well, Mac was sure we come one way and I was sure we come another and Ceasare he had a different hunch from either of us. So we all took another little drink as it was getting mighty cold by now, and in the end we started off Ceasare's way because why wouldnt he know best which way was right and him born and raised right there on the farm? We trusted to his judgment just like him and Mac would of trusted me to tell the taxi-driver where to go from Keens.

So we went like he said, but somehow we didnt seem to get no place in particular although we kept on going for a long time: I couldnt say how long, but it seemed like a Battery to Harlem job to me only by now I loved everybody but Fritz and a sort of fog had come up or so I thought, and we was all singing, each our own sweet songs but at the same time.

"Lets throw away a few of these jugs," I remember saying—and really there was so little in some of them it wasn't worth carrying back so we just finished them off and threw them away and then we come upon a little path—or it felt like it.

"Allou!" shouted Ceasare, "we are almost there!" and with that we sure got the surprise of our lifes, for rat-tat-tat-tat-tat come a sputter of machine gun fire right at us.

At first we was very much jolted by this though unhurt, and then we commenced to think it was a joke. Here we was going in behind our own lines and being fired upon.

"Shut up, ye dam fools!" Mac hollered. "Can ye no recognize yer own peeple?"

Then Ceasare yelled in French, but they paid no attention to us. Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat! it come again, and this time it made me real mad. I figured that if they didnt quit their nonsense somebody was liable to get hurt. So I saved what was left in my last jug, threw the thing away, and told Ceasare and Mac to come on and leave us beat up the poor boobs with the nasty sense of humor and show them where they got off. Well Mac and him thought this was a good idea so they done like I done and we ran up the little hill which we could see our way pretty good in spite of the dark because they never let up on us but kept right on spitting fire. Well we got very mad by this time and to tell the truth I cant very well recall just what did happen only when we got to the gun the boys was Germans!

Well, take it or leave it, I aint had a jolt like that since the night Goldringer raised our salary of his own accord after we put on the La Tour Trot. And I only wisht I could remember more about what happened. But for quite a few minutes I was terrible busy, and I guess I better admit I was tight—awful tight. Of course there was five of them and only three of us, and equally of course we licked them badly and took only one prisoner but not being anything for a lady to read I will not give particulars and anyways I dont remember any. Of course it was one of them few remaining nest of hornets which we had joked about, but really hadn't believed was there.

Well, when it was all over but the cheering and we was sure these birds had been all by their lonesome, we was pretty well sobered and hot and everything. And the first thing we done was take a look around in a few places for tobacco. And take it or leave it—we didnt find any! Not a smoke among the lot! Whatter you know about that?

But one good thing we got out of the scrap was our senses back and it was easy enough to spot out about where our own lines would be. So we figured it, and taking Fritz along, we commenced to start off that way and you can bet the poor boob was glad to go with us. You would of thought he had wanted to be with us all the time. Just like after an election at home. Cant find anybody who didnt vote the winning ticket. Which joke you may not understand, sweetie, being a lady, and I will not now stop to explain.

Well, we started back alright and as we come, I get to the story which I wanted to tell you which commenced really when we come to that old barn. Only I had to explain how we come to be there or you wouldnt get the idea of what I am driving at for you to make your Ma understand.

Ever since I fell out of my airplane and was in the hospital and reenlisted the only place theyd take me back in the infantry, I done a lot of thinking—and some of it stuff which might mebbe sound awful queer coming from me, especially after some of the language I have been known to use in my day, and while I hope I aint become mushy, I certainly do believe there is more to religion and such things than we have thought. Take it or leave it, mighty few fellows have lived through this war, far less fougth through it, without getting religion of some kind out of it. I wonder can you get me? And make Ma get it too. So I'll tell what happened and you see if miricles is over yet or not for this is a true fact and not a story somebody told me.

(Concluded on Page 24)

NOTICE the tread of a Republic Tire that has been driven several thousand miles.

You will observe that there is no sign of the chipping and cutting you expect in a tire that has seen considerable service.

This is due, of course, to the tough, strong tread of Republic Tires—which wears down very slowly and very evenly—as steel wears.

The Prōdium Process makes it immune in passing over a surface which might damage, beyond satisfactory repair, a tread less tough and strong.

The importance of this may not be understood by many people.

It simply means, in the net, that Republic Tires do last longer.

The tread itself lasts longer, because it is better protected against wear and tear.

That, in turn, means better protection to the fabric from the water and dirt which small cuts would admit.

The final result is the decidedly longer life of Republic Tires.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Standard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES

With STAGGARD *Studs*

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Well, after we cleaned up that machine gun nest and had a cute little live German prisoner of our very own, we took him down the hill with us the best way we could in the dark and it full of holes and what not. There wasn't a bit of light—no moon nor stars nor nothing, and a wet sort of smell that made us wish for a smoke the way hardly nothing else is ever wished for, except mebbe a motion-picture salary or a drink of water after a big night—not on the desert.

Well we got on pretty good because we was nearly sober now and Ceasare he knew where we was going, and this time he really did, and so we kept up pretty good. It commenced to rain a little and the big drops felt awful nice against my cheeks which was burning hot. Made me think of when I was a kid back in Topeka and digging out to school and a pair of red mittens I had which my mother had made me then—good knitting and well made like the sweater I had on that very minute which she also knitt. And I thought of me and you and our snow-seane when we done that dance on the Small time with the sleighbells on our heels—remember dear? Before we had really made good except with each other? And I thought about love too and a lot of fool stuff like that. And then I heard a funny sound for thereabouts. It was a woman moaning and crying.

Well, at first I thought mebbe I was crazy or imagined it, but Mac who was walking in front with our own little Fritz stopped short and so did Fritz and listened. It come again—the most dismal thing you ever want to hear. I turned to Ceasare and he had heard it.

"Say drool" he says, which means "its funny" only it wasn't and he didnt mean it that way, but the other way. You know.

"It sure is!" I says. "There she goes!"

"I think theers a wee bit housie over theere!" says Mac.

"It is the barn of my cousin's uncle," says Ceasare. "We better go look."

So with that we started across the road to where sure enough was a funny little barn—stone with a grass roof—peculiar to these parts, I guess. The nearer we got the louder the noise was, but no words to it, only sobbing very low and despairing and sort of sick—and a female—no doubt of it. There wasn't any light nor anybody moving about as far as we could tell.

"Gee! What'll we do?" I says in a whisper. "We cant pass it up!"

"Naw—we mun tak' a look inside!" whispers Mac.

"Certinmount," says Ceasare; "Mais—be careful! We put the Boch in first and see if some trick is up!"

It being Ceasare's cousin's uncle's barn he knew where the door was, and the three of us shoved Fritz up to it and made him understand he was to open it and go in ahead of the crew. We finally got it over with signs and shoves, because the bird didnt speak nothing but German and we hadnt a word of it among us. But still we made him do it and he did, and we pulled our guns and stood close behind and I stood closest and pulled not alone my gun but the little electric flashlight you sent me which I flashed in as quick as the door was opened.

And take it or leave it—there was a woman with a baby in her arms! She was rather a young round-faced woman and that kid was awfully little and held close under a big dark cloak the woman wore. The poor soul looked tired out and she had no hat and her hair was all down. The inside of the barn was a wreck and the rain was coming in through a big shell-hole in the roof. She was all alone, we at once got that, and at sight of the German uniform which was all she seen at first, she give a shriek of joy and got up onto her feet.

"*Gott si danke!*" she cried. "*Ich habe*——"

Then she seen the rest of us and shrunk back, covering the kid with her cloak. Fritz said something to her—quite a lot in a hurry, and evidently told her he was a prisoner and now that she had spilled the beans, so was she. And of course even under the circumstances, she was. But take it or leave it, I certainly did feel queer when I went up to that lady with the little baby in that barn. For German or no German the situation was—well—it certainly got my goat. I took off my hat and made a bow.

"Lady," I commenced, "Have no fear. Don't let us throw no scare into you. We ain't Huns—that is, I beg your pardon, but what I mean is you are perfectly safe and we will take care of you."

Well, the way she looked at me would of wrung a heart of stone. Her eyes was blue and she just stared at me as if I had hurt her—which of course was far from any mind there.

"Don't be scared," I says again. "You and the baby will get good care. Just come with us if you are able!"

When I spoke of the kid she give the poor little smothered thing a quick look and drew her cloak around it closer. Gee! but she looked fierce! She had quit crying but not a word out of her!

"You try!" I says to Ceasare. "The poor thing mebbe understands French."

So Ceasare, who was as much shot to pieces at the sight as I was, come forward.

"Madame!" says he, bowing with his cap in his hand. Then he shoots a lot of French about *restes, au secuuor*, and stuff I know meant "cut the worry." But she didnt get it any better than she had my line of talk, and only kept on looking scared.

Well by this time Mac come out of his stupor; but there was no use trying Scotch on her, that was plain. So there was nothing to it except forward march. For one thing my torch wouldnt of lasted much longer and for another it sure was getting late.

"Does your cousin's uncle which owns the barn have a house anywheres near, where we could leave her?" I asked Ceasare.

"All dead in this town!" he says cheerfully. "And this is the only building left I think it!"

"Then there's nothing to do but take her along to headquarters," I says, and off we started, she not saying a word.

That was some trip! I want to tell you sweetie it was the worst part of the whole war to me. You know I got a heart and I felt just fierce for that poor little German mother. All the way in, while we was helping her along I kept wishing I knew how on earth she come to get in that place. She seemed real feeble at times and we lifted her across the worst places. I tried to get her to let me carry the baby, but she held on to it like grim death and wouldnt leave any of us touch it—and it was so quiet I commenced to get scared.

"More than likely its dead!" I whispered to Ceasare and he thought so too.

Before we got in, we had carried her almost a mile, taking turns with her on our crossed hands, and the odd feller guarding our Hun. And then we came to the end of about the very worst and longest hike I ever took including the time the Queen of the Island Company got stranded in New Rochelle. The sentry across that mud hole of a slushy road was the welcomest sight in the world.

"Wot the 'ell yer got?" he says when he recognized us.

"One Gentleman Hun prisoner and one lady ditto in very bad shape!" I says.

"Wot the 'ell!" he says again. And then he passed us and we reported.

Say sweetie, take it or leave it, but I had honest clean forgot all about that wine which we had been sent for in the first place. I tell you I was so worried about that poor woman! And it was not until the five of us was standing in Capt. Haskell's quarters with the light from his cealing glaring at us and him also glaring from behind his mustache, that I even commenced to remember it. But I had to report so I reported for the bunch of us and in strict detail as good as I could remember. All this while the woman sat in a chair, her face like a stone, and my heart just aching for her.

Well, when I got through taking the most nervous curtin-call of my life—and take it or leave it, if the German army would ever of been as nervous as I was then, the war would of ended that minute. Capt. Haskell beckoned to the lady.

"Come here, please!" he says very kind. "And let me see the baby!"

She got up and went over very softly. Then she stood in front of him and commenced to laugh and laugh.

"Pigs of Americans!" she said. "Fools to carry me! That's not a baby—its twenty cartons of cigarettes!"

Then she threw back her cloak and under it there she was dressed in Red Cross uniform.

"I disguised myself and went to the village!" she went on in perfectly good English. "And I bought all the tobacco there.

"On my way back to my own lines I was fool enough to lose my way and to cry over it! That is all!"

And its enough, aint it dear? For you do get me, dont you? Them twenty cartons of cigarettes was a miricle to us and the one we needed the most of any right at that moment. Eh, what? as the English say. And her taking such a chance to get them for Fritz shows how bad off the German army must be, don't it? And so tell this to your Ma and get her to quit that foolish anti-smoke society she's forming—because its the bunk—absolutely the bunk—and I am ever your loving life and dancing partner,

JIM.

P. S. Just got your letter. That certainly is a good one on Ma. Smoking a pipe! And if you hadnt opened the door so sudden you'd never in this world of caught her. And if she does claim her grandmother did it too, all you got to say is so did many a soldier's grandmother.

P. S. No. 2. I forgot to say that a French General has given us a kiss on both cheeks and a medel for that job. And its the first time I ever got anything but a headache by going on a party.

The Doughboy Speaks

By Mary Lanier Magruder

EN REPOS for you, buddy, all right! Not me!
Now all of the fightin' is done,
I'm lookin' out west toward the broad salty sea,
The homesickest son-of-a-gun
Sittin' up here on the top of the worl'
Holdin' the Hindenburg line;
Say, buddy, I want to go back to my girl—
Back to that girl o' mine.

It's something, of course, to be changin' the map
And polishin' off the Hun.
I wouldn't 'a' missed bein' into the scrap
And gettin' my share of the fun.
I wanted to go right into Berlin—right on,
Line up at the Kaiser's for lunch;
To see the old flag have its place in the sun
Along with the rest of the bunch.

I like to feel roses a-peltin' the crowd
As we march down the Chang Ellesay,
And the Frenchies first laughin' then cryin' out loud,
And huggin' the Frenchies' own way;
And I choke up myself while I'm hearin' their noise
As we swing four by four down the track,
For I'm countin' the boys that ain't here—all the boys
Who went over—and never got back.

I've seen a right smart since we jollied the subs,
For we've flirted with Berthas and took
The hill where the boches near got us, the dubs,
But we got them instead—streak o' luck.
But we paid. Gawd, we paid! 'Twas a change in the wind
Turned the gas. . . . The ground piled with the dead.
My buddy before you, we left him behind
With a little white cross at his head.

I figger I done what they called me to do,
Along with the rest of the Yanks—
Something less than two millions, I guess we all knew
It was up to us boys in the ranks.
So we went in and done it—the easiest way
For things to get done in the worl'.
But now that the fightin's all over, oh, say,
I want to go home to my girl!

These French girls are cute and they've sure got a way—
Several ways, to be plain, that ain't ours.
There's Fanchette, who stays at the estaminet,
Who sends me the candy and flowers;
There's Marie, she's a peach—not to mention Julie,
Or Celeste with that brown bobbing curl;
But I'm headed right straight for the old U. S. A.
Say, I got to go home to my girl!

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AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

BLOODTHIRSTY ANGELS

(Continued from Page 4)

not be likely now to think up some more moral experiments? Now trust us! Make terms with us as if you were the superior, the more generous, freer, more Christlike nations you say you are! O dear, dear nations, we have murdered you all we like! Trust us!" the Germans cry their plaintive cry. "Kamerad! Kamerad!" the cities cry—Berlin, Munich and Hamburg to emptied magnificent Paris, to broken but deathless London, to the sullen skyscrapers of New York: "Kamerad! Kamerad!!"

What America should stand for in a situation like this—and what she should get ready in mind and body to stand for—is magnanimity and relentlessness. We must be relentless about what we know and magnanimous in our way of acting on what we know.

When a hundred German cities come flocking out and cry to a hundred American cities "Kamerad! Kamerad!" we want the hundred American cities to turn to the hundred German cities crying "Kamerad! Kamerad!" and tell them we are going to treat them the way Christ would.

Christ would forgive the Germans, but he would never forget them!

The cry is to go through all the world: "Forgive Germans, but never forget them! Forgive Germans, but look out!"

Judas betrayed Christ. Germany has betrayed—has made die on its own cross for it—half a world.

Forty nations Germany has crucified are ready to put their bread with Germany's bread, their sorrow with Germany's sorrow, and say "Kamerad!"

But there is no reason why the forty nations in forgiving Germany should make treaties forgetting Germany, should set up crosses in rows for themselves for Germany to crucify them on again!

A man said to me the other day: "Why bother to make the Germans sorry? If we whip them and if they say we have whipped them and act whipped and do the whipped things we want them to do, who cares whether they are sorry or not?"

We care.

We care because we want to see Americans fight the Germans to a finish.

We care because a people that have been merely whipped, a people who have merely whipped visions, whipped feelings and whipped wills are not being handled practically, are not a people anybody can do anything with.

We care because having the Germans say they are sorry, say they have been a Judas to the world, is the only practical short-cut way of going on to the business now after this war of having a world.

Expectations

A world with an eighty-million-man-power criminal in it, a world in which forty nations are going to be obliged to give up all the serious and happy things really great nations want to do and put in all their time in sitting on the neck of a thug, does not appeal to me as a world worth having some millions of men die for.

We shall not have a world worth all these people who have died for it until those of us who are left finish what they have begun and get things put on a decent self-respecting basis for living in the same great living room of a world with Germans. We must get the Germans to see themselves a few minutes a day as others see them. We all take our turn at it. They must take theirs. We must see to it that eighty million mirrors are supplied to the Germans. We must begin seeing to it that mirrors are being set up for every city, mirrors for every room, in every home—mirrors which will make every German feel everywhere he goes round tagged by a world—by a world looking over his shoulder. Tagged into his door, tagged into his meals, tagged into his very dreams.

Every German's obsessed one-nation imagination has got to be excavated and a good miniature working world imagination put in instead. There is no limit to what people can get if they are properly fitted up with mirrors and if they look into their mirrors hard before they ask for it.

An eighty-million-mirror offer to Germans is practically an offer to Germans from America and the Allies to give them ten times as much in the way of rights as we dare to.

We say to the Germans:

"Guns or mirrors!

"Embargoes or mirrors!

"Unequal and suspicious terms or mirrors!

"Take your choice now, Fritz! Impotence in getting what you want, or strength, manhood, and looking in the glass!"

Probably the reason the average angel—the man who has spiritual vision about right and wrong—looks bloodthirsty to some people to-day is that he has a way of expecting more vision from Germans than he has a right to expect, and pursues them relentlessly with what they ought to be in the same way he pursues himself. I am free to admit that expecting too much of people is sometimes the meanest way of being harsh with them—the meanest because it looks so generous—but in the long run it is going to be found, I believe, that people who expect too much of Germans in this present crisis are going to get on better than those who expect too little, if they are practical and expect the right things first.

What should we expect of Germans first in the way of making preliminary arrangements for dealing with them as equals?

The first arrangement Germans must make, if Americans and the Allies are to consider dealing on equal terms with Germans, is a confession from the Germans that they have been wrong.

The first arrangement is for Germans to stop thinking wrong. The second is to stop doing wrong.

The way for the Germans to hurry in earning back their right to be treated as equals lies in public, nationally advertised, explicit repentance, and in works meet for repentance.

I do not know how other people feel about it, and perhaps if one man says how he feels himself it will be as good a way as any to get other people to.

Of course my mirror may be a good deal twisted and may not have been working right for four years, but I am free to say that I think I am a fairly magnanimous typical American in the way I feel about the equal rights that the Germans have lost in this war.

The first two years of the war I was magnanimous with the Germans and laid off everything on the Kaiser to such a degree that now when I think of it—think of the million dead men dying to let me think a little longer—I am bitter against myself. I do not believe that people who are going round now calling other people bloodthirsty about Germans could have accused me then or could accuse me now of not having a fair average American amount of magnanimity toward Germans.

No one wants to run closer to the danger line in treating the Germans as equals than I. Nine times out of ten when I look back and come to my senses I find that it has been a mere self-indulgence with me to forgive people.

I should probably be magnanimous with a Judas.

But not with a Saint Judas.

When I see the Germans passing lightly and gracefully over the fact that they have betrayed a world, and when I see them talking in the first five minutes after war is over about geography and potash, and not mentioning anything at all except the things they want and the things they have got to have, I have the feelings one naturally has toward a Saint Judas.

It is narrowing in its effect on just how much geography and potash Germans ought to have.

I ask any man—man or angel—am I bloodthirsty in feeling like this or am I not?

I used to have a glorious time as a boy—a regular spiritual orgy Sunday afternoons every time I read in the Bible of how Haman was hanged on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai.

Unsainting Saint Haman

During the last four years, during all this experience we have been having with Germany, I have thought of Haman a good many times and have looked forward in the same beautiful spiritual way I used to Sunday afternoons when I was a boy to seeing Germany being led out to be hanged on high above the world on the gallows she had prepared for the rest of us.

I cannot say I have enjoyed it—now that Germany is being led out toward the gallows—as I thought I should.

Fine Haman emotions may be all very well for the first hour or so after signing an armistice. They go well enough with a tin trumpet and a cowbell during the first few minutes of a victory parade. But I find I am not having the splendid, happy-filling Haman feeling of poetic justice I had looked forward to at all. I am merely having a deep practical burning desire to think out something that a world can possibly do to get on with a Saint Haman—to make treaties with a Saint Haman.

I find I do not want to see Saint Haman taken out and paraded up and down before the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai. What I want to do with Saint Haman is to get his attention, and have my nation and the world get his attention until while he is being led to the gallows we can get him to drop back out of being a Saint Haman into being a plain fellow human being.

Of course I am glad to see Haman humiliated, but it is not satisfying so long as he keeps on feeling like a saint.

The pomp of twenty miles of surrendered ships does not satisfy me. I am relentless with the Germans—bloodthirsty, if you like, in my pursuit of real Germans. I want eighty million German fellow human beings for their sake, for our sake; and in this my hour of joy I find no content in any terms the world can make until the world arranges on a colossal scale, with the Germans, once more for eighty million German fellow human beings.

(Concluded on Page 28)

Three Rousing Cheers!

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

MANY months ago we wrote of the Cadillac:—

The imperative needs of the most dramatic moment in the history of the world have singled out the Cadillac as the world's most dependable car.

We knew, of course, but did not say, when these words were written, that the War Department was then purchasing Cadillac cars in large numbers.

Very soon thereafter the Cadillac was officially designated as the standard seven-passenger car of the United States Army.

In recording the fact now we wish to lay emphasis on two important points.

The Cadillac was not chosen by the United States Government merely because it is a magnificently smooth and steady piece of motive-power.

It was selected for its inherent ruggedness, and above all, for that *permanence* of *value* which minimizes adjustment and overhauling and spells economy in the long run.

The one outstanding fact about the Cadillac, apart from its splendid ease and beauty of action, is its unmistakable and most obvious value.

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT, MICH.

By Courtesy Toledo Museum of Art

(Concluded from Page 26)

I cannot think of any dignified, self-respecting or practicable terms that can be made with a Saint Judas nation or with a Saint Haman nation.

A peace conference of archangels could not plan out a set of terms that would work or be worth bothering about, with a Saint Judas or Saint Haman nation.

It is superficial to slur over the souls of eighty million Saint Judases and Saint Hamans and sit round a table seriously and talk about how much geography and potash eighty million saints with all their halos on shall have.

It does not make any difference how much or how little geography and potash saints have.

Halos off first.

The thing for the peace conference to do is to make the necessary arrangements in Germany for prying off halos first.

Then the nations of the world will be in a position and Germans will be in a position to arrange terms that will be practicable and human.

I have waked up every morning during the last few weeks and thought of the Germans. I find that the Germans in this appalling tragic crisis of being brought up sharply face to face with God; face to face with the breathless need, the starvation of an exhausted world; face to face with a great ring of half-dead nations they betrayed—are not thinking, morning after morning, day after day, of anybody but themselves. I find that the Germans do not feel like a criminal or like a Judas nation. They are merely a Judas who has had bad luck, a poor tearful Saint Judas who tried to crucify a world, who is now being crucified himself.

Every morning, every night, "Oh, see me being crucified!" the German cries.

Halo on too.

Forty sinful, imperfect nations half hung on crosses by Germany look on in silence.

I do not think we can be accused in America of having the feelings of Mordecai at the gate.

All that we ask in America of a Judas or of a Haman is that he shall give us the ghost of a chance to forgive him.

Wanting to forgive eighty million people who do not see what it is all about is uphill work.

This war is the greatest spiritual lesson of all time, and to have the people who brought it on, and who are still stuttering and spelling their way through The First Reader at the foot of the class of the world, expect to have full diplomas with other nations and be treated as if they had equal right to them, makes the moral sense of mankind ridiculous, makes the whole moral framework of things in which we live seem to begin acting suddenly like Alice in Wonderland.

Alice in Wonderland always acted just like a German—stretching her neck so, ignoring all objective facts, living in a kind of sentimentality of mathematics and believing anything she liked.

Those Funny Germans

A sense of reality and of world realization and of true relative self-realization must now be called up in Germany and made over into guaranties of peace for the world. Geography and potash can wait.

If the Germans want us to begin to consider dealing with Germans on equal terms with other nations there is one other thing they must publicly do besides making a confession that they are sorry for having brought on the war. They must make a confession of their incompetence to know what to do now. They must confess that the main right they can claim from us now is the right to be helped to know what to do.

It is an odd situation perhaps, but America, the youngest-looking and youngest-acting of the nations, is—in democracy—the Elder Brother of the World.

We have had for the most part in America what might be called the children's diseases of democracy, our little attack of overindividualism, of ultratrusts, of railroadities; our adenoids of spoils, our whooping cough of sectionalism nearly all the explosive young diseases young democracies apparently have to have; and presumably we know how to stand by and help when we see youngsters in democracy like the Russians, like the Germans, having them now. We naturally expect to be asked to help. And now to see the Germans, just because they started in on the Kaiser's first day off, having a kind of scarlet fever of independence, and just because they are having now what might be called the mumps of freedom; to see the Germans feeling all set up and so heady about themselves; to see the Germans feeling that they are real democracies and must be dealt with seriously as democracies, when all they have really got to yet in the way of democracy is the children's diseases of democracy, and when so far as anybody can prove they have not even got the real diseases—when they may be having a mere varioloid of revolution, a kind of chicken pox of liberty—it is naturally very trying to be talked down to by these precious infants with red faces in their cribs, to have them begin telling us what we ought to do to them and what we ought to let them do to us.

It is not only trying. It is funny.

The first thing we need in America, in spite of the pathos of it, is to see how funny the Germans are, to keep our sense of humor with the Germans, our sense of realism and of fact.

Hall-Bedroom Emotions

When the Germans begin trying to be sentimental with us and begin trying to get us to be sentimental with them; begin trying to make us think they can do offhand in a few brief flourishes of democracy what it took us a hundred years to learn, and leap gracefully into an America in a minute, a hundred million people in America, instead of being filled with a muddle-headed kindness, must laugh—laugh a clear-headed, open-air, big, free, modern, Western, national laugh; the laugh that naturally goes with prairies, with seas and with big quiet-hearted mountains!

The moment America laughs—laughs with a great clean wind of laughter three thousand miles—at the sentimentality, the shut-in hall-bedroom emotions of the Germans, it will see at once with firmness and kindness what to do. The first thing America will do will be to arrange and keep up arrangements in Europe from now on to hold amateur democracies firmly in hand and protect them—as they would wish to have been protected when they grow up—from being ridiculous about themselves and from fooling themselves about themselves at our expense.

The Germans have already fooled themselves trying to show us what being an empire is like, at our expense, and we do not propose to pay the bill right off for Germans to fool themselves now trying to show us what being a democracy is like.

If people think it is bloodthirsty and relentless in America to follow up the Germans closely in this way, with our ideals and our sense of facts, then we are bloodthirsty.

Some Americans will cry softly perhaps and will have a beautiful enjoyable feeling, a kind of vision of tenderness, for the new German Government; a feeling that for a great strong grown-up nation like America to put a penalty on it unless it does as we wish has something brutal about it, something like spanking a baby when it is teething.

We feel, most of us, that the trouble with these people is that they are not keeping their national sense of humor and their grip on common-sense facts, facts about Germans and facts about us.

We believe, most of us, quite as much as they do that a great democracy like ours ought to be roomy-minded and sympathetic toward the young and toward their little experiments. We believe as much as they do that we must consider in America while we are dealing with the Germans what Germans are going to be. We believe that we must daily make allowance, as any true or great democracy would temperamentally wish to do, for the sense of growing in the German people, but in doing this we want our country to make one immediate clean-cut stand. If we are going to help Germans to what they are going to be we must begin, and begin right, with what they are and with what they have proved they are.

We must expect, but we must expect straight.

What are the facts from which we must expect straight?

Germany has been engaged for a hundred years in training her people to be incompetent in understanding and dealing with foreign nations. Germany has drilled her people into a kind of vertigo of thinking round and round themselves. If even the German Government, with all its amazing detective machines for knowing foreign nations, knew so little about them—about the psychology and the powers and qualities of peoples outside Germany—how much less the German people are going to know and how much less fit the people's government is going to be in dealing with foreign nations and in giving guaranties to foreign nations can only be imagined.

The German people to-day are not even interested in us yet, in foreign nations, in knowing what we are like or what we want.

They have everything to learn, not only about how to get on with us but even about getting on with themselves.

If it is bloodthirsty to deal with them accordingly, then I am bloodthirsty.

The Germans have been for forty years a dummy people. The German people as a people do not exist. For forty years they have been an imitation nation, trying to look like a real nation. Everything has been done for them. They are tyros in independence. In intelligently and fearlessly having their own way they are like infants learning to walk. They are a kind of shapeless moral pulp. They are a politically cartilaginous people and it is sentimental and cruel not only to ourselves but to them to deal with them as if their bones were formed and they were grown up.

If we do we shall merely make them morally and politically bow-legged.

Many a time have I stood by and watched a sentimental mother letting her two-year-old boy—while everybody admired—bend his legs for seventy years.

Hardly a day passes but in some hospital in America a doctor takes up a child in his hands, breaks his legs with a loud snap and then puts him in bed to get back the legs his sentimental mother—who thought he was cunning—took away from him.

Bloodthirsty doctor!

Beautiful mother?

Another sentimentality about the Germans which I believe America is going to take in hand and prick the bubble of is the idea that in dealing with the Germans who are now taking the government after the Kaiser we are dealing with a new kind of Germans.

The Forty-Year Fear Bill

The Kaiser steals away to Holland in the night with four million dollars' worth of gold in sacks, and leaves his national bill that he has rolled up—fifty billion dollars—for his poor people to pay: for Liebknecht to pay, for Ebert the harness-maker to pay, or for the little fog of twenty-six Republics!

Nobody knows exactly!

All we know is that there are eighty million people there in Germany; three hundred ex-members of an ex-Reichstag; ten thousand mayors, a hundred thousand prophets in their pulpits, twenty thousand professors in their chairs; soldiers; workmen; burgomasters, dukes and socialists—that all of these people made a Kaiser like this possible. They produced him; petted him; seventy-nine million of them lived for him; had children for him; one or two millions died for him—and if all these people did not mean anything by doing all these things for him during all these years then they cannot mean anything about anything they do to anybody.

If it is true that hundreds of thousands of them knew better than to mean anything, then it is so much the worse. Those who knew better are the most responsible of all. If they did not have their Kaiser because they wanted him—all these hundred thousand clergymen, dukes and socialists—they had him because they were afraid of him.

Why should all the world be called in to pay the bill for the fears of the German people—the forty-year Fear Bill?

If forty nations are called in to pay the bill for forty years of the silent and unresisting fears of the German people, to say nothing of their not paying it themselves, is it not ordinarily fair for the forty nations while they are dealing with eighty million afraid people to deal with them as the afraid people they have shown themselves to be? If they want a reputation for not being afraid let them tag out behind the magnificent soulless navy they let us have, and prove it. Let them prove by the way they now conduct their government and rule themselves that they have the right to be treated on equal terms with other and more spirited peoples, peoples who can be trusted with freedom—like the Belgians—because they die for it.

The business of the peace conference is to arrange to keep the German people in place until they have proved to us that they have faced the material and spiritual facts about themselves.

Here is one spiritual fact to face first which would help them to earn back their way to us:

The German people are not repudiating this war because they are ashamed of it, but because they lost it.

Would the German people or would they not have been bitterly ashamed to win this war?

Why did all the socialists and all the people in Germany who had fought having a war and who had fought the Pan-Germans, turn Pan-German, turn Pan-German all of them, to a man, with one single soft silent swoop, the moment Russia collapsed and their armies neared Paris?

Germany's Possible Victory

Eighty million kaisers. We are not dealing in Germany with new Germans, whoever it may be who takes over the government. The German socialists are socialists who betrayed all other socialists; they are socialists who took the first chance they could get to help hold up a world. Now they are holding up their own nation.

That is all. The typical German socialist is just a kaiser reversed.

Take any kaiser and work him backward and you find you have a German socialist—the same emotions, the same grasping intentions, the same ruthlessness of one class getting something away from another class instead of creating it.

German socialism is a mere swap of tyrants. It is a group socialism in distinction from a state socialism, and a national socialism in distinction from world socialism. It stands for each class for itself against the other classes.

Parlor Bolshevists, leaning on pianos, have talked to me by the hour about my being a radical and a man who believes in change and about how I ought to flame up into beautiful hopes about Bolshevists.

But it is just because I am a radical and want to go to the roots of things and have some changes worth while that I have no sentimental blur in my mind about revolutionists.

All that a revolutionist really does is to take the same mess and turn it softly upside down. Then because it has a new smell on top he thinks he has a new world.

If the German people wish to prove to us that they are a new people they must put forward something that is newer than Bolshevism.

Bolshevism is merely Kaiserism petering out. It is the locomotor ataxia of government. It is a spiritless, tired, degenerate senile disease in an exhausted, desperate and dissipated nation, and for American men and American women who lean on pianos and yearn for liberty to sentimentalize over Bolshevism, to cry on the shoulder of an old and rotten society, to greet Bolshevism out of their tumultuous feelings and out of their blurred minds as the token of a new and of a young Germany, and to expect this country to deal with it as a cradle instead of a grave—is a delusion I am not long afraid of.

I have not wanted in this article to settle anything. But I have wished to express, and to get out of the way by expressing perhaps, the vague but dangerous feeling many of us have in America that we may be yielding to our prejudices, may be being bloodthirsty in pursuit of Germans, in standing out with them until we have made sure of the full fruits of the victory of this war.

The thing we are pursuing is for the Germans as well as for all of us. As Von Schulz Gaevernitz said to his own people during the dead center of the fight: "The only possible victory Germany can hope to get now out of this war is the moral victory of the Allies."

America and her Allies want Germany to share this moral victory. America and her Allies want to see the Germans earn their way back to be dealt with like other nations.

The moment Germany confesses and advertises her repentance and puts forward works meet for repentance she shares victory in this war with the rest of us.

If this means that we are bloodthirsty angels in America—this passion for having Germans share our victory with us—then we are bloodthirsty angels.

I do not say I like either word very well—"bloodthirsty" or "angel"—myself. But they are not bad together, I think.

One tones up the other.

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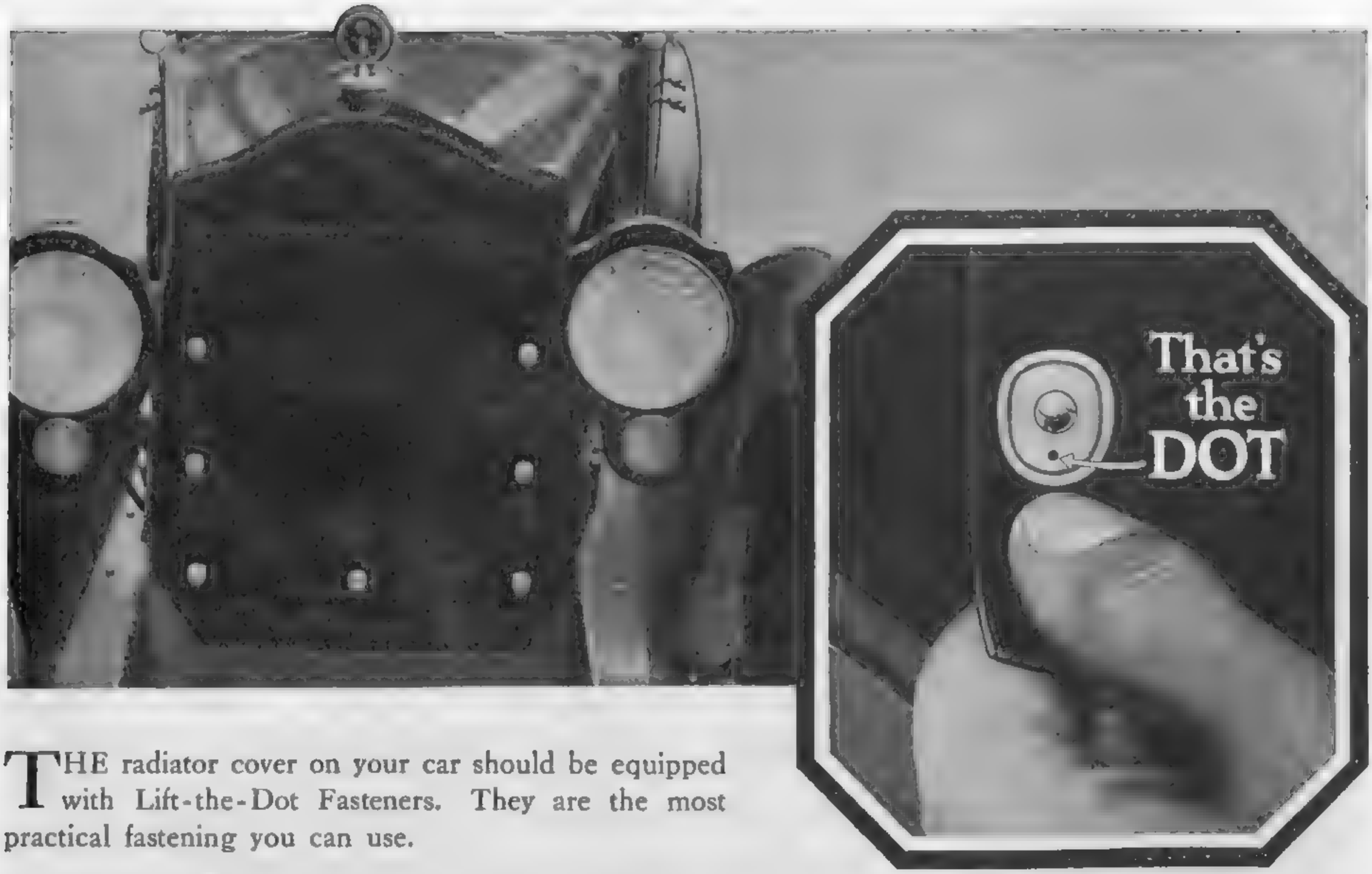

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AMERICA IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 16)

air; but also, even more he represented the forces, the stupendous uncounted efforts of the rear, which enabled him and his kind to fight up there. The entire history of American aviation from its outset up to the present minute was crystallized in that brief half hour of acrobatics in the air. No wonder I stared!

It is hard now, after a year and sundry months, to look back to the period of beginnings in the air service—when we had just nothing at all. No trained personnel. No practical organization. No machines. No men. Now we have them all. Then we faced a mountain range of difficulties, with three Pike's Peaks; and the name of the first peak was Organization, and the name of the second peak was Machines, and the name of the third peak was Men. And the name of the whole mountain range was Ignorance. Now we have scaled those triple peaks. In other words the period of beginnings is past; aviation has been born, created; now the business on hand is to keep it nourished and strong.

It is then from this vantage ground—with the first creative difficulties conquered—that one may look back over the first year of aviation in France, recognize the mistakes and judge the present status. The problem of aviation in France during the past year resolves itself, as has been intimated, into three big factors: Organization, equipment, men. And in each one of those three departments it was pioneer, creative work that had to be done. We had to blast, so to speak, a road through the solid rock.

Let us deal first with the subject of organization personnel. Now it is a self-evident business proposition that a firm or a corporation should know something about the article that it has been organized to make or to buy or to sell. It is only in wildcat schemes that vague glittering generalities have a high market value. But in America at the time of our entrance into the war, when the organization of the air service began to be overhauled, there was extremely little practical, expert, up-to-date knowledge of aviation as a weapon of war. We knew something about sport flying, next to nothing about war flying. And sport flying resembles war flying just about in the same degree that clay-pigeon shooting resembles artillery fire.

Assets of Ignorance

This state of affairs was inevitable. America up to that point had not been at war. Aviation as a military weapon was going ahead by incredible leaps and bounds; invention followed invention with kaleidoscopic rapidity; air supremacy was won and lost overnight. It was impossible for anyone on the outside even to grasp the situation, much less to keep pace with it. To have kept pace with this life-and-death race for the supremacy one must have been in actual training with the competitors from the beginning, on the inside of all their laboratory experiments, and fully equipped with a group of technical experts in possession of Allied and German data.

And of course none of these things did America possess. At the outset ignorance was her chief stock in trade. The result was that in absence of reliable, technical, up-to-date knowledge she had to formulate her organization with such elements as were at hand—ground men and non-experts. This situation accounts for some of the early blunders. And blunders in such a case there were bound to be—if we got any action. The proposition resolved itself into this: To sit tight and do nothing or to go ahead and make some mistakes. We went ahead. Also, we made some mistakes.

In France when the new organization began to function the situation was very acute. It was acute in every direction. It bristled with as many points of acuteness as a hedgehog. No aëroplanes. No tools. No supplies to repair or replace parts. No trained instructors. No one-man authority to say what to do next, to assume full power and full responsibility. It was a brand-new plant operating on a foreign soil far from the base of supplies. In addition the aërial branch of fighting was still in a creative or fluid state. It was useless to say: "Learn from the mistakes of the British and of the French." In dealing with such a changeable and constantly evolving situation it was impossible to profit by the settled experiences of others, for those settled experiences had already gone by the board. All was still in rapid flux. The Allies were constantly casting off old devices, old machines, old methods of training. As soon as the enemy—either enemy—stole a lead by a new invention the other side stole the invention and improved on it; and the enemy then improved on the improvement—with the result that both sides had to scrap ideas and inventions almost as soon as they were conceived. This swift development of the art of war flying—one of the most extraordinary developments of the age—was a splendid achievement. But it was at the same time wondrously confusing to an outsider just starting the game.

Nevertheless, with time the first pressing needs were met. Instructors were found on this side with actual fighting experience on the Front to train the embryo pilots for chasse and reconnaissance work. The non-expert ground officers, who did not know an aileron from a nebular hypothesis, began slowly to be weeded out and experts to take their place. Orienting itself in the new conditions—conditions which, as I have said, were as unstable and fluid as water—the new organization began slowly to evolve. It was still crippled for lack of aëroplanes. And it was still crippled for lack of proper coördination, both with its integral parts in France and with the parent organization in Washington.

A Matter of Faith

But as an offset it began to realize with each passing day the intense gravity of the whole aërial problem; it began to exchange theory, rumor, for grim reality; and it began to perceive from top to bottom of the organization, from the chiefs of staff down to the mechanics who greased the engines, that unless America caught up on her aërial program by springtime she was going to figure as star performer at a regular holocaust of calamity, for without planes and pilots her infantry would be at the mercy of the foe. Nor was this such a remote contingency. Last winter Germany had the Allies beaten on paper. Last winter the first aviators beheld themselves in fancy setting forth for the Front in slow second-rate machines, and without guns—because as yet neither machines nor guns were to be had.

In very truth it was a sober outlook. It was a case of root hog or die. And by way of rooting, the organization in France began to send urgent messages back to Washington—officers, instructors, trained pilots with inside information and data—to depict the urgency of the crisis. But there was a peculiar characteristic about this war which America waged that distinguished it from any other big war she has ever waged. And that was its long-distance quality. In order to get the same result that the other Allies got by expending fifty per cent of energy, America, on account of this long-distance factor, had to expend one hundred and fifty per cent. She must give, give, give—and never see the tangible result. The nearest she came was when she saw her casualty lists. The whole thing was the biggest faith proposition the world has ever seen.

Consequently, in the case of aviation, when these overseas messengers began to arrive in Washington with their urgent recommendations a part of the high urgency had somehow been washed out in transmission; and when this urgency was placed alongside other high urgencies in other departments it lost still more in strength. Instead of being the king it somehow or other got metamorphosed into a three of spades. During that period in Washington the voice of aviation was not the only voice crying in the wilderness. There was a whole babel of voices—a confusion of tongues.

But there is nothing like stark necessity, the law of kill or be killed, for putting an edge on a man or an organization. And in France at least, close up to the war, and that war in its grimmest, most discouraging phase, American aviation began slowly to find its wings. The first chaos began to clear. Actual aërial conditions began to be known. Incompetents began to disappear. Instructors with recent experience at the Front began to control the training fields. Commanding officers really knew how to fly.

From this the next step forward to a supreme one-man control was natural and inevitable. And with Mr. John D. Ryan, a civilian, at its head, aviation in France passed from its first blind chaotic state to a more stabilized condition. Just as the appointment of Marshal Foch meant a unification of all the contending Allied forces, so in the department of aviation the appointment of one high authority meant the closer welding together of the American and the European problems; it meant coördination, understanding, speed.

In the matter of men as well as of organization American aviation in France went through a more or less chaotic or plastic stage. Chaotic viewed from without; plastic or experimental viewed from within. It was a period characterized by the fact that nobody in any department knew exactly what anybody else was up to or what was exactly required of him. Here again, in training, apparent confusion reigned—partly because of the newness of the problem, but more because that blamed problem refused to stay still long enough for anyone to get a sure line on it. By the time plans and methods had percolated through to Washington those plans and methods had changed.

The history, in fact, of aërial combat is a history of the past two years. At the beginning of this war the flyers went up in slow, clumsy scouting machines. Speedy little chasse planes, high-powered engines, aërial gunnery—these things had not even been conceived. When two hostile aviators crossed each other's tracks they shook their fists at each other, made faces and flew away. Then one morning before going up a Scotchman stuffed a revolver into his pocket, and brought down the Hun machine. It was the beginning of aërial gunnery. After that the scouters on both sides carried on a spasmodic and guerilla warfare with rifles and revolvers. Then a German fixed a machine gun to his craft before he went forth for his morning hate. The other side followed suit.

But still the general aim was merely to cripple scouting and reconnaissance work rather than to fight. At this period Germany had the supremacy, on account of the great number of racing automobile engines which she had laid in stock the year before the war. And that supremacy she used chiefly to direct artillery fire. The English, always keen sportsmen, began at once to turn out light, swift, single-seated machines, with which they managed despite Germany's numerical advantage, by sheer individual dash and pluck, to bring down a very considerable number of hostile planes. Thus began the period of aërial fighting as distinguished from aërial activity for observation and directing artillery fire.

England's Human Superiority

Now the Englishman has developed by the long centuries of adventure and dominion on the sea a very decided aptitude for fighting in the air. His bias for it is a heritage, as is his bias for tea. So during those first beginnings of aërial competition he was right in his element. Numerical superiority the Germans still had. But human superiority, the pilot against the machine, lay with England from the start. Those were great days of conquest, of chivalry, of romantic spectacular solo adventure, when each pilot played a lone hand. If it pleased him to show mercy to a courageous foe he did.

But that period passed away. There came the time when there was no more chance of a pilot's going forth openly and alone to fight a fair and square battle in the air than upon the ground. And it was the Germans who wrought the change. Good pilots and mechanics they have always been, solid, reliable, true. But dashing spectacular solo fighting was out of their line. They wouldn't take chances. They wouldn't risk their necks. So their retort to the French and the British human superiority was simply—never to go forth alone. It was a duplicate of their close-massed formation on the ground. They flocked together for protection—five, ten, eighteen in a crowd. Thus originated the squadron idea. This was developed and intensified by both parties until finally a massed concentration of air forces was the natural accompaniment of a massed movement on the ground.

Under such conditions, however, it can readily be seen that a lone pilot, straying over hostile lines as in the good old days in search of a scrap, had about as much chance to preserve his integrity as the traditional snowflake. Five, ten, twenty Hun Fokkers hiding up behind a cloud pounced down on him like hawks, and it was a rare fighter who could beat that combination or beat it many times. The trouble with both the English and the American flyers was that they took too many risks just for the sport of the game. They would take odds—two, three, five to one. But the Germans never took chances. A couple of Hun machines would burn the air trail back to their home dromes with every ounce of power in their engines if they saw a couple of enemy planes headed their way. Presently they would return, a squadron twenty-five strong, and having thus stayed the odds how they would everlastingly scour the back reaches of the sky for those two lonely little scouts! It was not chivalrous. It was not sportsmanship. It was just war. All the old landmarks of fairness and squareness were swept away in this conflict—and swept away by the Hun. In the air his policy may be summed up thus: First, concentration; second, get the jump on the enemy before the enemy can get the jump on you. Shoot him down from behind a cloud so he'll never know what hit him.

It was the transference of the ground method to the air. The Germans started this cold-blooded game of aërial concentration to offset their pilot weakness, and the Allies fought them with their own weapons. They out-Hunned the Hun in the air.

Like a Ghastly Joke

This was the situation the first American aviators found when, their initial instruction in the States completed, they came over to France to receive the finishing touches. And first of all they discovered that the courses in America were months and months behind. Already their training was out of date! In the course of events they went up on the British Front for observation. They went up on the French Front. They came back in a state of dismay. The whole business seemed like some ghastly practical joke. How could they be expected to compete on equal terms with the French, the British or the Hun, with no adequate training, no fast planes, no guns? Would Heinie squatting grimly up there on the Lorraine sector, with his dromes and his planes, his four years' experience and his devilish mechanical ingenuity, be merciful to this raw young antagonist, perceiving his handicap? Would he fly over and drop a note, saying "See here, Yank! We know you're a darned good fellow, but you can't possibly mix it in with major leaguers like our outfit, because you're new to the game—and so we'll just go easy for a while"? Would they do that? Would the lion lie down with the lamb? Not with the lamb on his outside.

But the alternative was equally depressing! To go up on the Front in slow machines and without guns—what would happen? It didn't take a Miltonic imagination to visualize the outcome. To the first pioneer contingent of aviators who arrived in France—and indeed to everyone in the overseas organization—the situation bore a striking resemblance to a foregone conclusion. Some were slated to go west, to pay the price with their lives of the slackness in America. Some of them did. Peace to their lonely graves!

That was last winter. About that time I went to the funeral of two of our aviators up in the Toul sector. Their comrades, brother aviators, stood in double file beside the freshly opened earth. Overhead, wheeling in slow wide circles, other aviators dropped roses on the fallen heroes. From the adjoining woods rang the clear, high, unutterably plaintive notes of the bugle sounding taps:

"Go to sleep! Go to sleep! Go-o to slee-ee-eep! Go—to—slee-ee-eep!"

"How did these men die?" I asked one of their comrades.

"Because their machines were too old-fashioned and slow. They couldn't get away. So they were shot down by the Huns."

That night after the double funeral, lying on my hard unyielding military cot, while

the Lorraine snow whirled against the barracks windows, those two lonely sodden graves haunted my imagination. Where were those twenty thousand planes that had been promised? What was America doing with that six-hundred-and-forty-million-dollar appropriation? If she could only see this end—see her men fall."

And that night I composed an advertisement. It was to be an evening electrical advertisement. For it I would rent air space up over the main street in every big city in the United States from New York to San Francisco. And upon that air space I would flash my advertisement at intervals, one brilliant electric sentence at a time. And this is what I would flash, sentence by sentence, on the deep purple page of the night sky:

"You Americans Walking Down There Below! Look Up Here! Watch!"

[Next, I would flash on that dead aviator's broken propeller.]

"Do You Know What That Is?

"It is a Broken Propeller.

"It Came From the Aëroplane of an American Pilot Shot Down by the Huns Because His Old-Fashioned Machine Was Too Slow.

"Americans, Awake!

"How Many Broken Propellers and Lonely Graves Will it Take to Rouse You?

"You're Grand Folks, Sending Your Sons Over There to Die!

"Whose War is This Anyhow?

"Yours!

"Then the Blame of This Broken Propeller is Yours. Get on to Your Job in Aviation, America! Get on to it Now!"

That was the advertisement I composed last winter when nobody in France could find out what was being done in America.

In addition to the general sense of unpreparedness which weighed on the spirits of the first flying contingent, the winter was the worst in years. Wind, fog, rain, sleet, snow—one or the other kept them out of the air almost every day for months. They slogged round through the mire in hip boots and prayed for a change in the deal. To add to the general cheerfulness men who had been behind them in the training schools at home came over with commissions, and climbed over their heads while they, the first comers, were still sticking round waiting for a chance to fly. At the outset in the training schools in America the best flyers, the honor men of each class, were promised as a reward the chance to go immediately to France. They had worked their patriotic young heads off to obtain that honor, and now over here they beheld the men who had stayed behind getting commissions first.

None of these things separately—neither the lack of machines, nor the weather, nor the feeling of injustice—was sufficient by itself to affect vitally the esprit of the pioneer corps of airmen who came to France; but all three combined made a very appreciable burden. That this burden was well borne by that first air corps every commanding officer of every aviation center in France will testify.

A Matter of Temperament

But the United States may be depended upon to see straight fundamentally in big affairs—even though it may be necessary for Senate investigations to correct the vision of certain of her citizens. And in this particular situation straight vision began to prevail. Competent sympathetic officers, who realized just what a strain those first months had been, were placed in command; the temperamental weather began to abate its nastiness; and equipment, machines, guns and spare parts began to trickle in.

This break-up of the winter deadlock took place in early springtime, about the time Marshal Foch was appointed chief of the Allied forces. Whether his coming into power had anything to do with the release to the Americans of a goodly number of sorely needed combat and bombing planes it would take an official historian to say. But certainly from that time, from whatever inner cause, American aviation in France began to forge ahead. This marks the end of the first blind creative stage of the organization in France as regards human material.

Inwardly it had been progressing all the time, gaining invaluable first-hand knowledge, with struggle and pain, but it did not realize it. At the time of the signing of the armistice the actual situation had slewed round until it was practically the reverse of what it was at the beginning. At first we had aviators in abundance and practically no equipment. Toward the last those two forces were practically playing even—or if one need outbalanced the other it was undoubtedly the need for men.

At A——, where I went down to visit a flying center in which were trained army and corps observers and pilots for bombing and reconnaissance work, I had my first view of the De Haviland Fours with Liberty motors, which the United States was finally producing in quantity.

"Do they fill the bill?" I asked the officer who accompanied me. His reply was an enthusiastic affirmative.

"Of course you understand," he added, "that these big heavy two-seaters are not fitted for combat work. And yet at X——, the big training center for chasse pilots, the chief engineer sent up a De H. Four with one of his best pilots to stunt it, to test it for acrobatics, and it came through with flying colors. The Liberty motors possess two splendid qualities—power and stability."

"What is the difference," I asked, "in the training for a chasse pilot and that for a bombing and reconnaissance pilot? Why does a man go in for one rather than for the other? Is there any guiding principle?"

"It's largely a matter of temperament," he replied. "Temperament—and youth. That's what it really boils down to in the end—youth. Youth means speed. Youth means taking long shots, shaving close margins, a certain buoyancy, recklessness, daredevil dash. An older man won't take such risks. He may be a fine flyer; he may have plenty of courage, plenty of nerve. But he's not apt to take twenty-to-one shots in the air. And it's those very qualities—speed, dash, confidence in himself, ignorance of fear—which the chasse pilot must possess if he's going to survive. Of course there are brilliant exceptions to this general law—some older men who do excellent combat work. But usually it is the men from eighteen to twenty-three who are the best timber for the fighting game."

More Danger Than Glory

"This does not mean that one branch of the air service is more important than the other. Both branches have the same object—to support and protect the forces on the ground. The chasse pilot does it by sweeping the sky clean of hostile planes. The heavier machines do it by bombing, observation and directing artillery operations. But of the two branches of the service the big two-seaters have the more prosaic though equally dangerous task. Taking photographs of enemy positions, bombing back areas at a low altitude, regulating our own battery fire—all these duties require great courage and endurance and a certain inattention to peril. But because such exploits are not fascinating, romantic, spectacular, they do not get the public eye.

"For example, suppose an aviator was sent out to correct the fire of one of our guns which had been trying to get a hostile battery whose shells were harrying our troops. Naturally, the Huns did not want their battery knocked out, so they tried to scare the intruder away. Antiaircraft guns popped away at him; his planes were perforated with bits of shrapnel; flaming 'onions' burst round him; and a gang of Hun combat planes probably dived down from 'upstairs' to wipe him out. From this menace his own patrols may have protected him—provided they were not pulling off a little fight of their own. Under such conditions he might either have cut it or stuck. Usually he stuck. For getting that hostile battery meant the saving of scores of lives on the ground. Perhaps he made a safe get-away. But if he did not did the newspapers acclaim him a hero, give his age, state and proud college, and the number of Huns brought down? I'll say they did not! His epitaph, if he achieved one, was merely a brief line in the communique: 'One of our reconnaissance machines did not return.'"

"Then you trained here the observers and army and corps pilots for bombing and reconnaissance work, and at X—— they trained the chasse pilots?"

"That's it. Of course all the preliminary work for both the centers had already been done in the training schools in America. It's too expensive, too slow, to train a man from the ground up over here. It's true that both here and at X—— we took a certain number of enlisted men—mechanics, who had worked about the ships and shown a decided aptitude for flying. But in the main we trusted to America to train in the fundamentals; we added the finishing touches; and the actual Front did the rest."

"And what about the training centers in America?" I demanded. "Were the men well trained and ready for the final touches when they arrived on this side?"

"They thought they were!" he laughed. "Some of them thought they were going to burst right up to the Front the next day. 'Hurry up!' they said to us. 'I know the game. Give me a ship and let me loose on the Hun!' 'All right,' we replied to them. 'But suppose first you take up a ship and show us what you can do in acrobatics.' And Mister Aviator discovered there were still a few tricks he didn't know! Air warfare up on the Front was a constantly changing, evolving game, and no man could be letter-perfect if his training was a month or two old. The American training centers could not keep absolutely up to date in these affairs."

In the March offensive, when the Germans broke through the Fifth British Army, an incredible amount of machinery, aerodromes, and supply shops in the front areas were lost. Consequently the French and the British had to use all the contract materials in their factories for replacements. That resulted in a general shortage of all such supplies in France. The American aviation centers in France have never at any time been luxuriously equipped with aëroplanes and parts. In that respect the organization has been like a poor relation, using secondhand cast-off materials that it could pick up by hook or crook. In order to meet this stringency the center at X—— began to evolve what is now one of the best repair and supply shops in France. Accompanied by the commanding officer I visited this plant.

"The reason this department was so good," explained the colonel, "was because it had to be. The first months in France we had to have an efficient repair shop in order to survive. We couldn't go forth and buy another ship every time we crashed one. So we had to salvage the wrecks. And the repair shop did it with such painstaking care that the fortified part was stronger than the original. Take, for example, a propeller. It costs about one hundred and fifty dollars. Well, we have repaired the same propeller five and six times, and so fine is the cabinet work that when it crashed it was invariably the original and not the repaired portion that split. If we had to we could construct an entire aëroplane right in these works. We have the parts and we have the fine mechanical skill."

Merely a Perfect Motor

From X—— I motored to what we will call Y——, one of the most interesting aviation centers in France. Here are spread out vast repair and supply shops, immense aërodromes, construction and reconstruction departments, salvage plants and huge flying fields. At this point are handled all of the machines that arrive from America. Here they are unpacked, assembled, tested, and then ferried to various designations or stored according to need. I walked through acres of machine shops—enormous, lofty caverns filled with aëroplanes in every stage of construction; row upon row of skeleton hulls; row upon row of skeleton main planes, their delicate tracery of spars covered with finest linen, hundreds of threads to the inch. Above these parts bent expert motor mechanics and cabinetmakers, their fingers as supple as those of a piano player. And viewing all this fine precise handicraft I could realize how these beautiful winged monsters cost twenty-five thousand dollars apiece! Naturally, the conversation turned to the De Haviland Fours and the Liberty motors.

"There's nothing wonderful or strange about the Liberty motor," said my guide. "It's merely a perfect motor. Every little detail in manufacturing has been worked out, until now we have efficiency in the highest degree. During the recent attack in Argonne this assemblage plant in one day sent up to the Front three times the average number of planes put out of commission in a day. We ferried up the new ships and they sent us back their wrecks and we spliced them together again. During the month of October we turned out more ships than we had before, all put together, since the plant was installed. That will show you how fast the supply from America was coming in!"

The question of numbers, of how many aëroplanes, combat and reconnaissance, are now on the entire Western Front, including those of the foe, revealed some very interesting figures and facts. It will be recalled that in 1917, at the very outset of America's entrance into the war, some enthusiastic optimists promised that the United States should have an air fleet of twenty thousand machines fighting over the lines inside of a year. Twenty thousand actually serving on the line! That figure did not include the planes needed in training centers in France and in America. It did not include the immense reserves and replacements needed to maintain such a number on the lines. It was, in short, an estimate, fantastic and absurd; and it revealed more than any other one thing how abysmal was the ignorance on the entire subject which generally prevailed.

Just a Joyous Pipe Dream

After a year of toil and blunders we realize how inflated was that first promise. It is impossible to state, save approximately, just how many aëroplanes all the belligerent parties had in actual service over the lines in France at the time the armistice was signed. But they certainly did not amount to twenty thousand. They did not amount to half that sum. The estimate, roughly figured, runs anywhere from six to nine thousand. And that included Great Britain, France and Germany. From these estimates it will be seen that twenty thousand as our share was merely some mentally red-headed gentleman's joyous pipe dream.

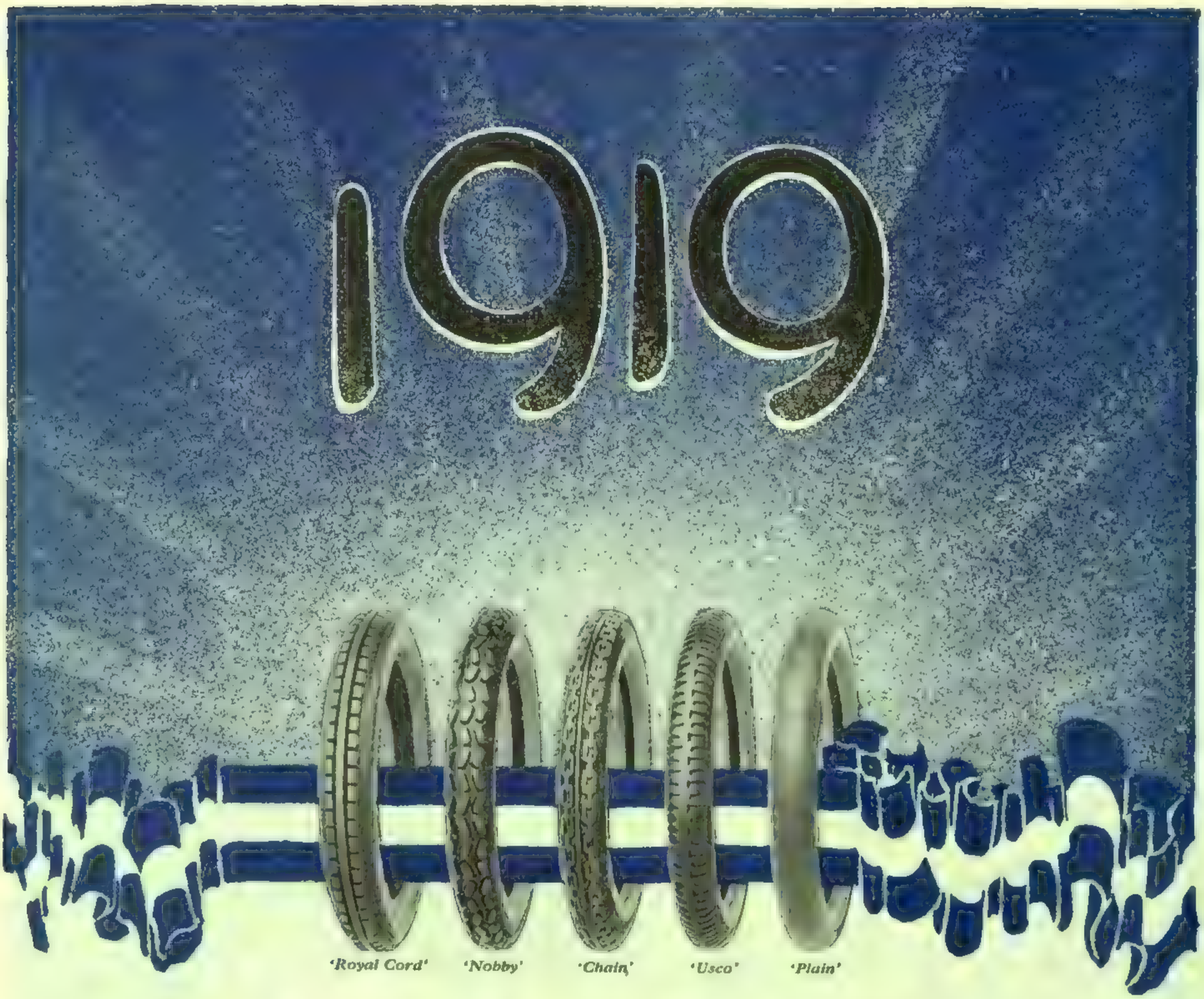
"Consider," continued the officer with whom I discussed the problem, "that during the big offensives pulled off in the past year, when there was a concentration in the air as well as on the ground, statistics show that the proportion of replacements was as high as eighty per cent in one week, two hundred per cent in a month. That doesn't of necessity mean that all the machines had been lost. Some were irredeemably smashed; some missing; some needed extensive overhauling. But for one reason or another, as high as eighty per cent of fresh machines were called for during one week. In a quiet sector or during a lull the percentage of replacements dropped low. Also, it made a marked difference in the number of ships used whether you were on the offensive or the defensive—whether you were fighting over the other fellow's territory or patrolling your own.

"For example, jammed machine guns, no ammunition, motor trouble, antiaircraft fire, a wound, heavy head winds—any of these or a dozen other things may play the deuce with a pilot when he's twenty miles on the wrong side of the lines. These are the risks which our men took daily when we played the offensive game."

"What shall I say of our aviators? How have they proved themselves?"

I put this question to the general commanding the air service of the advanced zone. "You can't say too much to please me!" he replied with warm enthusiasm. "Their spirit is splendid, beyond all praise. They have gone up against superior numbers, against heavy odds and the very best Hun pilots that Germany had on the line—and they have beaten those odds. For every American plane lost they have taken a toll of three Huns. They've had to put their hands to all kinds of jobs. For example, we sent out squadrons of little chasse planes as bombers to drop explosives on the retreating enemy troops. And all of these things they have done day after day and night after night without let-up, with an intelligence, a daring, a drive, which have won them laurels, not only from their superior officers but from the French High Command as well.

"At Saint-Mihiel for the first time in this war our air service acted as an independent unit under American direction, in conjunction with our troops on the ground. And there for the first time our aviators held the supremacy of the air. That was the first big concentration of air forces America has ever had, in which our planes swept the air clean of hostile machines, bombed their troops, wrecked their batteries, and maintained a screen that prevented them from flying over our lines to observe our movements. Inside of four days during that offensive our men cleaned up more than a hundred boche planes and twenty-one balloons. When they were wounded we could scarcely drive them away from the dromes. They had to be chased to the hospital!"



Peace and Prosperity for 1919

—and an epoch making year for motorists.

More cars, more trucks, more good tires will be used.

War taught the imperative need for motor vehicles. Also the great value of good tires.

And peace has eagerly grasped the lessons of the past stern year.

United States Tires are Good Tires

Never has United States Tire goodness been so appreciated—so persistently sought.

Look at tires on the cars you pass.

Notice the preponderance of good tires—United States Tires.

Then watch that preponderance grow as the season advances.

United States Tire Company
Tire Division of
United States Rubber Company

How Scientists Clean Their Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

The facts stated here have been widely known for some years among dentists and scientific men. But they were not presented to the public until proved beyond dispute.

People who know—by the hundreds of thousands—are changing their teeth-cleaning methods. And these are the reasons:

The old methods proved inadequate. The best-brushed teeth too often discolored and decayed. Despite the wide use of the tooth brush, statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased.

Science found the reason in a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It is constantly forming, and it clings. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays.

That film is the cause of most tooth troubles, and the old methods could not end it.

That film-coat absorbs stains, and the teeth seem discolored. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other serious diseases.

It is therefore best to brush teeth in ways which can end the film.

Four years ago a way was found to combat that film efficiently. It has now been proved by thousands of tests. To-day it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, and we ask you to test it yourself.

Make This One-Week Test

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

This is not as simple as it seems. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual method is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred.

It is now made possible, because science found a harmless, activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method is employed in Pepsodent.

Many teeth-cleaning methods, widely proclaimed, have later been found inefficient. So Pepsodent was submitted to repeated clinical tests, under able authorities, before this announcement.

Today it is proved beyond question. And the object now is to bring it quickly into universal use.

The method is to offer all a One-Week Tube for test. Send the Free coupon for it.

Use it like any tooth paste, and watch results.

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

Let Pepsodent thus prove itself. Try a One-Week Test. See its unique results, know the reason for them. After that, you will not be content to return to old methods of teeth-cleaning.

Cut out the free coupon now.

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.,
Dept. 286, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name

Address

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent
REG U.S. PAT OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(147 A)

MARVELS OF ARMY ORGANIZATION

(Continued from Page 15)

corps, it is interesting to add, is required to keep a replacement battalion, which provides an accessible and immediate source of renewal to meet any contingency. This battalion is like the reserve supply of food. It may never be needed, but if it is needed it is wanted in a hurry.

It is vitally important that a complete record be kept of every soldier available. This means that at Tours you can see one of the most remarkable maps that the war has produced. I call it the great human map of the A. E. F. It shows every section in France occupied by American troops. Red tags indicate artillery; white, infantry; gray, mechanical-transport units; and so on. In order to distinguish the two grand divisions there is a pink mark on the tags of S. O. S. troops and a purple square on the cards of the combat troops. On each tag is typed the brief biography, in terms of strength and movement, of the unit from the moment it landed in France up to the present time.

Why is this map necessary? I will tell you. Whenever G1 at G. H. Q. needs men for replacement it simply asks the adjutant general of the Services of Supply, Col. L. H. Bash, "What have you?" and he can immediately supply the need. He does not look at the map, however. This map epitomizes a remarkable card index which is part of the adjutant general's office. There is a card for every unit, for every replacement organization, every officer and every casual that reaches France.

The card of the division replacement shows its present whereabouts; port of arrival; its various movements in the S. O. S.; its strength in officers and men; and the name of the commanding officer. The same sort of card is kept for a machine-shop truck unit or for a sanitary squad. In the case of officers there is a pink card for each man. It records the complete story of his movements from his arrival in France. At the top of the card is a scale of numbers from one to twelve which indicate branches of the service, such as infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers or medical corps. There is also a space to indicate whether the man is a regular or reserve officer. A red marker is placed over the number indicating the officer's branch of the service. If John Jones is a captain in the quartermaster corps the red marker will be over number eight. If he is a regular officer there will also be a green tag. If G1 wants fifty quartermaster-corps captains the personnel officer at Tours can see from the number of red tags over eight exactly how many he has on hand. A different colored marker is used for each branch.

The Weekly Returns

From these cards the weekly strength return of replacements, depot divisions and organizations in the S. O. S. is made up. It is for the week ending Wednesday at noon and is available the first thing every Thursday morning. It is a marvel of compact and classified detail. In the case of officers it shows the total by ranks from second lieutenant up to colonel, and also whether they are attached, detached or absent for any reason. In the case of enlisted men it specifies grades from ordinary private up to regimental sergeant major. The medical personnel is by grades and ranks, and includes chaplains, nurses and civilians. Likewise the return shows all serviceable and unserviceable mechanical transport, horses, mules and guns. As a final human detail it reveals the army losses due to all causes during the week preceding, and the number of men in training and the branches they represent.

The return that I have just described is for the troops in the base, intermediate and advance sections. A similar weekly strength return is made out for all troops in the zone of the advance. The sum of these returns made out at G. H. Q. makes the weekly strength of the whole American Expeditionary Force. It is the basis for much vital statistical compilation.

The average man who knows nothing about war usually has an idea that when troops go overseas they live in tents or barracks when they are not fighting. If this were true of the American Expeditionary Force a part of the Army would spend a large portion of its time building quarters. Life is too short and the march of events too swift to permit any such luxury. Besides, labor and material are much too valuable. As a result many thousands of our troops are billeted during the period of their training or rest. The whole process of billeting, therefore, is a most important and highly necessary detail in the work of the S. O. S.

The mention of billets in connection with American troops discloses a picturesque fact. In the United States it is forbidden by law to billet troops. The reason dates back to the American Revolution when British troops were quartered on the Colonials and when this "hospitality" roused such resentment that the performance was never repeated under any circumstances. It is an interesting commentary on the whirligigs of time to find British homes thrown wide open to-day to American troops and to see the descendants of those Revolutionary foes fighting side by side for a common cause on the battlefields of France. The whole billeting procedure was a new and novel experience for the doughboy.

Billets in France

At Tours as a part of the work of G4 the whole billeting scheme for the A. E. F. is in charge of Col. J. W. Wright. Fortunately for us the billeting of troops is almost as old as the French Army. Nearly every town or hamlet in France is billet-broke. For hundreds of years the cottages have housed troops. It has been reduced to such a science that I am not exaggerating when I say that there is a billeting quotation on nearly every rural domestic establishment in France.

Soldiers billeted in the houses of French citizens are, to use the expression adopted by the French courts, "enforced guests" of the property owner and entitled to share the fire and candle with the family. All householders, with the exception of legal custodians of public funds, widows and spinsters residing alone, and female religious societies, are liable as part of their duty to the state to receive these guests and to share their fireside with them. For this the householder is paid one franc per night for each officer provided with a bed, twenty centimes for each noncommissioned officer, and five centimes for each soldier. An additional five centimes is paid for each animal supplied with cover. If the animals are picketed there is no charge.

For the purpose of billeting we have divided France into areas. At Tours a map of France subdivided into these areas hangs before Colonel Wright's desk. Just as soon as a division is allotted to an area a flag is stuck into that area to show its location. The work of billeting the unit, however, started long before it reached France. As soon as the organization sails from the American port, G4, which is advised of the sailing, gets busy. It must determine whether this unit goes into barracks or billets. If billets are decided on the work of finding an area begins at once. A board of officers, consisting of a major of the medical corps, a captain of engineers and a captain of the quartermaster corps, are sent out to find a suitable area. These three officers represent branches of the services that have the most urgent needs to be met.

This board makes a careful inspection of all sanitary, water and transportation facilities. The main idea is to reduce any new construction to a minimum. Available grounds for maneuvering, drills and target practice are also important considerations. Thanks to many years of experience the mayor of practically every French town has a billeting list, which is a list of houses and barns available for troop lodging. The usual arrangement is to quarter the officers in houses and the men in barns.

When its investigation is complete the board makes what is known as a billeting survey, which is a compact résumé, giving the name of the place; population; location; nature of terrain; roads; railway loading and unloading facilities; billeting capacity for officers and men; warehouses available for subsistence and forage; bathing, stable, grazing, and garage space; available sites for headquarters, hospitalization,

(Continued on Page 36)

Photomicrograph of section of poorly annealed steel casting

Photomicrograph of section of properly annealed steel casting

"The metal grew tired and broke"—photography's verdict

HAS A GREAT BRIDGE FALLEN, and severed a vital artery of traffic? Has a boiler burst, and stopped the flow of power? Has a line-shaft failed, and shut down a big workshop?

Photography enters, and fingerprints the criminal metal. Under the microscope a plate from the wrecked bridge shows flaws in composition. A section of steel in the boiler had been strained by "cold-working" in the erecting shop. The shaft interior was coarse and weak, because for economy's sake the ingot had been cast too close in size to its finished form, and received too little forging.

The microscope detects, the photograph *records* the flaw; and out to a world of drafting rooms go photographic evidence and warning—out to designers in the great mills, and to the vast fraternity of engineers busy with their building. Another chapter is added to our knowledge and another precaution taken, that railroads and office-buildings, ships, bridges, and machines may safeguard more surely the lives committed to their care

Thus again photography serves—and through improvements in photography made possible by constant research and test and invention, the Eastman Kodak Company extends its usefulness to all mankind.

If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a KODAK

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

40c a Pound for Water

One Reason Why Some Foods Cost Ten Times Quaker Oats

Many common foods cost ten times Quaker Oats for the same energy value. These include meats, eggs and fish, and numerous vegetables.

A pound of Quaker Oats yields 1,810 calories. A pound of perch, for instance, yields 275.

The difference lies partly in water, for which you often pay 30c and 40c per pound. Note the table below:

Costs 5c
Per 1000 Calories

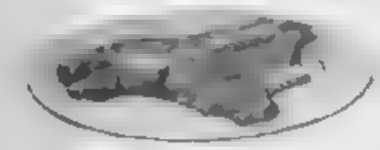
Water Content

Quaker Oats	7.7%
Round Steak	60.7%
Veal Cutlets	68.3%
Canned Salmon	63.5%
Hens' Eggs	65.5%
White Bread	35.3%
Potatoes	62.6%
Canned Peas	85.3%

As a result, here is what you get in calories per pound. And the calory is the energy measure of food value:

Calories Per Pound

Quaker Oats	1810
Round Steak	890
Dried Beef	790
Mackerel	370
Codfish	325
Potatoes	295
Milk	325



Costs 57c
Per 1000 Calories

Costs 54c
Per 1000 Calories

Costs 78c
Per 1000 Calories

Consider these facts in your breakfasts. You can feed ten people on Quaker Oats for the cost of feeding one on meats.

You can feed them vastly better. For the oat is almost the perfect food. It is considered the greatest food that grows.

Quaker Oats

Quaker Oats dominate because of their flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the big, rich, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. You get this extra grade when you ask, without any extra price.

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c
Except in the Far West and South
Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

(2067)

(Continued from Page 34)

aviation, artillery parks, repair shops, drill grounds, rifle ranges, guardhouse, and for any possible barracks to be built.

If this town or group of towns—which is often the case in an area—meets requirements it is officially leased through the agency known as Rents, Requisitions and Claims—of which you will hear more later on—and is assigned to a division. Just as soon as that unit arrives in France a G4 officer meets it at the port of arrival and escorts it to its temporary home, where the American soldier gets his first real taste of French life and likewise his initial encounter with French language and customs.

Though the commanding general of the division is the supreme authority in the billeting area, so far as the American troops are concerned the formal stewardship is vested with what is known as a zone major, who corresponds to the British area commandant. If there is more than one town in the area each one has a town major. If you have spent any time in French towns occupied by Allied troops, especially British, you know that the phrase town major covers a multitude of jobs and trials. He is supposed to be a combination of a chief of police, truant officer, board of health and inquiry and general repository of troubles. At Ypres, for example, I have known three different town majors. Each time the post was vacated by death, because the town major's office or rather cellar was below the only building left with standing walls and under almost incessant shellfire.

The best-laid billeting plans, like those well-laid plans of mice and men, gang aft agley. If an area is selected before the crops are harvested, for example, we sometimes lose as high as forty per cent of space because the French must use the barns for the products of their fields. In such a case we are compelled to build quarters. Again, when the avalanche of refugees came pouring down from the north after the great German offensive of last spring our soldiers voluntarily surrendered whole sections of shelter in areas to these unhappy human straws caught up in the whirlwind of war.

The R. R. & C. Service

When you touch the billeting of troops you reach the authority of one of the most interesting business institutions in the whole A. E. F. Technically known as the Renting, Requisition and Claims Service—or, as it is called for short, "R. R. & C."—it is charged with a combination of routine and responsibility that makes it distinct among army organizations. Through its many-sided operations you discover that the American Army abroad is probably the largest real-estate operator in the world and conducts one of the largest known claims agencies. It is a unique development of the war and of the enormous task of providing all the land and buildings of every kind and description needed by our forces in France. Yet this immense task, involving incessant negotiations with a government and a people who are sticklers for minute details and where the humblest cottage is the proverbial "every man's castle," has been accomplished with the minimum of friction.

In order to appreciate the delicacy of the work of this service you must keep in mind the fact that our Army is operating in one of the most densely populated and highly cultivated countries in the world, where every foot of land is utilized and nothing is wasted. No one realized this sooner or better than General Pershing himself, who, as early as August, 1917, issued a general order which contained the following injunction:

"The intense cultivation of the soil in France and the conditions caused by the war make it necessary that extreme care be taken to do no damage to private property. The entire French manhood capable of bearing arms is in the field fighting the enemy. Only old men, women and children remain to cultivate the soil. It should therefore be a point of honor with each member of the American Army to avoid doing the least damage to any property in France. Such damage is much more reprehensible here than in our own country. Those who may offend in this respect will be brought to trial under the 89th Article of War, and commanding officers will see that prompt reparation is made under the provisions of Article 105, even though the damage does not exceed a single franc."

The service is in charge of a general director, Col. John A. Hull, the judge advocate; a chief requisition officer, Lieut. Col. H. T. Klein; and also a chief claims officer, Lieut. Col. Robert Burkham; who are all located at Tours—the headquarters of the Services of Supply. The work in the field is divided into various sections, each one with a section officer. Our friend the zone major operates in connection with these officials. With each division of the American Army there is also a representative of the service known as the R. R. & C. officer.

The renting is of course a very simple matter of temporarily acquiring property by lease and involves a bargain mutually satisfactory to lessor and lessee. It is when you get into the complicated matter of requisitions that you strike the first snag. The American Army requires thousands of buildings of all kinds, from barns to immense docks and warehouses. The French property owner is no more anxious to have his property taken for public use than an American citizen would be. If the American has any political pull he will use it to the utmost to avoid having his establishment commandeered. So too with the French.

Adjusting Damages

In order to facilitate this work the French Government has granted to the American Government the right to requisition French property in the event that a satisfactory lease cannot be obtained. It is an extraordinary instance of the confidence that one national administration reposes in another, and the very consciousness of this power has been a tower of virtue for all American officers. It means that they will go to the very last limit of patience and forbearance to avoid employing this weapon. The coöperation between the French Government and its citizens is such that the voluntary lease is the rule and the requisition is the exception.

The infinite detail attached to voluntary leasing can be understood when I tell you that the enlargement of one training area alone involved the acquisition of fifteen hundred separate pieces of property. But this was an infant performance compared with the proposition that faced us in securing the land for the largest base supply depot. It is eight square miles in area, and eighteen thousand parcels were involved. This could only happen in a country like France, where the farmer is able to work a miracle with a square yard of earth.

Wherever property is acquired by lease or otherwise the value of the crops and the damage to the land must be estimated, together with the determination of a proper compensation for occupancy. The method of procedure in the more important cases is to ask the French mayor to call the various property owners together. The matter is explained by the American officer in charge of the negotiations, who expresses the desire of the United States Government to deal fairly with the landowners. It not infrequently happens that after amicable adjustment has been reached a farmer will say as the matter is concluded: "If my country can trust our Allies so can I."

With the department of claims you invade the purlieus of the pocketbook. The A. E. F., like the B. E. F., has discovered that a damage claim is a Frenchman's middle name. Since this section investigates and settles all claims for injury to persons and property caused by actions and omissions of American soldiers its docket is pretty full. They include claims for damages to billets, land, persons, and claims rising out of theft, depredations, fires, acts of war or by A. E. F. vehicles. Congress wisely decided that they should be paid in accordance with the French military law and practice.

The chief claims officer has authority to settle claims amounting to not more than ten thousand francs, while the section officer's authority extends over claims that do not exceed five hundred francs in amount. The zone major's authority is limited to claims of two hundred and fifty francs or less. Claims involving not more than one hundred thousand francs must have the approval of the commanding general of the Services of Supply, while claims amounting to more than one hundred thousand francs are approved by the commander in chief of the A. E. F.

The great majority of claims are for comparatively small items and never fail

(Continued on Page 38)

HEBE is one of the wholesome alternative food products which are helping America to meet the unprecedented demand for food—and which enable the housewife to supply the lack in staples which are curtailed or restricted.

HEBE is a compound of evaporated separated milk and refined cocoanut fat. Separated milk is a dairy product of high food value. Refined cocoanut fat is endorsed by food authorities for its wholesomeness. HEBE scientifically combines the two into a nutritious alternative food product.

HEBE is especially recommended for use in cooking, baking and with coffee, cocoa and chocolate. It assists the housewife in preparing wholesome foods for the household, economically, while maintaining the quality of her cooking.

EXPERT chefs, domestic science teachers and others who have tried HEBE find that it improves the flavor and consistency of all foods prepared with it.

HEBE is produced in modern condenseries. It is sealed air-tight and sterilized, so you buy it from your grocer in the same pure condition in which it left the condensery. It is economical, and because of its keeping qualities is non-wasteful.

Let us tell you more about HEBE or answer your questions. Send for our booklet, containing the story of HEBE, and recipes. Address The Hebe Company, 2101 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

HEBE (pronounced He-be) takes its name from the character in Greek mythology who was cup bearer to the gods on Mt. Olympus. Buoyant, beautiful, appealing, she served the nectar to them and typified youth, health and happiness.

THE HEBE COMPANY

CHICAGO SEATTLE

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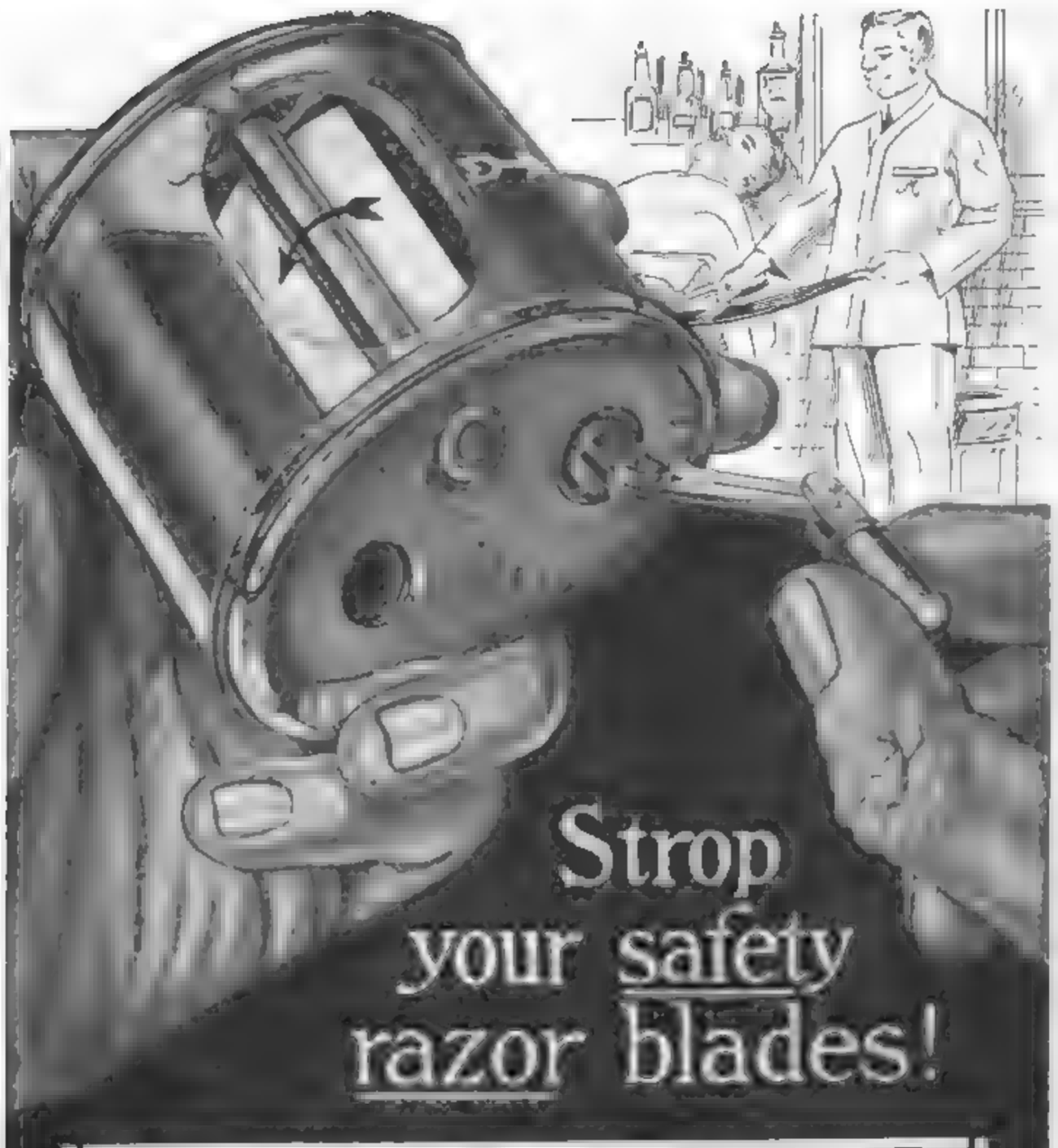

—enjoy a *barber shave* at home

A skilled barber's shave is smooth as velvet. Why? Because he *strops his blade* just before he shaves you.

If you want to enjoy *luxury* shaving at home with a safety razor, you must strop *your* blade just before shaving.

The edge of any blade is composed of tiny teeth (clearly seen when greatly magnified). *One* shave gets them out of line like this. Stropping smooths them back into line like this. Then you get a *real shave*. New blades as well as old should be stropped.

Twinplex Stropper

gives 100 *velvet shaves* from 1 blade

The saving is something—but the *shaving* is *everything*. It makes the blade glide over your face like a caress.

Twinplex strops both edges at once, reverses the blade automatically and strops the other side—just as the barber does. The blade is held at exactly the right angle to produce a perfect edge. No skill required. All you do is turn the crank—Twinplex can't fail.

Try a *new blade* stropped

If you want to realize what a difference stropping makes, even with a *new* blade, ask any Twinplex dealer to strop a new blade for you. The result will be a *shaving treat*. You wouldn't part with Twinplex for ten times its price, after you shaved with a Twinplex stropped blade. Over half a million Twinplex owners will verify this. In use over 8 years.

Twinplex is compact, handy, beautiful. Its blade holder and handle are disappearing. Its case is handsome nickel, lined with satin. Also Khaki Cases and Kombination Outfits.

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591 St. Catherine St., Montreal

$5

(Continued from Page 36)

to amaze the American soldier. What seems to be a trifling injury, such as tearing out of a manger in a stable, is a real and vital loss to the frugal French peasant whose lot this last four years has not been an easy one. Besides, lumber is extremely scarce in France and very difficult for the farmer to obtain. Furthermore, the French peasant does business on a very small scale and since the beginning of the war most of the land cultivation has been done by women, old men and young boys.

Hence the flood of small claims that almost inundates the R. R. & C. involves items that would almost be regarded as a joke by the American farmer. Among the claims for small injuries are those for broken windowpanes, injury to paint, broken plaster and doorknobs. Not an infrequent cause of complaint is the loss of a key. The removal of this highly useful but not entirely indispensable article is never overlooked. The French peasant, however, regards a key as important and valuable as a title deed to his property; a state of mind, I might add, that is entirely shared by the owners of French hotels. I have known of a hotter row being kicked up over the loss of a key in a French hotel than over the theft of a thousand dollars in America.

Innocent Bystanders

Injury to French land involves two separate and distinct causes: One is damage resulting from the immediate necessities of war—the "*faits de guerre*," for which no compensation is paid; and injury which comes about in the natural course of careless events. Of course human nature, no less active with the French than any other nationality similarly placed, is apt to ascribe all losses to the second cause, and therein lies the most frequent subject of controversy.

Indeed, it is extremely difficult sometimes to convince the Frenchman that whatever has happened to his goods or his chattels was the fault of the god of war.

A unit was once encamped on a farm near the Front. Its mules were picketed near by. Suddenly and without warning a number of German shells dropped on the camp. The animals were turned loose and they beat a retreat that was more strategic than orderly. Being by nature destructive beasts they took the shortest cut to the rear, which happened to be through highly cultivated gardens and orchards, where they played havoc. With great difficulty the farmer was convinced that the unfortunate action was an act of war and therefore he could receive no compensation.

The real humors of war are found in these French claims for comparatively small damages. A well-meaning cow died from eating camouflaged grass meant to deceive the Hun, but not the unsuspecting herds of France. Her owner filed a claim which proved that the beast was an innocent bystander of war, and it was paid. Another cow attracted by the remnants of grass on a bombing range allowed either her curiosity or her hunger to get the better of her animal discretion, and died as a result of eating the grass, which had been poisoned by the contents of the grenades used on the range. She was also put into the innocent-bystander class.

All damages by American student aviators who are now flying all over France, and who have sometimes to descend unceremoniously in a field under cultivation, are paid by the A. E. F., as are claims for the considerable injuries resulting in the training areas from trench digging, bomb throwing, rifle practice and also practice with machine guns and heavy artillery. The French have come to the conclusion that our horses and mules are highly discriminating when they go out to pasture, because they always select the best gardens and orchards. This straying into fertile fields proves to be rather an expensive item for Uncle Sam.

Fires constitute a large and important part of the work of the army claims agency. The reason is interesting, especially when these fires happen, as they often do, in billets. The French fireplaces have been successfully used for hundreds of years, but the Frenchman's fire is a very different thing from the American's fire. These tiny French hearths were never constructed for the fires which the average American likes and builds. The result is that they start such a roaring conflagration that the whole house is involved. The investigation of a French fire is a most elaborate ceremony. Among the documents which must be produced are the title papers to the property, the insurance policy, the birth certificate of the property owner and the contract of marriage upon which the property rights of the wife may depend.

No branch of the R. R. & C. service, however, is confronted with more complications than that which deals with the investigation and settlement of claims for damages done by American vehicles to citizens and property on the streets and roads of France. Compared with our highways the average French street in the small towns where many of our troops are quartered is an alley. The French citizens regard it as an inalienable right to walk in the street rather than on the sidewalk. Quite naturally they come into more or less frequent painful contact with the heavy American trucks that are constantly on the move. The doctrine of contributory negligence, which frequently is a complete defense in America, does not obtain in France. Hence we have many street-accident claims to pay.

The French have a high sense of appreciation of our justice and generosity in this matter of damage claims. Let it be said to their credit that they sometimes do not present a bill of injury. Not long ago the following letter was received by the commanding general of the Services of Supply from a father whose daughter had been injured by one of our big motor trucks:

"In the name of my daughter, victim of an accident caused by an auto truck in the service of your army; in the name of her late husband who died for France with decorations by order of the army; of his daughter and my whole family; considering the correct attitude and considering the painful position of the military auto-driver, under the strict lash of military discipline, I have the honor to plead in his favor for your kind indulgence.

"After the pain and suffering resulting from the accident which I hope is only temporary, it will be profoundly painful to us to think that a brave soldier who came to defend us may be punished severely for an act for which he is not to blame.

"Trusting in your kindness, Commander, will you receive kindly the assurance of our high regard."

The Great Master Builder

All this difficult work requires a highly specialized training, partly legal but mostly human. In order to secure the necessary personnel a school has been established at Tours to equip men for the R. R. & C. service. It is held in a whitewashed room in the old French barracks. More than one student bears on his right sleeve the chevron that proclaims "Wounded in action." Typical of the contrasts that war creates, this institution is in charge of a former lecturer at the Harvard Law School. Stranger still is the situation which daily finds American officers, lawyers by profession, sitting as quasi courts in equity throughout France and administering French laws to French people so that justice shall prevail. In this war as in no other everything is possible and nothing is surprising.

When posterity makes its appraisal of the American effort in France no detail will probably come in for a larger degree of wonder and admiration than the immense amount of construction reared by these alien hands in a foreign land. The A. E. F. has been a master builder. The whole task of army construction comprises a branch of the American business of war that expresses American energy and enterprise to a degree not surpassed in any other Service of Supply. Uncle Sam is a boss contractor on a stupendous scale.

He runs a building business precisely like any of the great construction corporations in New York or Chicago. The only difference is that while a private concern must solicit trade the A. E. F. gets all it wants without the asking.

At the head of this work is Brig. Gen. Edgar Jadwin, director of construction and forestry, whose office in that now famous quadrangle at Tours is the nerve center of the army building that ranges from the construction of an immense dock at a base port up to the erection of a temporary storage shed in the zone of the Armies. Under him is an army of more than a hundred thousand men, including thousands of foresters. He could build a fair-size city almost overnight; no specialized task from a bakery to a cold-storage plant is outside the capabilities of this host which toils with hammer and saw with the same fidelity as the men who fight

(Continued on Page 41)

Those Long-Sought Features of Tube Economy

—greater elasticity, strength, durability, and definite freedom from general tube troubles—you will find in the

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GUARANTEED tensile strength, 1½ tons per square inch.

No tearing beyond the immediate location of a cut.

Unharmed by wear, tear and long-service friction in the casing.

Unaffected by extreme and prolonged heating up and cooling down.

No checking, cracking or weakening at the corners, though carried indefinitely as a "spare."

A Tube whose quality is on a par with the highest-quality casing.

A Tube that costs no more than ordinary tubes.

A Tube bearing the name of and *guaranteed* by the Pennsylvania Rubber Company.

Makers of Vacuum Cup Tires

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Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

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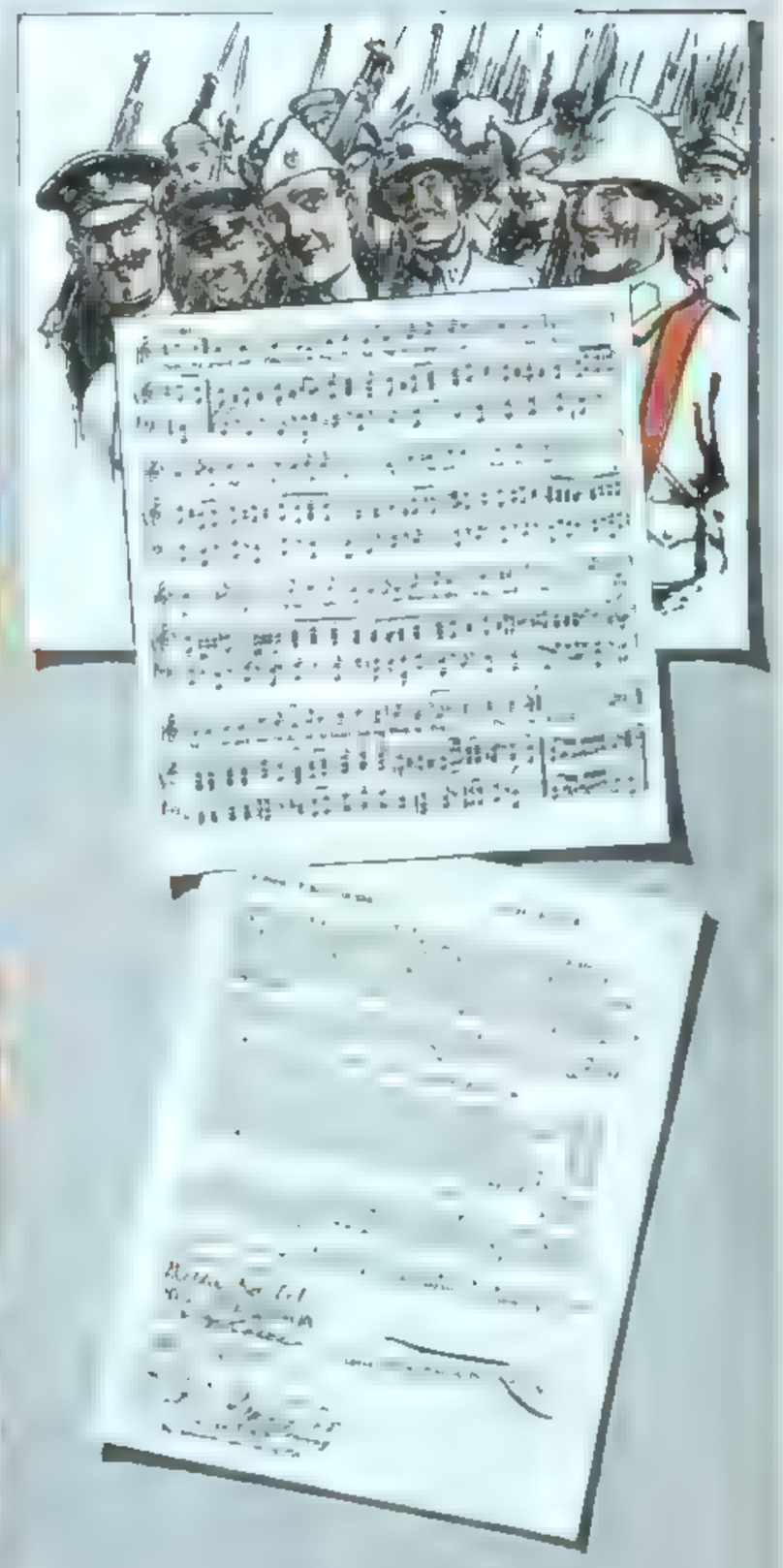
WAR SAVING STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT



"Home Coming Week in France"

The Jubilee War Song Hit

Published by
JEROME H. REMICK & CO.
New York and Detroit

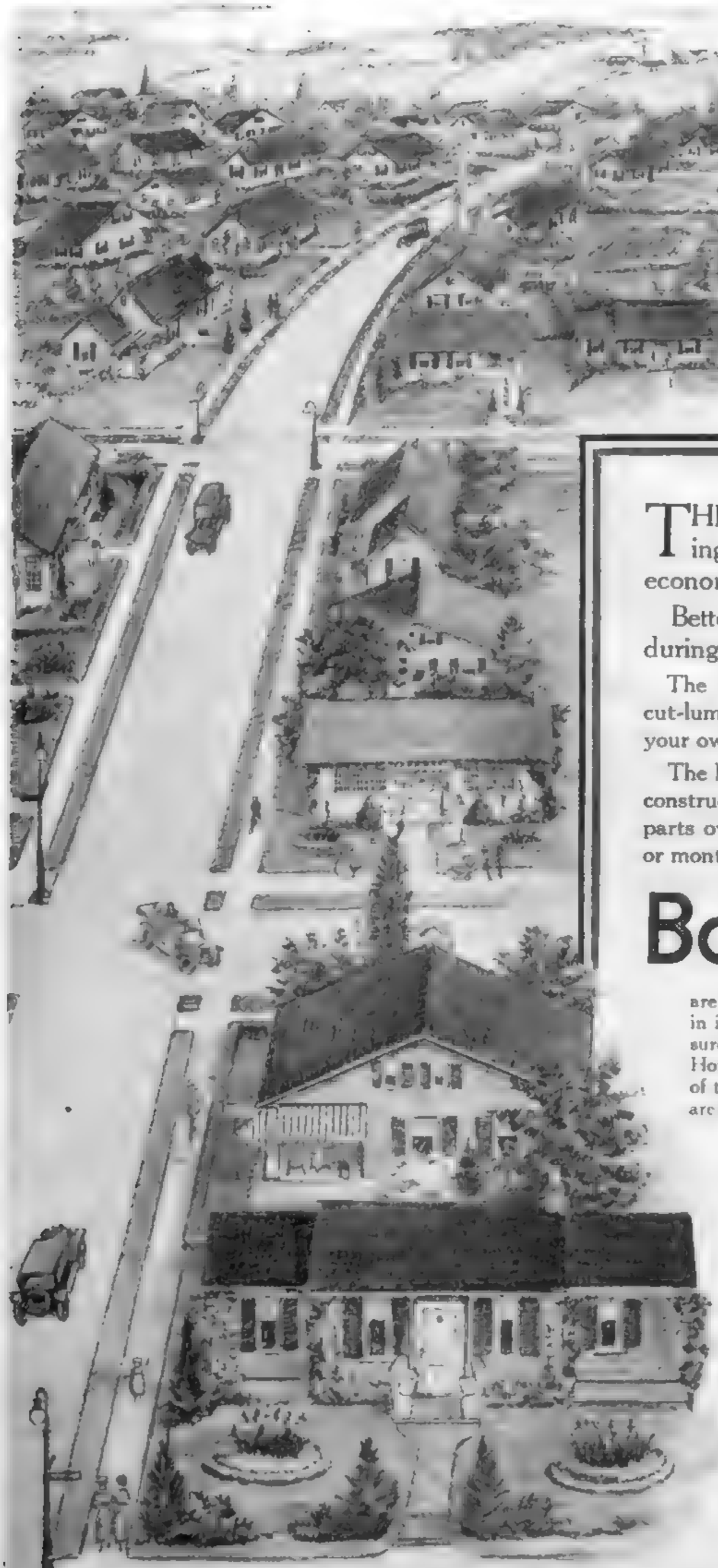
Try the chorus, and you will understand why the publishers expect this tingling, tuneful and prophetic song to duplicate their great success, "Smiles."

The author, following the plan detailed in the above affidavit; has unconditionally assigned all royalties and profits to the purchase of "smokes" for our boys in France.

Since this affidavit was filed, Mr. Lewis has forwarded to the New York Sun Smoke Fund $5,510, representing the magnificent amount subscribed by the "P. G." Golfers of Detroit at their Annual Fall Tournament, Bloomfield Hills Country Club, October 22, 1918, bringing the total contributions to date up to approximately $9,600.

"Home Coming Week in France" is obtainable through music dealers generally.

This space contributed to Soldiers' Smoke Fund by the Pennsylvania Rubber Company



The Logical Way to Build

Bossert Houses

THE advantages of the Bossert method of building are most definite from the standpoint of economy in time, labor and cost.

Better types of buildings—more sturdy and enduring—are also an inevitable result.

The Bossert method does not consist merely of selling cut-lumber which necessitates entire building operations on your own property.

The Bossert method sends to you a building so completely constructed that all it is necessary to do is assemble the parts over the foundations—work of days instead of weeks or months.

are fabricated at the Bossert plant by workmen who specialize in individual phases of construction work—a method which insures perfect workmanship and lowers construction costs. Bossert Houses should not be confused with so-called portable houses of temporary character. Bossert Houses are built to endure, and are fully covered by U. S. patents. Many of the fine homes of the country some costing $20,000 are of Bossert construction.

Bossert Houses are quickly and easily assembled because the parts are furnished in most convenient sizes for handling. All Bossert Houses are painted inside and out before being shipped, have shingles applied to walls and roofs, hardware attached, and even the doors and windows hung.

The Bossert plant covers more than one-half a mile of waterfront along the Atlantic Coast. Our large facilities enable us to undertake contracts of any size—even those involving buildings for entire communities. The thoroughly organized Bossert export department has shipped Bossert Houses as far North as the Arctic Circle and as far South as the Equator.

Send 18c today for catalog containing detailed information about the Bossert method, and showing the complete line of architecturally beautiful Bossert Houses, including bungalow types, at a wide range in prices.

LOUIS BOSSERT & SONS, Inc.

1301 Grand Street **Brooklyn, N. Y.**

(Continued from Page 38)

with guns. In a previous article I told the story of some of the achievements registered by the army engineers. It remains to show the business side of the organization, which is a striking lesson in centralization.

Despite the myriad construction enterprises constantly under way throughout France there is a follow-up system that keeps track of every undertaking. In what is known as a file of projects General Jadwin maintains an up-to-date record of all work under way. Each piece of work is on a separate sheet, and whether it is a dock, warehouse or hospital he can tell at once how far it has advanced and what remains to be done. This results from the fact that his service is charted, from director down to a gang cutting timber in a faraway forest. He has a chief engineer in every one of the sections in France. Each chief has his own organization, which is a link in the army construction chain. If a dock is to be built in Base Section Number One the plans and specifications are sent to the chief engineer of that section, who is charged with execution. It is up to him to see it through. He makes daily and weekly reports of progress which enable the director to keep his file of projects live. When I was in Base Section Number Two exactly one thousand projects of one kind or another were under way.

This project file, however, is only one detail in the plan of organization. The whole scheme of army construction is visualized on the huge map of construction which hangs in General Jadwin's office and which shows every piece of work under way. Each kind of job is indicated by a color. A hospital is indicated by a tan square; a railway yard by a white one; a supply depot by straw; a camp site by blue; an aviation camp by red; and so on.

In the same way each type of work has its own chart. What is known as the hospitalization chart is one of the marvels of system. It shows in waves and in thousands of beds—all hospitals are built in terms of bed capacity—how the enormous system of American hospitalization in France is expanding by leaps and bounds. A line in blue, for example, shows the bed space available in base hospitals and hotels; green indicates the bed space in camp hospitals; mauve locates hospital buildings under way. The A. E. F. follows the rule of having ten hospital beds for every hundred men overseas. Our hospital construction, or hospitalization, as it is known, is so standardized that we build in regular units of a thousand beds, and have been known to erect three or four of these in a single day.

All construction plans and specifications with the exception of those for railway transportation are prepared by a large force of draftsmen which is part of the staff of the director of construction and forestry. The plans for railway projects are drawn under the direction of the director general of transportation, for whom General Jadwin acts as consulting engineer.

Scientific Forestry

This mighty construction not only requires an army of toilers but an immense amount of lumber. This brings us to the second phase of General Jadwin's work. Obviously it is impossible to transport the millions and millions of feet of timber from the United States. Tonnage, as you have learned, is the supreme problem of the A. E. F. and must be utilized for material that cannot be obtained abroad. The Army therefore decided to produce its own timber by cutting it in France. This has led to the organization and development of a complete forestry service which is mobilized with the same scientific care as any other branch of the Army.

In the forestry regiments you can find lumberjacks who have made the chips fly in the forests of Wisconsin, Maine, Washington, Michigan, Oregon, Louisiana and Alabama. They are a hardy, seasoned, weather-beaten, competent lot and have rendered a service comparable to that of the locomotive engineers and firemen who left cabs and tenders on the American systems to drive the army iron horses in France.

By arrangement with the French Government we have acquired nearly two hundred French forests, where you can hear the zip of the American saws and the rattle of the machinery of portable American sawmills that have been brought to France knocked down, and set up wherever they are needed. One of these sawmills cut 20,000 feet of lumber in ten hours. A battery of five of them cut 120,000 feet in two ten-hour shifts

All these forests are obtained by what is known as the acquisition section of the forestry service. The French have a peculiar affection for their trees and they are the best foresters in the world. It makes them weep to see the magnificent stretches of woodland sacrificed for army use. But as a Frenchman said to me in discussing this matter: "We would rather have our forests cut down scientifically by the Americans in the cause of freedom than to have them permanently blackened and destroyed by German shells."

So great is the French regard for their forests that a group of French foresters accompanies each American forestry gang and marks the trees to be cut. These groups of trees are known as *coupés*, which is the French for trees to be cut. Every American who works in a French forest in conjunction with the French experts will go back home better equipped for his job if he expects to be a woodman. No better propaganda for the conservation of our natural resources, and more especially our forests, can be imagined. Just before the armistice was signed it was estimated that we needed or should need for twelve months more than one billion feet of boards. Already we are cutting 30,000,000 feet a month, and the number of our sawmills is rapidly nearing the one hundred mark.

The Army Pay Book

Construction is only one consumer of army wood in France. The Army must be kept warm, which means that for the twelve months between July 1, 1918, and June 30, 1919, the quartermaster corps—which provides fuel for the A. E. F.—expected to require 1,250,000 tons of cordwood. One cord equals two tons. The wood for fuel is cut under the direction of the chief quartermaster, and at the time I write is being cut in the advance section by more than ten thousand men, who include nearly two thousand civilian laborers; the others are American soldiers.

A study of the American business of war would be incomplete without a look at that highly necessary detail in the conduct of a corporation, the pay roll. In addition to many war-born distinctions Uncle Sam has become one of the largest employers in the world, with a box office second to none. Though the doughboy has no worries about the high cost of living so far as France is concerned—he is fed like a fighting cock—he likes to have money in his pocket, and his grateful Government tries to see that he gets it promptly, no matter whether he is fighting at the Front or serving in the rear.

The principal army disbursing in France is done under the auspices of the chief quartermaster, who pays all troops except those in the engineer, signal, medical, ordnance and air services. He also provides the money for billets, for subsistence, clothing and gasoline bought in Europe and for the rental of the French telegraph wires that we lease. The chief disbursing officer, Lieut. Col. C. B. Eckels, handles more money than most big banks. Though he deals in millions he never sees any of the actual cash. In September alone the amount of money that passed through his office represented more than $75,000,000. Of course this money is not sent from the United States. A very simple system of exchange of national credits makes it possible for us always to have available funds.

Every American soldier is paid in the money of the country in which he is serving, and in cash. If a doughboy in France is unmarried, carries no war-risk insurance and has not subscribed on the installment plan for a Liberty Bond he gets $33 a month; or, based on the rate of exchange at the time I write, 188 francs and 10 centimes. Wherever a soldier has allotments, whether for family, Liberty Loan or insurance, this amount is first deducted from his pay, and he gets the balance. The men are paid once a month by disbursing quartermasters. If a man is ill or wounded in a hospital the money is brought to him.

With pay, as with everything else, the American soldier gets the benefit of the last word in army convenience. This means that recently we have introduced a new and compact individual pay record book, which is a substitute for the old-time and cumbersome army pay roll which the men had to sign. Under the old system if a man was wounded or lost he frequently missed his pay for several months, because there was no accessible record of what he had hitherto received. The new pay book, which must be carried by the soldier on his person all the time, eliminates this hardship. In it is recorded every payment made to him, and it is likewise a complete history of the owner, together with his family financial obligations if he has any.

This book is patterned after a similar one carried by the British Tommy. It lacks one detail of the model, however, in that it has no blank space on which the soldier may make his will. Thousands of British troops have written their last testament within sound of the guns and just before going over the top in that little blank space, which is so often their farewell indited message on earth.

The American Army pay book is a great deal more than an up-to-date ledger of the soldier's income. The record of the automatic withdrawal of the allotments for wife or mother is a constant reminder of obligation to family, while the equally systematic payment of his installment on the Liberty Loan is a kindred stimulus to financial responsibility to his country and his flag. It begets a sense of thrift and saving that, like so many other war experiences, becomes a constructive precedent for peace.

The army pay book is just one of many first aids to the soldier's physical and economic convenience. Just as a store on wheels goes to the man in the trenches, so does a traveling adjuster visit units in the field in the interests of war-risk insurance. The psychology of this is interesting. The nearer a man gets to the zone of death the more apt he is to want to protect his family in case he is killed. A bursting German shell therefore is the best possible selling talk for a war-risk insurance policy.

If a soldier wants to continue his studies in France he has an opportunity to enroll in a field university, which is being equipped with $5,000,000 worth of textbooks and which will have a thousand instructors from American schools and colleges. If he is unnaturalized he does not have to wait until a bullet makes him an American by adoption. By signing a paper he can become a full-fledged citizen of the United States of America. No matter what branch he is in, he can get the special news of it served up in the official organ of that service. The engineers have a monthly magazine called The Spike; the motor transport corps publishes a periodical named The Steering Wheel; while the transportation department has unfurled Rails and Sails to the breeze. To complete this array of army publicity is The Stars and Stripes—the official newspaper of the A. E. F.

Grave Registration

For the last chapter in this article I have saved the phase of army organization that likewise deals with the final chapter in the story of the overseas soldier, which is the registration of his grave. Since no soldier's body can be transported to the United States during the war the care of the overseas graves becomes a matter of supreme responsibility. Through a supervision that combines tender solicitude with minute detail nearly every square yard of French earth "with a richer earth concealed" is marked and can be identified when the pilgrimage of remembrance begins.

Our grave registration is perhaps the most difficult in the war, for the reason that while the British, for example, operate in a compact area in France our men have been in the line from the English Channel to the Vosges. They have been thrown into the battle front at unexpected times and places. The complicated and sometimes hazardous labor of finding and marking these graves is intrusted to what is known as the Graves Registration Service, which has fulfilled a sacred obligation with fidelity.

The direction of such a task demands not only real organizing genius but sympathy and understanding as well. All these qualities are happily embodied in Lieut. Col. Charles C. Pierce, who is the chief of the service. This big-souled, kindly man has cheered the aching hearts of bereaved American wives, mothers and sweethearts ever since the first Philippines campaign took toll of our troops. He went to Manila as an army chaplain. He soon found out that saving families from the agony of suspense about the location of the graves of the loved ones was of the first importance, so he devised a scientific system of accurate registration. When we were ready to establish a similar service in France he was the logical choice to organize it.

The Graves Registration Service is organized precisely like any other branch of the

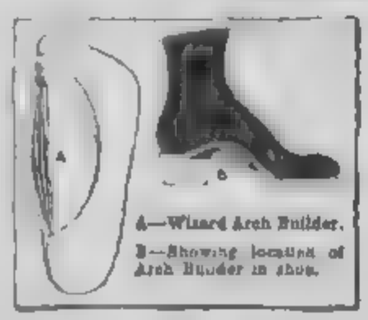
"Now my feet won't hurt"

If your feet ache, or if you have a definite foot trouble, wear Wizard devices in your shoes and get *immediate relief*. This is more than an assurance, it is a practical certainty, as thousands have proved.

The Wizard system is not a new method but a new *means* of correcting foot troubles. The cause of most foot troubles is well known—callouses, bunions, fallen arches, run-over heel, etc., are nearly always due to unnaturally strained positions of certain bones of the foot. Relief lies in supporting the bones in natural place. This is the *purpose* of all foot devices—but the Wizard *way* of accomplishing this will be a revelation to you.

Wizard

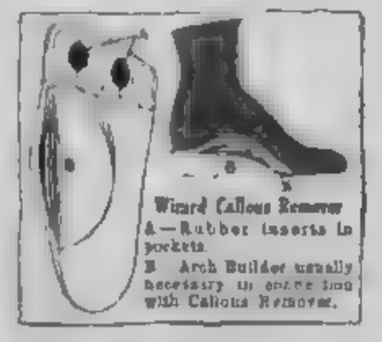
Adjustable Foot Appliances


A—Wizard Arch Builder.
B—Showing location of Arch Builder in shoe.

are soft, featherlight leather. *No metal is used.* The support is formed by soft inserts in overlapping pockets, which permit *immediate*, unlimited and *accurate* adjustment for the exact shape of *your* foot, and the *exact* condition of your foot troubles. This is a *patented* Wizard principle. The immediate relief and perfect comfort that Wizards give *from the first*, are *entirely* due to this principle. That's why you cannot obtain Wizard results from anything but Wizards.

If you have callouses

have Wizard Callous Remover fitted to your foot—and walk out of the store completely relieved. The soft inserts support the bones just back of the callous. This gives immediate relief and causes the callous to disappear.


Wizard Callous Remover
A—Rubber inserts in pockets.
B—Arch Builder usually necessary in order that with Callous Remover.

If your feet ache

weak arch is probably the trouble. Wizard Arch Builder will give gentle support that brings immediate relief—then the arch can gradually be built up to normal. The overlapping pockets and inserts permit perfect adjustment for comfort, changing as the condition of the arch improves.

If your heels "run-over"

the trouble is probably due to a misalignment of the heel and ankle bones. Wizard Heel Leveler corrects the trouble, stops any pain, and prevents shoe heels from running over.

A—Wizard Heel Leveler.
B—Showing location of Heel Leveler in shoe.
Note pockets on one side only.

At shoe stores everywhere

there are experts trained in the Wizard system, who can fit you with the proper Wizard device to give you relief, and can also give you expert service in fitting shoes. If you can't locate the Wizard dealer near you, write us.

Send for free booklet

Physicians—surgical supply houses stock Wizards

WIZARD FOOT APPLIANCE CO.
1639 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

American Army. Colonel Pierce, who is part of the quartermaster corps, is at the apex of the pyramid which outlines every detail of its work from the acquisition of cemeteries to the photographic record of a lonely grave somewhere on the fringe of battle. The G. R. S., as the Graves Registration Service is called for short, has nothing to do with the burial of the dead—this is done by burial squads with the Army—but it takes up the work the moment that the grave is filled. It registers and inspects graves; corresponds with relatives and friends of deceased soldiers, conducts a liaison with our Allies in all matters of mortuary interest, and, what is most important of all, maintains such a complete and accurate record of every soldier's grave in France that when the war is over it can be easily located.

To do this, Graves Registration must have the coöperation of the Armies in the field. It begins with the individual soldier. Every officer, private and civilian attached to the A. E. F. must wear two aluminum identity tags. They are about the size of a silver half dollar and of a suitable thickness, and must be worn suspended from the neck underneath the clothing by a cord or thong passed through a hole in the tag. The second tag is suspended from the first one by a short piece of string or tape. In the case of officers these disks are stamped with the name, rank, regiment, corps or department of the wearer and the letters U. S. If a man is an aviator his tag would bear the words U. S. Air Service. Many officers wear a metal identification plate attached to a chain round the wrist. With private soldiers the tags are simply stamped with the soldier's name, his regimental and company designation and the letters U. S. A. on one side and the army serial number on the other.

When a soldier is killed in action the burial squad is required to bury one of the identification disks with the body and place the other in a bottle or attach it in some way to the temporary marker over his grave. This marker is usually what is called a "peg," on which the number of the soldier is written with a hard black-lead pencil. All burial units carry pegs or wood crosses on which the serial number is written. The permanent marking of the soldier's grave is an olive-drab cross bearing an aluminum plate showing the soldier's name and number.

Mentioned in Dispatches

If all soldiers were killed where proper time and care could be exercised in marking their graves the task of registration would be easy. But troops fall in the heat of battle inside and out of the enemy's trenches, in No Man's Land, and on spots that remain under fire sometimes for days and weeks. They are often buried where they fall, and frequently they are not allowed to sleep their last sleep in peace. More than one grave has been churned up by an exploding shell which destroyed every mark of identification. The job of Graves Registration is not to reinter that body, but discover some clew that will restore the lost identification.

The methods adopted are many and unique. A soldier whose grave has been destroyed by shellfire has sometimes been identified through a process of elimination which meant the checking up of hundreds of last resting places. Again, a coin or a keepsake found in the grave has been associated with its one-time owner.

Registration of graves involves no small degree of danger. In the zone of the Armies the G. R. S. units follow closely on the heels of the burial parties of the combat troops, registering and verifying the temporary markings of all graves, searching for and burying bodies that have been overlooked, and regulating and organizing the battle-ground cemetery which rises so often and so sadly almost overnight on the hillsides and in the valleys. Some of these registrars develop an uncanny instinct for locating unmarked graves. I have known them to stop suddenly on the road and after a swift glance at a field near by that gave absolutely no sign of a grave say, "A soldier is buried out there." Ask how they know it and they will tell you that it is determined by a variety of reasons, which may be a slight depression in the ground or the appearance and formation of the soil.

After every battle an offensive is launched for the dead precisely like the one launched for the living. It is composed of the advance groups of the Graves Registration Service. Each one consists of an officer and ten men. They deploy a skirmish line to find out whether any graves or bodies have been overlooked. They work under shellfire and perform a service that is both heroic and holy. I can pay no higher tribute to what they do than to reproduce part of a letter of commendation about one of them—it was in charge of Second Lieutenant Homer B. McCormick—which was issued by special direction of General Pershing. The official account of the particular performance is as follows:

"On April 20, Lieutenant McCormick and his group arrived at Mandres and began their work under heavy shellfire and gas, and although troops were in dugouts, these men immediately went to the cemetery, and, in order to preserve records and locations, repaired old crosses or erected new ones as fast as the old ones were blown down. They also completed the extension to the cemetery, this work occupying one and a half hours, during which time shells were falling continually and they were subjected to mustard gas. They gathered many bodies which had been first in the hands of the Germans, and were later retaken by American counter attacks. Identification was especially difficult, all papers and tags having been removed, and most of the bodies being in a terrible condition and beyond recognition. The lieutenant in command particularly mentions Sergeant Keating and Privates La Rue and Murphy, as having been responsible for the most gruesome part of the work of identification. . . ."

A Father's Letter

As soon as a man is killed in action his death is reported by telegraph or runner by his immediate commanding officer to the adjutant of the unit, who in turn sends it to the adjutant general of the A. E. F., who supervises the preparation of the casualty list—the roll of honor. No casualty is reported, however, until the official grave location is received. This is due to the fact that men missing and reported dead for days or weeks sometimes show up in time or have been captured by the enemy. The service therefore takes every precaution to prevent a premature notice of death from being sent out.

Not content with making certain that every grave is properly located and registered the G. R. S. performs still another kindly service in the shape of a letter written by Colonel Pierce to the next of kin as soon as the location of the spot is definitely known. It conveys the assurance that the six feet of French earth specified will be cared for during the war and until there may be further disposition of the remains. That this army thoughtfulness is not without its grateful appreciation is shown by the hundreds of letters that have been received. Out of them I select one:

"*My dear Sir:* Your kind and sympathetic letter in regard to my son's death, burial and grave location was received yesterday. Your letter is a great support to me and it is good to note the absence of caste in our American Army. Your letter gives the tone of a true comrade, soldier and American. My son was all I had—he and I were pals. I shall take his place in an appropriate position as soon as I can.

"I am inclosing a check for ten dollars and ask you to place such flowers on his grave as you can. I would like a lily if you can get one—he always bought a lily for my birthday on April twelfth. If you have any money left, use it for the graves of some of the boys who have no fathers to send checks.

"Respectfully yours,

"_____

"P. S. Will you please put a card on the flowers for Memorial Day, saying that they are from Dad and Mother."

The army system, which knows neither friend nor foe, carries its tender ministrations to the enemy dead. Whenever it is necessary for the A. E. F. to bury a German or an Austrian a section of a military cemetery is utilized. A report of this grave location is made just as in the case of an American. The indications of rank and service are reproduced in German as well as in English. The location of these graves is conveyed to the German authorities.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson on the American supply organization in France. The next and last will deal with the work of the General Purchasing Board, liaison with the French, and the establishment of a unity of Allied supply

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX

Immediate Delivery of *New* Models

PRIOR to the war curtailment, so steadily did the demand increase because of the value given, that every Lexington was *sold before built.* When production was suspended we were fortified with a large inventory which gives us a great advantage *now.*

Without interfering with our war-work we were able to prepare for production of the new models we are now delivering.

This notable achievement was possible because Lexington is affiliated with ten factories specializing in motor car parts.

This alliance permits quicker production, it makes possible many manufacturing economies and a co-operation that produces better-built cars.

The temptation is to be superlative about the beauty and performance of the new Lexington Touring Car.

Unfortunately, if words could describe its fashionable design, color schemes, and accommodations they fail utterly as a substitute for a demonstration of its efficient operation.

In order to fully appreciate the success Lexington has achieved in perfecting the dependable six cylinder type of car, one must take the wheel and observe—

The smooth, silent starting; the quick get-away; the rhythmic flow and ebb of power, highly responsive to your wish; the emergency brake that operates with one finger; the complete confidence and restfulness one enjoys whether taking a hill on high or inching through traffic.

Lexington owners benefit by a substantial saving in fuel because of the exclusive Moore Multiple Exhaust System which produces more horse power per piston displacement.

Get complete information of all models from your Lexington dealer or write to us.

Lexington Motor Company, Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.

POOL AND GINUWINE

(Continued from Page 13)

There was no doubt that he had pursued the sensible course. He had too long worshiped at the shrine of the money god to underestimate by a farthing the social value of spot cash. He knew that he would always love Blossom, just as he knew she would always care for him. There was a tragic joy in the feeling. And there was always the chance that the lottery would solve his problems in the near future. He fancied himself—in that event—laying his fortune at Blossom's feet—offering her that and himself in marriage.

But that day his gigs failed to materialize in either Pool or Genuine; and the following morning he made his way downtown, to be greeted by the news that Blossom Prioleau had departed from the city.

"Whar she gone?"

"Dunno 'zactly, Florian."

"Y' ain't heard nobody say?"

"Not 'zactly; though I kinder t'ink like mebbe somebody says 'twas to Nashville, whar she was bohn at. Funny yo'-all ain't know 'bout it, Florian."

"Me? Humph! How come I should know whar she is at?"

The fact remained that Blossom had gone. Florian was pleased. He appreciated the fine display of tact that had prompted her to remove herself temporarily from the scene of his proposed commercial courtship. Thus, his carefully planned campaign for the ample hand of Sally Crouch would not be injured by frequent distracting glimpses of the might-have-been Mrs. Slappey. Blossom had gone to visit Nashville. Florian was mournfully happy. The martyr rôle secretly pleased him.

Theretofore Florian's attentions to the portly good-natured Sally had been discreet. Immediately they became flagrant. Society gossiped, marveled, then disgustedly washed its hands of the affair. Matrons ground their teeth as it became more and more apparent that Sally Crouch was destined to become Mrs. Florian Slappey. There could then be no denial of social eminence.

Florian held social leadership by virtue of brain, education and—from the standpoint of the blind populace—wealth. He was a brunet Chesterfield and a born leader. Sally Crouch was the very antithesis. During the past four years she had worked too hard with her Cozy Home Hotel to bother much about society, and her social activities began and ended with lodge gatherings, where she assumed a back seat. At the evening functions she played the dual rôle of wallflower and chaperon. Being fat, and therefore good-natured, she cheerfully recognized the fact that she was not meant to be a butterfly and did not bother her level head about it.

But after Florian Slappey had paid ardent and unmistakable court to her for a period of three consecutive weeks immediately on the footsteps of Blossom Prioleau's departure for Nashville life assumed a fresh perspective. Sally's cosmic scheme was wrecked and rebuilt. For the first time in a neglected life, Sally Crouch had reason to dream of social recognition and a husband.

And what a husband! Sally worshiped him blindly. He was all that she was not, and that she suddenly found herself possessed of a desire to be. She was too happy and trustful to seek a sinister motivating impulse for his sudden passion. That he was marrying her for money never occurred to her; for she, in common with others of the circle, fancied that he was more than comfortably supplied with the goods of this world.

So she accepted her good fortune with delirious blindness. Florian became a welcome nightly guest at the hotel dinner table and she heaped his plate with countless delicacies prepared as only Sally could prepare them—steaks expertly charred on the outside and rare and juicy within; crisp crumbly toast; rich brown gravies; thin tender bacon; oysters fried to a succulence beyond compare; puddings and pies and cakes warranted to melt at ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit. She couldn't understand the phenomenon brought about by the little blind god; and she didn't try. Sufficient unto the day she found the pleasure thereof.

She plunged into an orgy of trousseau buying. She assumed ill-fitting airs of elegance. She timorously allowed herself the exquisite luxury of patronizing a few hangers-on who had been wont to look down upon her from their higher rungs of the social ladder. And through it all she lavished upon Florian an intransigent adoration such as falls to the lot of few mere mortals.

As for Florian, he proved himself possessed of no mean histrionic ability. And, at that, it wasn't so hard after the initial sting of Blossom's departure had been soothed by time. He almost wished that she might be there to witness the cheerful fortitude which was his in the face of sacrifice. As for his nightly banquets—well, the future might be loveless, but there wasn't any doubt that Sally was assaulting the famous road to a man's heart.

Blossom Rose Abruptly, a Victim of Unrequited Love and Hurt Pride. Florian Trailed Her to the Door

The Cozy Home Hotel was prosperous. He could see that with half an eye. Report credited Sally with a fortune of three thousand dollars. He fancied gossip had underestimated it. It was hard indeed to forego the delights of the glorious Blossom; but he derived satisfaction in the vista of luxurious years.

And so he proposed. There may have been some of the passion and fire of his Blossom courtship lacking, but to Sally Crouch his declaration of love was an epic. It was her first. She accepted him voluminously. Stunned; the town learned the news and congratulated dazedly.

It wasn't understandable; but Florian admitted the truth, and as such it was accepted. The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise elected Sally the following week to the post of Grand Exalted Princess, which, though by no means a high office, was more than Sally had ever aspired to; and Sally planned for a wedding that was destined to live forever in social history. It was to be a thing stupendous, an artistic triumph calculated to place her incontrovertibly on the very pinnacle of the social heap. Sally was grimly determined that nothing she might do was to fail to bring credit to the name of Slappey.

As for Florian, he was alternately divinely happy and hopelessly miserable. Being human, he had never quite succeeded in ridding himself of the vision of Blossom's physical attributes. On the other hand, he could not deny the appeal of Sally's affluence and her skill in catering to his gustatory senses. Also, he basked benignly in her worship of himself.

He played the lottery daily in sums ranging from a nickel to a dollar. His credit had improved since the announcement of the engagement. Jackson Ramsay, operator of Pool and Genuine, cautioned the young negro against too reckless play; but Florian was in no mood to listen to reason.

"Winnin' a few dollars ain't goin' to help me, Mister Ramsay. I'm plumb sot on winnin' big or not a-tall."

So he played from day to day desperately, the size of his bets limited only by the state of his finances. He essayed every combination—or gig—known to professional policy players. The morning drawing—Pool—found him laying several small bets, with instructions to carry any winnings over to the afternoon drawing—the Genuine. Usually what small winnings were occasionally netted in the Pool were swept away in the Genuine. And the wedding day approached.

It was to be an epoch-making wedding, with Sally footing the bills. The hotel on Eighteenth Street was to be decorated with azaleas, dogwood and magnolias, with a final marvelous touch of art in the shape of a monstrous pink-and-white tissue-paper wedding bell. Reverend Plato Tubb, pastor of the First African M. E. Church, had been selected from six eager clergymen who bid down to a minimum of profit for the honor of tying the hymeneal knot.

Flower girls were drilled daily. A pump organ was installed. Officers of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise were to be present in full regalia, and the uniformed drill team had promised an exhibition in the street immediately preceding the ceremony. Every detail had been arranged with meticulous care. Even Florian found himself thrilling to the spotlight position. Matters, he felt, might be worse.

The wedding day arrived. Florian rose early. The sky was cloudless; the city droned with the activities of an early June day. Two buzzards circled lazily overhead; but if Florian noticed the omen he gave no sign. At eleven o'clock he entered the lottery room on Avenue C and extended a dollar to Jackson Ramsay.

"All that on the Greenback gig, Cap'n Ramsay"

"Straight?"

"Four full."

"All or nothing, eh?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Pool or Genuine?"

"Mawnin'—Pool. T'night'll be too late."

"Aren't you getting reckless, Slappey?"

"Yo' spoke a mouthful that time, cap'n. If that four should win I gets five hundred fo' my dollar. An' nothin'—nary cent—less'n that'll help."

Ramsay shrugged his pudgy shoulder and wrote the ticket:

FLORIAN SLAPPEY

Pool —— Number 384

18–44–45–61 [Straight]

$1.00

The door swung back and a wizened negro woman entered. To Ramsay she handed a dime.

"Train gig," she ordered. "I done hab a dream las' night."

"15–46–63," he checked off as he wrote the ticket. "Straight?"

"No—all."

"That's how you ought to play," said Ramsay to the disdainful Slappey.

"Huh? Me? If all t'ree comes out she gets on'y sixty for one."

"Yes," reminded the policy writer; "but if two come out she gets twenty-five for one, and if one of them comes out she gets four for one."

"That ain't my game," commented Florian loftily. "I ain't no piker!"

The little old woman gazed admiringly upon Florian.

"Yo' shuah ain't, Mister Slappey! On'y I can't 'ford to play it yo'r way. Yo'—yo' feelin' well to-day?"

"What yo' got to do with that, woman?"

"Ain't yo' know me, Mister Slappey?"

"Huh? How come I ought to know yo'?"

"I wuks wiv Mis' Sally, down t' th' hotel. Mis' Sally, she kinder 'lowed maybe come I might see yo'-all down yeah; an' she say tell yo' please to come by an' make talk wif her fo' a minute."

Florian waved a grandiloquent hand, left the dilapidated building, and strolled idly toward the Cozy Home Hotel. He wondered whether Blossom knew that this was his wedding day; he even speculated a bit on the ethical aspect of this mercenary marriage. He was selling himself and his social prestige for many a mess of pottage and a succession of breakfasts of crisp waffles.

Sally received him in the private parlor. Her greeting was effusive—she threw plump arms about his neck and implanted a fervent and resounding kiss upon his unwilling lips. She was as radiant and palpitant as a schoolgirl. And finally, when the preliminaries were concluded, she seated him beside her on the couch, placed his arm almost all the way round the place where Nature had planned a waistline, and ——

"Reckon yo'-all's wonderin' how come I wanted to see yo', darlin'?"

"I'm always glad to answer yo'r biddin'," he answered with forced, dignified gallantry, his mind busy with the terror that hereafter this woman was to be his daily companion. Of course after the honeymoon he would no longer be forced to simulate affection. . . . He speculated briefly and bitterly on the fate that made Blossom poor and this creature rich.

"It's about disyer hotel," she started. Florian pricked up his ears. "Bein' as we's most married, I t'ought I might 's well talk t'ings over wid yo'."

"That's right, honey."

"Yo'-all is sech a brainy man, Florian, I jes' sorter wanted yo'r advice." She snuggled closer.

"Yes?"

"Y' see, Florian, I ain't never had nothin' but hahd wuk sence I got hol' of dis hotel. Fust off, w'en I took hol' I done de cookin' an' de laundry an' de maid wuk—an' I ain't had so much money, either. Yo'-all ain't never gwine know how hahd I wuk."

"That's right, honey; that's right. Yo'-all's the magnificentest woman I ever did see! Yo' ain't got to tell me that."

(Continued on Page 46)

KENOSHA
NASH
WISCONSIN

THE END OF THE WAR finds this company with two definite advantages as the result of our government activities during the period of hostilities.

First: Our product has been proven. Both Nash passenger cars and trucks met the trying demands of war-time service in a manner which demonstrated conclusively that they are quality products, and possess mechanical perfection and stamina to an unusual degree.

Second: Our big one-hundred-acre manufacturing plant, enlarged in space, men and machinery, has been welded into a smooth working production machine, and is tuned up to a quantity output.

We delivered more than $37,000,000 worth of Nash products for military purposes, including over 12,500 Quads, more trucks, we believe, than were furnished by any other single maker. That called for a mighty manufacturing program, which is practically completed.

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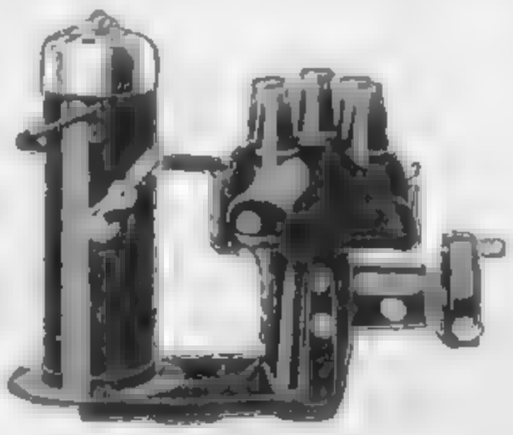

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(Continued from Page 44)

"Ise so happy, sweetness, I is got to talk wif yo'. I sort of got to t'inkin' dat Missis Florian Slappey cain't do all what Sally Crouch would do—ain't dat right?"

"Yo' is always right, Sally."

"Yo' g'wan! I wuk so hahd wid dis hotel; an' I got sort of wond'rin' ef yo-all'd want yo'r wife to keep on wukin' like what I been doin'."

"Yo' mean yo' want to know is I—er—willin' yo' should keep on runnin' this hotel?"

"Da's it! Da's it! Yo' done said it dat time."

He crossed his legs and clasped slender, callusless hands over one knee.

"Hon, I got awful lib'ral views—'bout the lib'ralist what is, I reckon. I says a woman is got jes' as much right to work as what a man is got. Course things'll be different when we is married t'night; but I always says that a woman is got her rights an' no man ain't got no call takin' 'em from her."

"Da's right, Florian; da's jes' right. But I ain't want to take no 'portant step 'thout consultin' yo-all; an' to-day was de last day."

"How come that?"

"It's de lease. It's disaway, sweetness: I done had a fo'-yeah lease, what says I got to gib dem agents t'ree months' notice ef I want it fo' another two yeahs. I 'most fohgot dat ontwell I happen' to look at de lease yestiddy. What I aska yo'r adwice 'bout is: Should I sign it up ag'in or should I let it drap?"

"I got them lib'ral views like what I done said," he repeated earnestly; "an' I got a fine admiration fo' a business woman—specially when her business is lucartive."

"It ain't de money, Florian; it's de sediment. I been a-wukin' dis hotel fo' yeahs ——"

"Tha's it, Sally; but the money counts too. I ain't never been no man to sneer with money. An', b'sides, it ain't no matter what I thought; I ain't got no call to make yo'-all give up a business what's makin' money like this hotel."

She nudged him kittenishly.

"G'wan, Florian! How come yo'-all t'ink dis hotel's makin' money?"

"Huh?" He was momentarily nonplused; then chose his words carefully. "It is, ain't it?"

"No! Ef 'twas makin' money I woul'n't of ast yo'r adwice. 'Tis disaway: De fust-off yeah I run it I jes' 'bout break even; den de nex' yeah I make 'bout five hunderd dollars. Come de yeah after I jes' 'bout bust' even; but dis yeah—Lawdy! Wid prices gone so high an' me jes' a-wukin' my fingers to de bone an' detrenchin' sumpin terrible, de bestest I could do was to lose all what I is had saved up, an' some mo' besides."

"Not—not really?"

"Shuah 'nuff. I ain't got no cause lyin' to yo', is I? An' I woul'n't go fo' to take de hotel fo' another two yeahs ef yo' was opposed to it, sence mebbe yo' might hab to put up de money to keep it goin'."

Florian sat up very straight. Something was radically wrong. He scrutinized the face of the woman at his side and found nothing there but guileless simplicity. He saw truth—and a truth that he did not want to believe. He couldn't believe it!

"Yo'—mean—yo'-all's broke?"

She nodded.

"Plumb ontirely broke?"

"Might' nigh."

"An'—an' yo' sort of wanted to find out would I stan' good fo' any losin's?"

"Not perzac'ly dat, sweetness. Course I ain't gwine lose more'n two or t'ree hunderd dollar dis yeah, an' I knows dat ain't nothin' to yo'-all; but I sorter t'ought mebbe yo' would want me to sell de furniture an' gib up de hotel. . . . Anyways, dat would jes' 'bout clear up my debts."

"An'—an'—leave yo' how much in the bank?"

"I got 'bout sebenty dollars now. Ef I sold out an' paid all my debts I don't hahdly reckon I'd have nothin'. Course I'll have yo'-all, hon, an' we'll be pow'ful happy. An', sence yo'-all ain't got no o'jections against wuk, mebbe I'd git a job cookin' up to de Claremont 'Partments—less'n, ob course, yo'-all changes yo'r mind an' decides yo' don't want yo'r wife to wuk a-tall."

He passed a shaking hand across a perspiring forehead.

"I—I ain't got no 'jections to yo'-all workin'," he said in a slow dazed manner. "It ain't that."

"Den yo' t'ink I better should keep de hotel?"

"I—I—guess so. . . . Y' see, I cain't think so awful good, hon. I ain't feelin' jest so well. I always thought this here hotel was the payin'est thing."

She chuckled with good-natured amusement.

"Ev'ybody t'ought dat. But what dey t'inka ain't bringin' in no dollars. Course I takes in plenty money; but money ain't always profit, an' I wasn't hankerin' to make my husband stan' fo' no debts."

"That's right, Sally; that's right."

"So I done been hones' wif yo'. T'night I becomes Missis Florian Slappey—an' I t'ought mebbe yo'-all ain't want yo'r wife to wuk like what Sally Crouch done. It was right I should ask yo'-all 'bout disyer t'ing—ain't it, sweetness?"

"Yeh—it was right, Sally. On'y I got to 'fess it was a kind of s'prise. I thought this hotel was the payin'est thing!"

"Yo'-all set dere a minute, sweetheart, an' I'll show yo' my books." She rose.

One hour later Florian Slappey staggered blindly into the street and clung helplessly to a lamp-post. The last scintilla of doubt had been dispelled. He had seen cold stark figures—black on white. He shuddered at the prospect. He trembled at what he had done—Blossom gone and himself pledged to marry this fat creature, who not only had no money but calmly proposed to saddle his insolvent self with her indebtednesses.

An old crony swaggered along the pavement and flashed a roll of bills under Florian's nose.

"They's others that's in soft," he boasted.

"How come?" asked Florian, only mildly interested.

"Lott'ry."

"What yo' play?"

"Greenback gig."

"Huh!" Florian experienced a thrill of excitement: he had played the three numbers of the Greenback gig, with a fourth one added. "Yo' play t'ree or fo'?"

"Three: 18-44-45."

"Sixty-one ain't happen to come out, too, is it?"

"Yo'-all play them fo' straight?"

"Uh-huh!"

The other inspected the printed list distributed by Ramsay to his patrons.

"Tough luck! Ain't no 61 on it."

"Guess I might've knowed that," snorted Florian disgustedly; "'cause if they had been I'd of won five hundred dollars. All the luck's agin me to-day."

The other laughed light-heartedly.

"Yo'-all always was a li'l' joker, Florian."

Slappey glared balefully at his affluent friend, half inclined to quarrel. One more number—just one more right one included in the dozen drawn from the wheel that morning—would have made him temporarily wealthy. Discretion prompted:

"Lemme five dollars."

"Cain't."

"How come?"

"I—I'm owin' this."

"Four?"

"Honest, Florian ——"

"Three-fifty?"

"Yo'-all don't onderstan'."

"T'ree?"

"I c'n len' yo'-all a dollar," hedged the other desperately.

Florian took the dollar ungraciously and made his way down the street, musing bitterly on the miserliness of his friends. Luck was certainly not running his way.

At that, he retained enough of his sense of humor to chuckle at the irony of it. Blossom, at worst, would merely not have been an asset; Sally promised to be a heavy liability. There was still hope for him. He was not yet married to Sally. Suppose ——

Florian became poignantly aware of the fact that he faced a vital strategic problem. Already the corps of amateur decorators were busy disfiguring the parlor of Sally's white-elephant hotel. His feet led him past the hall of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. He was hailed jovially, and through a window he glimpsed certain present and past grand potentates in the gilt and finery of their drill uniforms.

He mooned silently through City Park, retraced his steps to the congested center where he had met Blossom the fateful day that marked the termination of their dream of love, and subconsciously his feet carried him into the ornate lobby of the Penny Prudential Savings Bank office building.

(Continued on Page 49)

CLYDESDALE

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Proven under every road condition, in every climate, by drivers of almost every nationality—proven to possess every quality that your own truck requirements demand.

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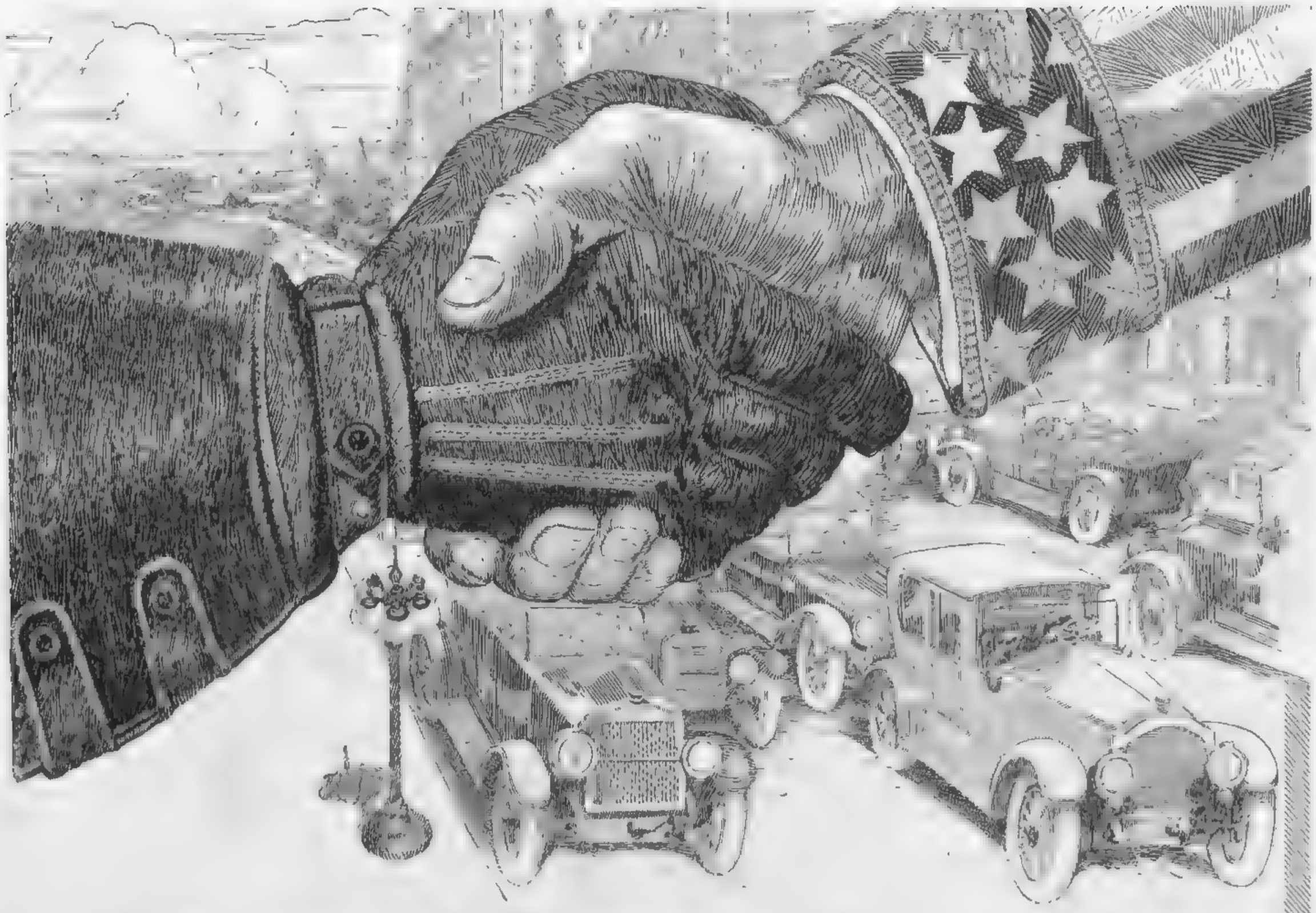

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Worn piston rings waste from 25% to 50% of the gasoline and oil used.

Think what this amounts to for the whole Nation! Do *your* part now—install new piston rings. Every car that has run several thousand miles *needs* new piston rings. The rings wear out, and leave a gap through which compression escapes, and oil passes into the cylinder. Carbonization, pitted valves, knocking,—almost all such engine troubles are largely due to worn and faulty piston rings.

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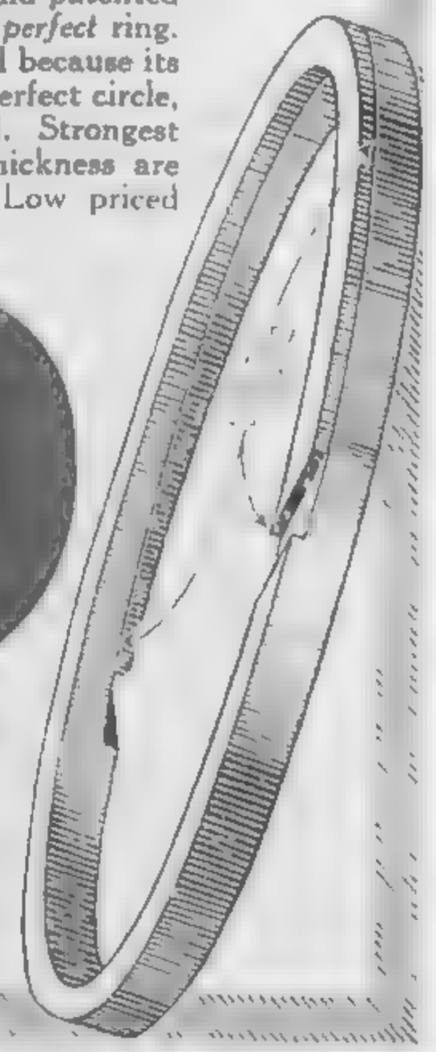

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DEALERS: Jobbers everywhere stock Inlands—ask yours. Inland Machine Works, 1635 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 46)

And as he crossed to the elevators his lips expanded slowly to a broad triumphant grin.

Florian Slappey had evolved another scheme.

The ceremony was scheduled for eight-thirty. At seven the last of the dinner guests finished the evening repast and Sally's assistants cleared away the débris. Then they entered Sally's room and became French maids.

Sally was desperately fastening an expensive corset about her expansive figure. One female friend was assisting valiantly. Another struggled nobly to lace the white kid boots, which did fairly well at the feet, but were totally inadequate to the difficulties presented by the elephantine ankles. A foam of lace and lingerie was scattered about on the bed, and atop of it all a creamy satin wedding gown.

Before the hotel the fife and drum corps of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise blared nobly and the drill squad executed its evolutions soberly, cheered on by a battalion of wide-eyed urchins of the Ethiopian persuasion. A carriage containing the Reverend Plato Tubb, of the First African M. E. Church, drove up to the door and the drill team from the lodge furnished him a guard of honor up the narrow stairway to the parlor.

The guests arrived, bearing their wedding gifts with them—pink electroliers; boxes of plated ware; clothes for the bride. These were spread on a camouflaged kitchen table in the center of the parlor beside the donations from former employers of Sally.

As for the bride, she was fluttery, as though her age was twenty instead of thirty-five, and her figure thirty-six instead of ten inches more than that. For the first time in her life, Sally Crouch held the center of the social stage, and she had every cause to exult in her achievement.

Hitherto Sally had been regarded more as a person than as a woman. The sudden shift of Florian's affections from the magnificent Blossom to the more girthy negress was patently a tactical victory on her part. No one in the community suspected that Florian might be marrying her for money, for there was no one in the community who guessed that Florian was anything but flushed with worldly goods.

The Reverend Plato Tubb sent word of his readiness. Sally gave a fair imitation of a pirouette before the mirror.

"Y' ain't t'ink I is look so bad, is yo', Eva?"

"Lawsy, Mis' Sally, I ain't never saw a prettier bride!"

"'Course I ain't got no figure ——"

"Ain't no man gwine look fo' no figure when yo' got them swell clothes."

"Ev'ybody here?"

"Ev'ybody! Drill team f'um the lodge an' ev'ything."

"Where's Mister Slappey?"

"Dunno. Livonia, yo' know whar is Mister Slappey at?"

"Uh-uh! Ain't saw him."

"Go fin' him an' tell him we's ready."

Ten minutes later Livonia returned, her forehead puckered.

"Cain't find Mister Slappey, Mis' Sally."

"'Cain't find —— Whaffo' yo' mean by dat?"

"He ain't yeah—da's all!"

"Yo' ast them lodge members?"

"Yup. Dey ain't saw him."

"Yo' mean dey ain't nobody saw him yeah a-tall t'night?"

"Uh-huh!"

Sally Crouch's thick lips came together firmly. Gathering her bridal train in one large white-gloved hand, and followed by her retinue, she sailed into the parlor. She faced the audience belligerently:

"Looka heah, colored folks; I ain't keer how much jokes yo' play after dis ceremony done been over, but I ain't gwine stan' fo' no fumadiddles now. Whar Mister Slappey?"

"Really, Mis' Sally"—Reverend Plato Tubb bustled forward—"they all done said ——"

"I ain't keer whut dey done said, Rev'end Tubb ——"

A small boy entered the door, fought his way to Sally, and forced a crumpled envelope into her hand.

"Letter for yo', Mis' Sally."

"Ain't gwine be bothered with no letter."

"It's f'um Mister Slappey."

Sally opened the letter with trembling fingers; then, without a word, she perused its contents and handed it over to the Reverend Plato Tubb.

℞

Dr. Vivian Simmons, M D.,
Surgeon and Physician.

Rates: Office Visit, $1 House Visit, $2. Office Hours: 9–10 A. M. 1–2 P. M.

All Accounts Cash.

To whom it may concern—and especially Miss Sally Crouch:

This is to certify that I have this day examined the patient, Mr. Florian Slappey, Esquire, and find that he seems to have acute articular rheumatism, indigestion, a slight fever, and simptoms of neuritus; on account of which this is to certify that he is unable to attend his wedding to-night and should be excused. Also, I certify that he isn't in any physical condition to get married shortly.

Given under my hand and seal this fifteenth day of June.

Dr. Vivian Simmons, M.D.

Witness:
Doll White.

That night Florian Slappey had a dream. He dreamed that he was on a railroad train bound for Nashville and the delights of Blossom Prioleau. The train had reached Decatur, Alabama, where there was a crash, a rending of timbers, and Florian felt himself pitched through a window, to land easily and hurtlessly on the turf.

He sat up in bed, eyes wide and slender figure trembling. The dream had been fearfully vivid. He rose and turned on the light to make quite sure that it was a dream.

Down the hall he heard the voice of an irate woman:

"Yo'-all better be keerful how yo' goes a-slammin' doors disyer time o' night!"

Pretty girl—train—wreck! The main facts of his dream remained distinct, even now that sleep had been banished. Florian had an idea. He hustled across the room, opened the lid of a battered trunk and extracted from the tray a much-thumbed volume, which bore the title:

Professor Hannifer's Perfect Dream Book

With Translations Into Lottery Numbers.

He consulted the index, and finally turned to page 79, on which he found the following:

Should you dream of a handsome woman in conjunction with a train wreck, you will have enormous luck. Borrow one dollar from a friend without telling him your reasons. Play a quarter on each of the following in the morning lottery, with instructions to carry winnings over to the afternoon lottery:

Train Gig—15–45–63.
Little Louse Gig—1–2–3.
Baby Gig—1–12–21.
Blood Gig—5–10–40.

Play these for a single number to win. With your winnings play the following five numbers straight in the afternoon lottery: 9–17–39–46–78.

At eight o'clock the following morning Florian Slappey approached Philip Simpson and requested the loan of a dollar.

"Huh? Whut yo'all want wid a dollar, Florian?"

"Cain't say; but I wants it, an' I got to borry it."

"Ain't yo'-all got a dollar?"

"Yeh."

Simpson's eyes brightened:

"Tell yo' what I'll do: I'll lend yo'-all a dollar ef yo' gib me a dollar as s'curity."

Florian speculated. The Dream Book ordered him to borrow a dollar.

"That's all right," said he, and the exchange of money was solemnly made.

Philip winked portentously.

"Hope dat gig draws out de lott'ry, Florian."

"I ain't said nothin' 'bout no gig, Philip."

"Yo' ain't need to. I had dem dreams my ownse'f."

Jackson Ramsay, the policy king, welcomed Florian warmly.

"Reneged on the marriage game, Florian?"

Florian cocked one eye.

"I'm a sick man, Mister Ramsay; too sick to git married."

"Sure—I know! What can I do for you this morning?"

"Quarter each on train row, baby row, little louse row an' blood row: one, two, three numbers out; winnin's to be carry over from Pool to Ginuwine—ef they is any winnin's—an' played straight on 9–17–39–46–78."

"Straight on five numbers? You certainly aren't very anxious to win."

"Yas suh, boss; I is. But I ain't no piker, cap'n. It's big or nothin'!"

"I've never known of a man winning five straight on my lottery."

"They's a fust time to ev'ything, cap'n."

Ramsay nodded, took the borrowed dollar, and wrote the tickets.

"Hanging round, Slappey?"

"Nossuh. Got business to home. 'Fraid that almost wife of mine might come round to see how I'm gittin' 'long."

Florian proved himself an excellent prognosticator. At half past ten o'clock the stairway of his boarding house creaked ominously under the enormous weight of Sally Crouch.

Florian had set his stage with a keen eye to Sally's sense of the proprieties. On the dresser stood a half-empty bottle of suspicious shape and odor. A few pictures, which never could have been sent through the Comstock-ed mails, adorned the walls. Her entrance found him propped in a chair immersed in the pictorial section of the latest Police Gazette. He spoke, without turning his head:

"'Lo, Sally!"

"Honey!"

Her arms went about his neck and she implanted a moist kiss on his cheek. He abruptly brought the other two legs of his chair to the floor.

"Careful, Sally! You might' nigh upset me, an' Doc Simmons says I ain't in no condition to stan' no sudden shock."

"I wanted to come roun' las' night, Florian."

"I was pow'ful sick, Sally. Might' sorry, of course, that I couldn't git to come to my weddin'."

Something suspiciously like a sob expanded her bosom.

"I was pow'ful dis'pointed, sweetness. An' de gues'es et up all de supper I done had fix'. When yo'-all gits well we'll jes' hab a private cerymony wid' de Rev'end Tubb."

Florian's heart sank. He was afraid that she was still determined.

"I been thinkin', Sally ——"

"Yeh, sweetness?"

"—— that after what th' doc done tol' me, mebbe it ain't fair to no woman to make marriage with her right now, sick like I am."

Sally's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Yo' needs a woman's care an' 'tenshun, Florian. An' yo'-all talks like yo' was tryin' to hitch out."

"'Tain't that a-tall, hon. Ef 'twasn't fo' the booze ——"

She sniffed.

"I smelled it."

"Sure! That's the trouble. Doc says I needs to drink it to keep my heart a-goin'; an' it makes me pow'ful wild."

"Humph!" she retorted coldly. "Reck'n Sally Crouch c'n handle de wildest man!"

He shook his head solemnly.

"That's right, Sally; but I guess I ain't got no right askin' no woman to work fo' me."

"How come yo' make talk 'bout wukin' fo' yo'-all?"

"I cain't work," he pleaded desperately, a bit alarmed by a rising inflection in her voice. "Doc Simmons done say so. An' sence I lost all my money spec'latin' ——"

Sally rose suddenly and placed her hands on her hips. Her lips came together tightly and she surveyed her might-have-been spouse witheringly.

"Mister Florian Slappey, is yo' mean to sit dere an' tell yo' is broke?"

"Uh-huh! I is."

"An'—an' yo' was aimin' to marry me an' lemme s'poht yo'?"

He was thoroughly alarmed by her manner. Her bosom was heaving and the floodgates were perilously near to opening.

"Yo' got me all wrong, hon. I ain't aimin' to let yo's s'port me. I sort of got a pride 'bout that. I jes tellin' yo' that my health ain't so good."

For perhaps fifteen consecutive seconds Sally stared at the thoroughly cowed Florian. Then suddenly she crumpled into a chair, buried her face in her palms, and large voluble sobs caused the room to tremble.

"Oh, my Gawd! All men is alike! Dey ain't none ob dem don't try an' take adwantage ob a girl. I might've knowed he ain't wan' nothin' but de money he t'ought I had! I might've knowed dat ef I wasn't so blind. Oh, Lawdy! An' he goes an' makes me redikerlous! He goes an' does dat!"

Florian crossed the room and patted her fearfully on a shaking shoulder.

"Here now, Sally, hon—that ain't no way to carry on! That ain't no way a-tall."

"Yo'-all lemme go, yo' wuthless no-'count! Take yo' han's offen me! I got a good min' ——"

She rose and faced him, fury and thwarted love flashing from her eyes. He retreated precipitately to a far corner and held a warding hand before him.

"Here now, Sally—that ain't no kind of way for no lady to ac'."

"Ise finish' wid bein' a lady," she flamed. "Ise finish' wid dat! Huh! Yo' t'ink I gwine sp'oht yo'-all? Ain't de bestest man ever live' Sally Crouch would wuk fo'."

"That's right, Sally; that's right. I ain't wuth it."

"No, yo' ain't, yo' h'l' low-down cheap spoht! I glad I foun' yo'-al, out in time. I ain't gwine lay hand on yo', Florian not twell yet. On'y I warn yo' dis: Don't yo'-a I make de mistake ob comin' widin' sme...n' distance ob my hotel. Yo'-all heah me?"

He nodded energetically.

"Is yo' got to be goin'?"

She put her hand on the knob.

"I ain't got to is, but Ise gwine, Florian—jes' 'cause ain't no girl safe wid yo' fo' long'."

Sally's departure effected a quick cure of Florian's malady. Less than half an hour after she left the house he was garbed in cream flannels, with a straw hat perched jauntily on the side of his head and a once-broken but cleverly-spliced Malacca cane on his arm.

Quite as a matter of habit he made his way to the room where Jackson Ramsay held forth as policy king. The bets of the morning lottery—Pool—had been paid off and Florian casually inspected the dozen numbers that had been drawn from the seventy-eight in the wheel and posted on the board. Number 63 of the Train Gig was on the list.

"That paid you a dollar," greeted Ramsay cheerily. "Gives you an even break on the morning bets.

"I carried it over to five straight on the Genuine this afternoon."

Florian nodded happily. Matrimonial troubles seemed far behind.

"'Twas on the Train Gig, too, cap'n. I reckon Florian Slappey's 'bout due to come in fo' a good-luck break."

"Not with five straight," gloomed the policy king. "It has never yet been done."

"Humph! They's other things been done to-day ain't never been done befo'. I got a hunch this is my lucky day."

The hunch persisted, despite Florian's veteran knowledge of lottery wheels. He had played five numbers straight; which meant that from seventy-eight numbers in the wheel his five must all be included in the dozen to be drawn. Should four of them appear, he would get nothing; but should all five come out he would be paid two thousand five hundred dollars for the dollar carried over by Ramsay from Pool to Genuine.

Had Florian been a piker, he would have saddled his bet; in which event the success of his chosen quintet would pay two hundred dollars for one, instead of twenty-five hundred dollars for one. But, on the other hand, the appearance of four of his five would pay eighty dollars for one, instead of nothing, and three of the five would net twenty dollars for one. The negroes of the city had played policy six days a week since carpetbagger times and the winning of a five straight had never been known. But it was innate gamblers of the Florian Slappey breed that made Jackson Ramsay—with his elaborate central office and twenty-odd branches and agents throughout the city—certain of a sizable daily profit.

Florian shambled about the negro section during the long, sultry afternoon, elaborating upon the symptoms that Dr. Vivian Simmons had outlined in his alibi letter. In response to repeated statements that he never looked better in his life, Florian said that his questioners were not physicians and therefore could not understand a man's innards. He tried to appear ill and failed miserably. He was too exalted by his hunch.

The Genuine was to be drawn at six o'clock. At five-thirty Florian Slappey was on hand, teetering a battered old chair on its hind legs. He puffed tensely on a cheroot and muttered to himself over and over again that he would not win. But the hunch would not down.

(Concluded on Page 53)

Overland
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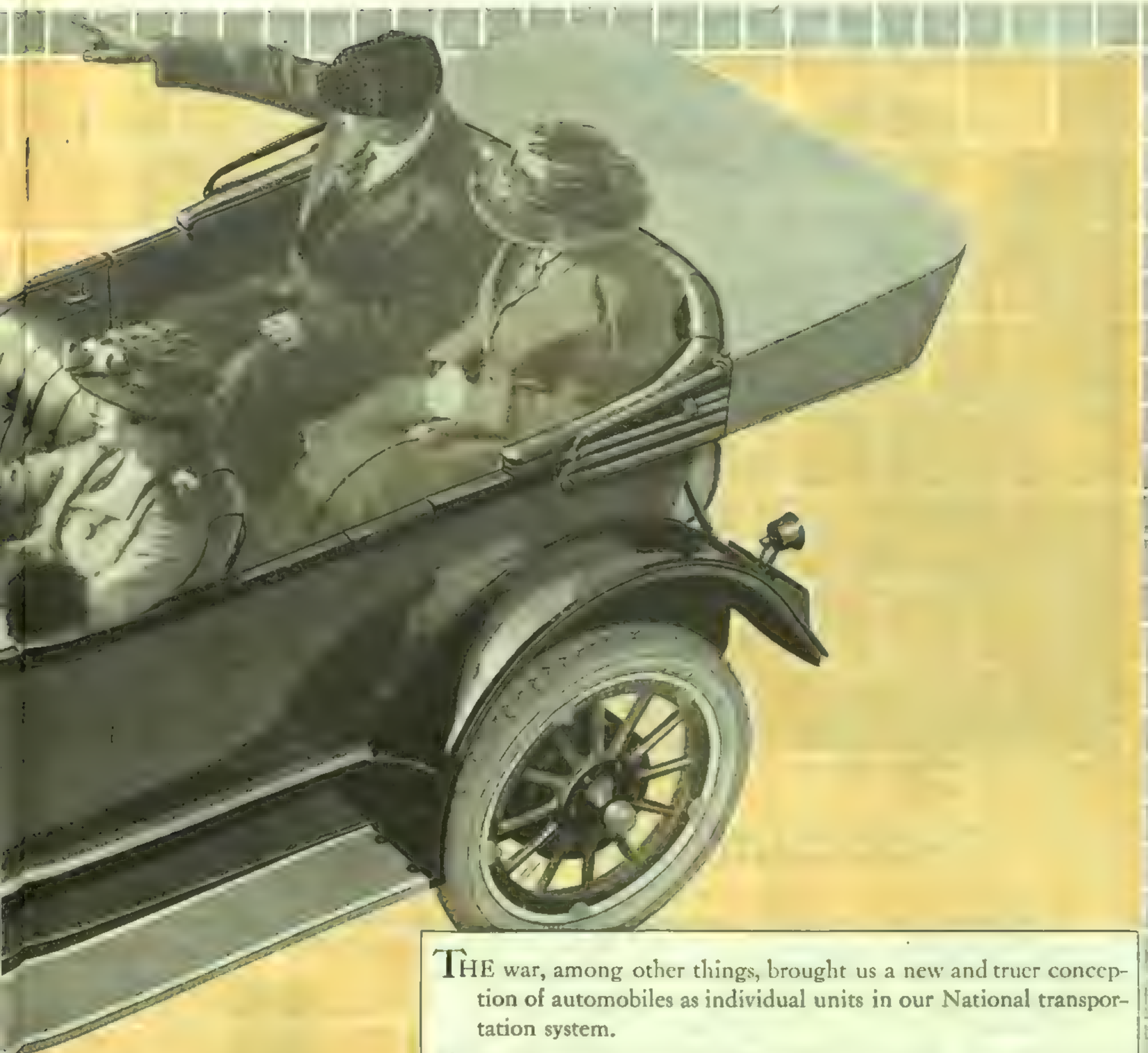
The Thrift Car



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The more people demand of a car, the more they value the Overland.

This car is as beautiful, comfortable and desirable as it is efficient and thrifty.

How much time are *you* losing?

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For Ford Cars: Raybestos for Ford transmissions, is obtainable without wire. Packed in neat cartons. Ask your dealer.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, Bridgeport, Connecticut

(Concluded from Page 49)

It was a dingy room, lacking all the tawdry finery the central offices had boasted in the palmy days of police tolerance. In one corner was the printing machine, on which the lucky numbers were stamped out; and in the foreground, on a platform, was a huge glass wheel. Spread out on a table were little squares of paper, on which numbers from 1 to 78 had been printed. Behind the table was the desk of Jackson Ramsay and a small steel safe. Beside the policy king sat his ebony secretary.

Within five minutes of Florian's advent the agents began to arrive from the various suboffices scattered about the city and the bets were transferred from their books to the central-office books. Interested betters drifted in silently and seated themselves tensely. Most of them were regulars, men who played the lottery morning and afternoon, winning enough here and there to supply them with the money to lose later on.

At three minutes before six the clerical work had been completed, the numbers, from one to seventy-eight, were folded under the eyes of the two score spectators and dropped through a panel into the glass wheel. When the last one had disappeared the panel was shut and the wheel spun to mix the numbers. A little colored boy was brought in from the street and carefully blindfolded.

Silence settled over the gathering. The negroes, ranging in age from sixteen to sixty, in color from a creamy chocolate to the blackest ebony, leaned forward in their chairs and stared fascinatedly at the transparent wheel. Jackson Ramsay nodded and the thing spun violently, the seventy-eight numbers within tossing about in sight of all.

And then the wheel stopped and the panel was opened. The blindfolded boy reached in a skinny arm and extracted a bit of paper. The quiet was oppressive. Slowly Ramsay unfolded the paper and held it up to the gaze of the betters.

"Seventy-eight!"

The secretary wrote the number on a huge blackboard. The printer at his little machine slipped in two pieces of type and printed 78, which was displayed to the spectators and placed in a little rack.

Florian Slappey drew in his breath sharply. Seventy-eight was one of his five. Of course ——

"Thirty-nine!"

Another one! Ten more numbers to be drawn and two of his had already appeared!

"Forty-six!"

Another! Three out of three! Already if he had saddled his bet he would be twenty dollars to the good. He was on his feet now, heart pounding and temples throbbing; muttering to himself all the incantations taught by Professor Hannifer's Dream Book. Three out of three! Nine more numbers to be drawn and only two more needed. Nine and seventeen! Nine and seventeen! If only —— Nine and seventeen—and two thousand five hundred dollars!

"Seventy-one!"

Slappey sighed and settled back in his chair, paying no heed to the wild shrieks of a woman who had bet twenty cents on 46–71–78 and had won forty dollars thereby. For ten minutes her pæans of joy continued until Jackson Ramsay paid her off in five-dollar bills and sent her from the place.

But seventy-one was not on Florian's list. Still, there were eight more numbers to be drawn and only two were needed. If only they'd come—the needed nine and seventeen!

"Nine!"

"Oo-o-o-oh!" came the wail from Florian Slappey's chair. He rose and crossed to the wheel, great beads of perspiration on his forehead. The word went round that he had played five straight and that four of them had already appeared.

"What yo' need?" wheezed one old woman. "Which un yo'-all need, Florian?"

"Seventeen! Seventeen! Pray fo' that seventeen! Pray fo' it—all of yo'."

Seven more to come; seven more numbers and only one needed to make Florian wealthy! Seven numbers out of seventy-three left in the wheel!

"Three!"

Florian's breathing was audible. Six more chances. Six more!

"Sixty-three!"

Five chances left, and number seventeen needed.

"Come, yo' number seventeen! Come t' yo'r daddy, ol' darlin'!"

"Twenty!"

Four more chances; four more chances for seventeen to come. Florian's fists were clenched. His excitement had spread about the room. Even the man who had won a paltry ten dollars with a five-cent bet centered his attention on Florian's fight for the needed seventeen.

"Ol' daddy's a-lookin' fo' yo', seventeen! Come out, yo' beauty! Ol' seventeen's a-comin' to his daddy!"

"Eighteen!"

"Oh, yo' seventeen! T'ree mo' chancets. Jes' come out one in that t'ree, ol' seventeen, an' I'll never ast yp' to come out no mo'!"

"Thirty-two!"

Two more to be drawn; two more—sixty-eight numbers left in the wheel.

"Seventy-seven!"

"A-a-a-a-ah! Ol' seventeen! Come out, darlin'! Come t' yo'r daddy, ol' seventeen! Ain't never ast you no mo' ef you'll come this time."

Florian's face was pathetic. The perspiration streamed from it. The negroes who crowded the room had forgotten everything save Florian and his bet. One more number was to be drawn; sixty-seven in the wheel. His fingers closed spasmodically.

Veteran professional gambler though he was, Jackson Ramsay felt the strain; he was shaking from head to foot—shaking and fidgety. One more chance!

The skinny arm of the blindfolded negro boy stretched timidly into the wheel. His fingers closed about a folded slip of paper.

"Come, ol' darlin' seventeen!"

The paper dropped from the trembling fingers. The sigh that went up could have been heard half a block away. Perhaps that was seventeen which had been dropped. The boy fished for another slip of paper; his fingers closed about it.

Jackson Ramsay took it from his grasp. The fat fingers of the policy king trembled visibly. He opened it face outward, so that the audience could read the figure. It opened! A roar split the roof:

"SEVENTEEN!"

At five minutes before midnight the northbound Louisville & Nashville train puffed out of the shed. In the negro coach was a dandified young man who lounged comfortably in his seat and seemed ineffably at peace with the world. The fingers of his right hand never left his trousers pocket, where they caressingly fingered a roll of bills containing something under two thousand five hundred dollars in United States currency.

Florian Slappey was in the grip of a radiant happiness that comes to but few men. After blackest darkness rosiest dawn had come. He was emancipated from money trouble; he had engraved his name in policy history; he was well rid of the too ardent and too stout Sally Crouch; and, above all, he was speeding northward to lay his fortune and his heart at the feet of the glorious Blossom Prioleau.

Never had she seemed so desirable as at this moment. Blossom and money! A honeymoon to New York or St. Louis! An epoch-making wedding! A handsomely furnished home! A phonograph! Perhaps even an automobile!

Florian Slappey did not sleep that night. He was too drunk with unalloyed joy. His dreams were waking ones—and all of Blossom.

At seven o'clock he left the train, climbed a long flight of steps, passed through the waiting room for colored folks, and stepped into the street. Nashville was rousing itself sleepily from a cool pleasant night. Street cars clanged impatiently before the Union Station; jitneys scudded up and down the avenue; on the left he could see the beckoning gates of Parthenon Park.

Florian turned to his right and a block down the street stopped at a restaurant, where he ate heartily of bacon and eggs and pancakes and coffee. At eight-fifteen he entered a negro barber shop and was shaved and shined and shampooed.

Then he resumed his march down the street until a cross street gave him a glimpse of the Tennessee State Capitol on the left. He followed this street leisurely until he reached the imposing graystone edifice; he paused to admire it impartially.

His watch told him the hour of nine-thirty had been reached. He resumed his walk—passing the Capitol and descending a very steep hill toward a section where the colored royalty resides. He took a short cut through an alley. On the corner of the alley and the next avenue was the Prioleau family home.

He walked slowly, wishing to surprise Blossom. He approached the cottage from the rear. His heart bounded!

There was Blossom on the veranda—Blossom, radiant, alluring, irresistible, delicious, in a waist of yellow Georgette crêpe, a skirt of red serge, and laced boots of gray. He started toward her.

A handsome limousine rolled down the street and stopped before the Prioleau house. The negro chauffeur leaped to the ground and opened the door for his mistress, a regal example of the best of Nashville's white folks. The lady spoke to Blossom in dulcet soothing tones.

"I'm looking for Blossom Prioleau," she said.

"Well?" answered Blossom noncomittally.

"Are you Blossom Prioleau?"

"I was," came the soft answer. "I'm Missis 'Zekiel Rothwell now."

"Oh!" The lady was taken back a bit; and then, just because she felt that it was up to her to explain: "I'm looking for a washerwoman."

"So am I," returned Blossom conversationally. "Servants is pow'ful hahd to get these days—ain't they?"

Florian Slappey turned abruptly and retraced his steps up the alley. Blossom married—married commercially! He was surprised and infinitely pained. He had thought better of her than that.

His fingers pressed against the huge roll of bills. Two thousand five hundred dollars! A warm glow of satisfaction stole over him.

"Well, anyway," he murmured philosophically, "reckon I ain't got no call specting ev'ything to break my way!"

Comment on the Week

A Probable Outrage

MAKING reasonable allowance for exaggerated reports it still seems that many million Russians are exposed to famine. The United States and the Allies can hardly sit by and see them starve. Again making reasonable allowance for exaggeration it seems there is no organization in Russia capable of receiving, transporting and distributing food. Anarchy cannot do it. There must be some order, system, intelligent direction. Dumping food on a wharf to be grabbed by the most muscular or best armed would be a silly way of relieving famine.

By all accounts if other nations feed Russia they must supply not only the food but the directing and distributing organization. In a state of anarchy that would mean soldiers—a good many of them. Probably policing Petrograd alone in sufficient force to insure that food got to the weak as well as to the strong would take many regiments.

Bolshevik rule by its own admissions has become a rule of repression and terror. It depends upon frightfulness as frankly as the Prussians in Belgium did. Once there is established a certain degree of public order and security—enough to insure fair distribution of food—the Bolshevik régime may be expected to disappear.

Anyone can see how that would figure in the Red literature of the future—namely, as a diabolical and bloody conspiracy on the part of bourgeois nations to destroy the liberty of the Russian proletariat. There would be much about bourgeois bayonets and little about bourgeois bread baskets.

We should hear a great deal of that even in the United States, for even in the United States there are plenty of examples of the sort of mind which regards Bolshevik murders and robberies as merely an innocent exuberance, while it is moved to intense indignation by the spectacle of a policeman collaring a drunk. Cutting innocent people's throats under a red flag is liberty and progress. Interfering in any way with their oratorical excesses under a red, white and blue flag is loathsome tyranny.

The Future of Wages

IT WAS not necessary for Mr. Gompers to serve notice that union labor will oppose any attempt to reduce wages. That is a matter of course. But the union-wage scale tells only half the story as to the condition of labor. The other half is told by the degree of employment or unemployment. A high union-wage scale does labor no good if labor is not at work.

Labor is the largest item in the cost of goods. The American wage scale is much higher than any in Europe. If American labor is to be fully employed, or even relatively so, American goods must find a market abroad in competition with European goods. Nobody but a hopeless blockhead wants lower wages for their own sake. Nobody wants unemployment. The practical question is: How can we pay decidedly more for labor and still sell goods in free, competitive markets? For unless we do sell goods in such markets we shall finally have idle labor.

There is only one possible answer: Our labor must be more efficient than the labor with which its products compete.

It can be more efficient through its own superior skill and diligence, through using better tools—that is, better machinery—through superior industrial organization and leadership.

Every obstacle to the most effective organization and leadership sets the pointer to lower wages. Every handicap on invention, on ability, on improvement throughout the processes of production and distribution menaces the wage scale. Every burden upon production through avoidable capital-and-labor rows is inimical to it. I. W. W., with its sabotage and general hostility to production, spells peril for it. Labor that proposes not only to get the highest possible wage but to give the smallest possible return in productive effort is a drag on the wage scale.

Nobody's sentiments are going to cut any particular figure in the answer. We can pay decidedly more for a day's work than Europe pays and still sell the product of our day's work as cheap as Europe can—or cheaper. But the only possible way of doing it is to produce more or better goods in a day. We cannot pay decidedly more for labor than our competitors pay unless our labor on the whole is decidedly more efficient. Every handicap to the most efficient application of American labor lessens its chance of maintaining this wage scale with full employment.

A Critical Congress

FOR several years Postmaster-General Burleson advocated government ownership of telegraph and telephone lines. Neither Congress nor the public showed any inclination to agree with him. In a great national emergency the threat of a telegraph strike gave an opportunity for the plea that taking over the lines was necessary to the prosecution of the war. Congress reluctantly yielded to that compelling plea.

When the war was won Mr. Burleson used this emergency authorization to take possession of the ocean cables and to move toward consolidating the services of the two principal telegraph systems. Obviously consolidating the two systems would make a return to private ownership and operation more difficult.

Of course that gave occasion for the charge that the Postmaster-General was using his war powers to take snap judgment on the public and foreclose the question of private versus government ownership.

It is one of several things at Washington that will readily reconcile all save professional partisans to the prospect of an independent critical Congress next spring.

l'Arc de Triomphe, Paris

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GOODYEAR

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ANNOUNCEMENT

WE are again resuming quantity production on Goodyear Passenger Car Tires for private use.

The shortage of these tires that existed during the period of war was inevitable.

Promptly upon America's entry into the war, Goodyear devoted great effort to the production of gas masks, airplane, automobile and truck tires, balloons and dirigibles, urgently needed by our army and navy.

This, of course, necessitated a cut in our passenger car tire output, for general distribution.

Later, there came the Government order limiting all tire makers to 50 per cent of their normal output.

This restriction has since been amended.

So, as normal conditions are being restored, we are increasing our production steadily in an effort to meet the greatly increased demand for Goodyear Tires.

However, to insure prompt delivery, we suggest that you estimate your near-future requirements, placing your order now with your Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

FEDERAL

DOUBLE CABLE BASE TIRES

Like Bolting Tire Firmly to Rim

It is *not enough* for you to be told that tens of thousands of car owners prefer Federal Tires as a result of their experiences.

You want to know *why*—to know wherein Federal Tires are superior—why they are able to wear longer, are freer from common tire troubles and *what* makes it possible for them to render more satisfactory service.

The reason is graphically illustrated above—

In the base of every Federal Tire there are four endless twisted steel cables of great tensile strength that securely clamp every inch of the tire's base to the rim.

There is no "play" between tire and rim to breed ruinous damages, because the Federal Tire, so correctly, firmly and permanently held in place, is immune to *internal* wear.

Rim-wear is as fatal to a tire's usefulness as the worst of roads can ever be, *except* with Federal Tires, because the Double-Cable-Base construction *eliminates* rim-wear, at the same time preserving the tire so that *every* mile of its life is saved for *road-service*.

But Federal Tires cannot economize for you, unless they are *on your car*.

Let a Federal dealer go more into detail and explain the practical working advantages of the Double-Cable-Base; how it holds the tire on the rim securely through the most severe service strains; how it keeps the tire from rocking, shifting, or blowing off; how the toe of the bead does not pinch the tube; how there are no rim cuts or blow outs just above the rim; how the low, flexible bead filler yields with every motion, relieving side walls of excess strain; how Federal Tires, with these advantages, wear longer and save you money.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY of Illinois
Factories, Cudahy, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods

PUTTING FRANCE BACK ON THE MAP

(Continued from Page 11)

for horses. Virtually they had no horses. The English were going to have a sale of "second-hand" horses reformed for slight wounds from military service. What was going to be done about the houses?

The Colonist went into the question of arable land. How much could be cultivated—how much, at least, among the holdings there represented—without further delay or preparation? They went rapidly over the situation and decided that about a third of the land was in that category. The rest either needed a lot of work or was clean gone—the topsoil blasted away. But what was going to be done about the housing problem?

Agricultural implements? Very few; no heavy machines at all, you might say. Some of the houses might be repaired. Every time the debate came back to this question I watched the eyes of the woman, a shrewd-looking middle-aged soldier's widow, who sat in her corner listening intently and saying no word. Always her eyes lit with a kind of eager expectation when that point of housing was reached, and always, when the Colonist evaded it, they grew dull again.

I began to perceive, as the Colonist had perceived long ago, what was troubling them. No one who has observed the French Front during this war can have failed to wonder at the intense love of the French country people not only for that soil of France which they consider as a mother, but for every stone of their little old homes and their little old villages. Through all the sad emotions of this terrible four and a half years has run that steady grief at seeing the old village crumbling. With the dawn of peace there had come hope. You cannot raise the dead, but you can, after all, rebuild a ruined house just as it stood before. The Colonist looked at M. Bachelet finally, and M. Bachelet at the Blue Devil; and the Colonist spoke as I have quoted him in the beginning.

Crops First, Then Houses

So there was silence, and the eyes of the woman went dead. Finally the old man in the corner spoke up. I had noticed him since I entered the room. The oldest of all, he was a jolly person; I thought, sat the lightest. He had about him a kind of comedian air, and an eye which seemed always about to break out into a smile.

"Monsieur the Captain is right," he said. "The first thing is crops—houses when we can get them; but first, crops!"

This loosened the tongues, and for a few minutes words flew so thick and fast—half a dozen conversations going on at once—that one not born to the tongue could not follow them. All the time the Colonist was throwing in the facts. Even if the Germans paid for all the damage, spot cash, it couldn't be done all at once. There were not enough builders, there was not enough material in the world. Just because the war was ended was no sign there would be enough food to go round. I could see conviction growing; could see the hard French head settling down to face the facts as it has a way of doing. And finally the Colonist got the floor to speak at length, about as follows:

"Coöperatives such as you have here are the only hope for France just now. We've got first to feed ourselves, and then to feed the stock; and we can't do that on money alone.

"This is the plan and it has the government's indorsement. You must find what land can be cultivated without special preparation—without digging up shells or rolling up barbed wire or grading the surface. Then you'll have to get in and cultivate it together. The government, as you know, expects to collect damages from Germany for what has been done to the country. You've read the newspapers, and you know that it is willing now to advance a certain percentage of the estimated damage to each agricultural department of France in order to buy stock and tools. I propose that in this district, and in every district so placed, the first payment be advanced not to individuals but to the cooperative. It will buy seeds and tools and perhaps a few machines—we can't be entirely sure of the tools, because for a long time there won't be enough of them to go round; but we'll do the best we can.

"Plant wheat and grass and oats and beans and vegetables this winter and spring—just food for yourselves and your horses. That will give us a start to begin clearing the rest of the land next summer. In a year or two more, if all goes well, we shall have the land cleared—all except that which cannot ever be saved. Then we can talk of rebuilding. It is the only way we see out. Think it over, gentlemen, and let us know what you decide."

All this did not come out at once, but in snatches, broken here and there by a question from some member of the coöperative or by a comment from the Blue Devil or from M. Bachelet. When it was over and we rose to go I could see that the members were setting themselves to take up a new burden for France and the north with all the courage of their graceful but sturdy race.

Night had fallen when our car drove into Ronsart, which was our next stop. Its ruins lay dark in the shades; I could see that not a single house was roofed, and that few of them existed at all above the first story. Here I must explain, perhaps, that the isolated farmhouse is a rare thing in France. The problem of alleviating the loneliness of farm life, a problem which the American farmer is solving with long-distance telephones and motor cars, the French farmers solved centuries ago in their own fashion. Their holdings being small, though intensively cultivated, they are able to gather together in little villages of two hundred to a thousand souls; from these they go forth in the morning to till their fields. Each has its old church, its two or three stores, its café; the larger even afford cinema shows. So French farm life, in spite of the pictures of De Maupassant and other pessimistic French authors, seems always merrier than ours.

Ronsart, which had about five hundred inhabitants before the war, seems to have been a typical French farming town. It lay a little on the German side of the "old line" which lay locked from October, 1914, to March, 1917. This means that it got by necessity its long-range bombardment, and by German rule of procedure its systematic looting. The Germans fell back through it in March, 1917, fought their way forward over it in March, 1918, fell back through it again, fighting every inch of the way, in September, 1918. Besides the bombardment, therefore, it has been three times a battlefield.

Making the Best of Things

When we drew up at a farmyard gate, almost intact, the young mayor of the town came out to meet us, and insisted without further parley on showing us how well he was established. The ruins showed that his had been a fine property—a good old two-story stone house in a quadrangle of brick barns and stables. By a happy accident all the walls of the kitchen had been left standing, and in the kitchen was a fireplace. We threaded the ruins to an improvised door of burlap, like that of a prospector in the old West, and found ourselves in an island of order amid a sea of chaos. With beams and tiles gathered up from the ruins he had roofed over that one room. With boards gathered from the German dugouts he had floored it; the one window was kindly contributed—unwittingly—by a German brigadier general, whose comfortable dugout somehow escaped shells when the British advanced.

The black eyes of madame, the mayor's wife, beamed as she explained her household arrangements. They had a bed with complete furnishings which she had brought in some fashion from Amiens, a dresser—"but very few clothes just now to put in it," she said—and almost enough dishes. She was very short of cooking utensils at first, but she had found the wreck of a German camp kitchen knocked out by a British shell in the retreat, and with that addition she was making out. Oh, yes, they were much more comfortable than she thought they ever could be at first!

"Forty-four people have got back to the town somehow," the mayor said.

To show how the forty-two others lived he led us to an old British field-dressing station, a shack with thin cement walls, left behind as hardly worth salvaging when the British went on. Two families lodged there. Three smiling women met us and explained how, the first thing, they had floored the shack and put up a partition between the families from the loot of the German dugouts. There was a stove, got from Amiens in the same mysterious manner in which the mayor had got his bed; there were even mantel ornaments—subtle arrangements of brass made from old German shell cases by the husband of madame, who is still with the army.

The six or seven heads of families and members of the local coöperative arrived presently, each carrying his chair or stool. And when the meeting finally came to order and the Colonist proceeded to question them it turned out that Ronsart needed little education in communal production. Informed by the mayor of the general plan they had already got to work. The cabbage field of Jean or the meadow of Pierre had turned out to be not so badly torn up but that it might be cultivated; the British Army had loaned horses and sometimes men for the plowing; many of them had found tools, and besides there were shovels which the Germans left behind in their rout. Ronsart was beginning to get itself on its feet and needed at this moment very little help from the outside. It was necessary only to take counsel upon what they should do when the whole five hundred inhabitants came back.

A Blasted Farming Country

I left that town with an impression of hustle and of courage in the face of difficulties which must have struck the foreigner in the United States seventy-five years ago when he looked over the communities along the frontier of the old West.

I have said little, so far, about the desolation we had been seeing all day and which we were to see for two days more—the first immediate problem of restored France visible to the least understanding eye. Scott kept asking me: "How can I possibly ever describe this when I get home?" And I kept answering: "Describing things is my job, and I throw up my hands. It can't be done, either by you or me or W. Shakspere."

Let me, however, try to picture one little stretch of it—the route from Amiens northeast to Bapaume and then to Cambrai, about forty-five or fifty miles altogether, which we traversed three times in our search for coöperatives and for the home of M. Bachelet.

First, let us try to imagine it as it was. As I had never seen it before the war but only when it was being blasted by fire in the battle of the Somme, let me describe the country just below. You look from the car window and even now, when war has caused a little relaxation in the intensive agriculture of France, it strikes you as the cleanest, greenest land you ever saw. Between the tree-lined roads and canals lies a checkerboard of fields. Some of them are dark gray under the autumn plowing. Some are already green with the first springing of the winter wheat—all French grain is autumn sown.

In contrast to our richest and best-tended agricultural lands—Indiana, say, or the deltas of California—you notice two things. In the first place, there are no waste corners; you look in vain for a weed; the cultivation runs clear up to the lines of the fences and gutters, even of the railroad track.

In the second place, there are no clods or lumps of earth; the land prepared for the sowing, the land with the new wheat springing, looks pulverized to the finest powder, as though the laborers, like Italian side-hill farmers, had rubbed each clod between their hands.

Among the lines of trees lie neat, permanent-looking farming villages of gray stone. The landscape is broken at intervals by communal forests; and they, too, show better and more solicitous attention than any forests that we know. It needs no farmer's eye to tell that these fields drip fertility and are cultivated to the highest degree known to practical agricultural science. Talk about worn-out land! Most of these farms were tilled by the primitive Gauls before the Christian era, and statistics show that in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, when men began to keep statistics, their production steadily increased.

That region between Amiens and Cambrai was before the war exactly the same kind of country—only more so. In 1913 the French Government arranged the departments, in the order of their development and resources, from one to eighty-seven. In that enumeration the Somme, surrounding Amiens, was seventh; the Pas-de-Calais, which includes Bapaume, second; and the Nord, the region of Cambrai, first.

One paragraph, also, to refresh the memory of the war-weary reader. Albert is roughly eighteen miles northeast of Amiens, and Bapaume twelve miles northeast of Albert. Cambrai is some eighteen miles still farther northeast. The lines, from October, 1914, to July, 1916, remained locked just above Albert. Then the British started at that point the great hammering battle of the Somme. During the next five months they hammered their way behind curtain fire almost to Bapaume. In March, 1917, the Germans, turning the country into a wilderness as they went, fell back to a point halfway between Bapaume and Cambrai. In the autumn of 1917 the British made their unfortunate surprise attack, by which they drove almost to the gates of Cambrai and were in turn driven back to the point from which they came.

In March, 1918, the Germans made their supreme effort to reach the Channel ports, and got so near to Amiens that they had it under intensive fire. They remained there for a few months; and then the brilliant British victories of last summer and autumn chased them far back beyond Cambrai and definitely rescued the whole district. So the towns between Albert and Bapaume, like Pozieres and Courcelette for example, have been fought over four times.

From the moment when you take the road north from Amiens the desolation begins. At first a few well-tended fields, like those which you see farther south in the department of the Somme, break the monotony of fields grown over with sickly weeds. Stop and look at those fields and you see that they are pitted with holes like the craters of the moon. The pits are the shell holes, old and new; the older weed-grown, those of this year's fighting making dirty white splotches on the earth, where they have broken through into the clay subsoil. The farming villages along the way, dirty with the passage of armies, show a crumbling wall or a gaping roof only here or there. In general, except for the ruins of the works of man, this region would look only like a series of neglected fields were it not for the barbed-wire entanglements, now grown rusty, which run like cracks along the landscape in every direction.

The Injuries to the Soil

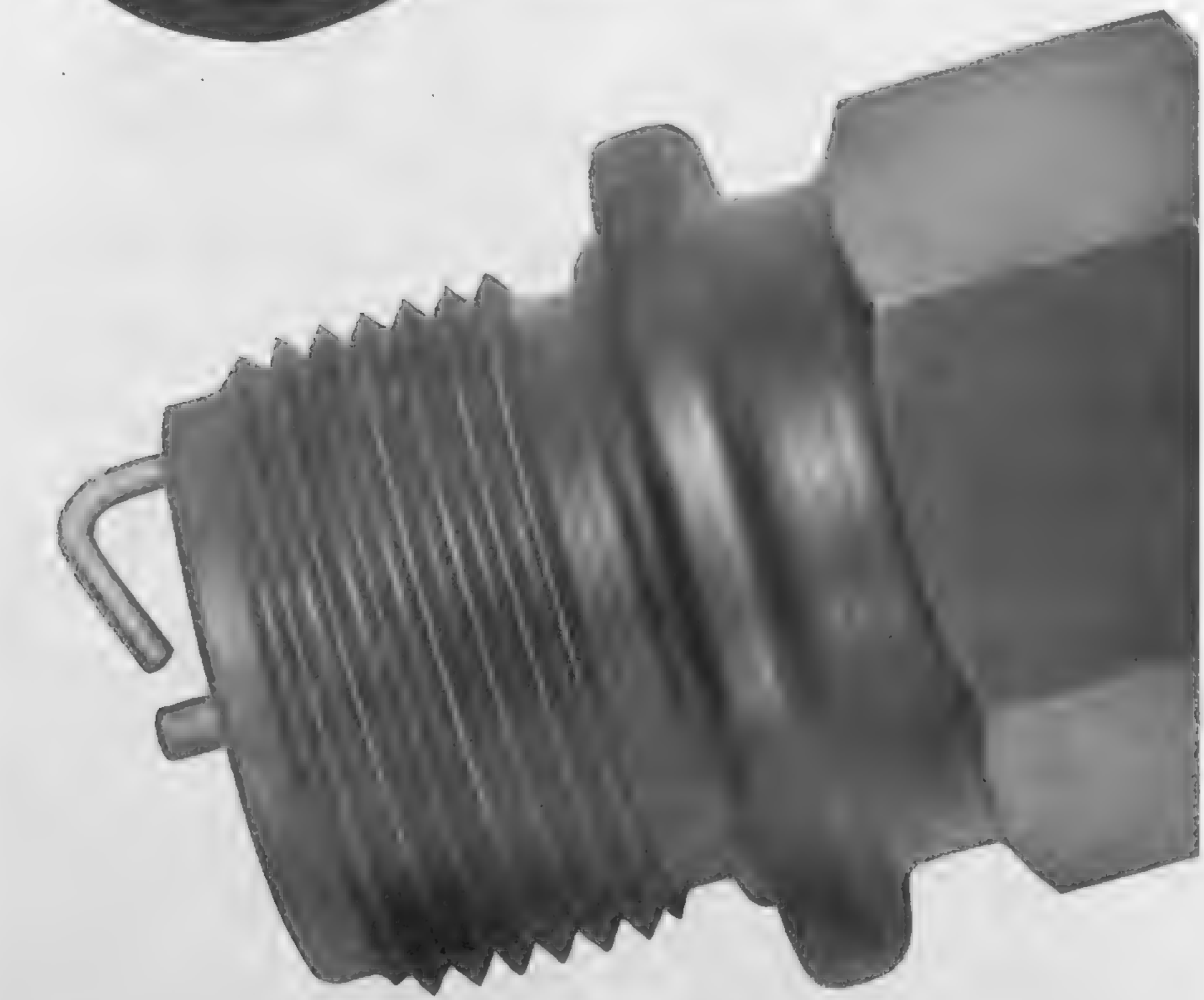
Then you plunge suddenly into the belt of territory where last spring the British made their great and successful stand to save Amiens, that key to the railroads of Northern France. As you approach this region the deeper desolation begins. First you run into dugouts, now falling into ruin, on the nearer side of every slope; and when there are not dugouts there are the little shelter holes which infantrymen dig to protect themselves. Back of them runs the first of the trench systems, crawling like a gigantic, many-tentacled octopus across the landscape.

Here for the first time you begin to notice that the land is not level, like that which you saw in the peaceful fields of the southern Sommé country. It lies in crazy, broken hummocks, running everywhere without plan or system, and on an average about as high as the table at which I am this moment writing—though some of them rise so high that you could hide a small house behind them. And here, because most of the destruction occurred this year and the weeds have scarcely started on their work of healing, you can get an idea of what has happened to the farming industry of France. In spite of the fertility of this land the topsoil is thin; the subsoil is a kind of dirty-white clay. Nowhere can you see more than a patch of that brown topsoil in which things grow. The rest has been ground inextricably into the clay, turned over many feet deep. Grade down the hummocks with infinite labor of men and horses and machines, fill in the trenches and dugouts, and still you have nothing.

Nor was that all. A casual inspection from the motor car, a little, cautious stroll from the road showed that the earth was full of a most pernicious kind of hardware.

(Continued on Page 80)

Champion ham



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THE transition from our war-work to regular production is being made without delay or interruption.

When the armistice was declared we were working on a 75% war schedule. In addition to the many thousands of Champion Spark Plugs we were producing daily for the United States Navy and War Departments for aeroplanes, tanks, tractors, ambulances, trucks, sub-chasers, motorcycles and work engines, we were also producing daily thousands of shells and fuses of both the low explosive and high explosive types.

For this precision work on government shells and fuses we used the same machinery and the same mechanics, operators and inspectors accustomed to precision work on Champion Spark Plugs.

The superior quality of Champion Spark Plugs and their No. 3450 Champion insulators shall ever continue to improve and to merit the good will and patronage of the long list of manufacturers who buy them for equipment of their products.

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Fulls
Fate
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Thousands of "Fyr-Fyter" extinguishers have been used by the War Department "Over There" and in America for protection against fire on Airplanes, Automobiles and Trucks, also in Cantonments, Billets, Commissary buildings, and elsewhere.

For months past our entire output has been demanded by the Government. But now we are partially released through reduced war requirements, and are ready to resume our former business connections throughout the world on a much larger scale.

In order to meet the requirements of the Government we built, in record time, the modern factory building shown below. This is the only factory building designed for and devoted exclusively to the manufacture of the one quart type fire extinguisher.

When you fight fire, you want the best extinguisher made. The adoption of "Fyr-Fyter" by the War Department and Allied Governments bears out our claim that our CONTINUOUS STREAM extinguisher is superior to all other types.

Our agencies in all the principal cities will immediately take up the thread of business, broken for the moment by the exigencies of war. Some good territory is open for live-wire agents. Write us at once.

THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY

Roscoe C. Iddings, President

Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.—January 1, 1919

(Continued from Page 57)

Fragments from the millions of tons of shells hurled in this war, the millions of tons of material ruined stuck everywhere from the earth. And everywhere I marked the dangerous dud shell, the unexploded projectile which is likely to go off at any time, and still more likely if lightly jogged by an incautious foot. At one place I saw, half-buried, two of the gigantic 380-shells with which the Germans terrorized towns and bombarded remote back lines; near by were half a dozen others which the busy soldiers of the British Salvage Corps had stacked up and emptied. Dud grenades, too, showed here and there in clusters.

This terror of past warfare hangs not only over these ruined fields but over all the old battle area, even to the uttermost limits of the bombardments. During this journey a British soldier told me that he had casually marked a farmer doing his spring plowing in a field far to the rear, which was scarred by only a few shell holes. Suddenly there was a great explosion. Of the farmer no remains were found, and only one leg of the horse. Without question his plowshare had touched a dud shell.

Here, from orderly lines of barricade the barbed wire had become a grotesque. In places a line lost itself in the earth, where the preliminary bombardment had buried it. In places it streamed away in tangled brown tentacles. In places it was rolled up into gigantic balls like tumbleweed. The towns of this region were not completely obliterated—you could see that they had once been towns. As human habitations they were all gone, however. Not one showed even a fragment of wall rising higher than the window sashes. There was also a trace of forests—and little more. But whether the trees stood as stripped trunks or were mere splintered stumps, one thing they had in common—they were all forever and irrevocably dead. To add a final, unnecessary touch you kept marking spots of a most vile, greenish yellow where, you felt somehow, there would be bareness generation after generation. This was the mark of the blighting, life-destroying poison gas.

It was what I call the second degree of desolation, that country between Amiens and Albert, where Germany so nearly won her war last spring and lost it last autumn. This belt is perhaps four or five miles wide, though many times as long. From there to Albert you come again into the first degree of desolation; though there it is much worse than just above Amiens.

Villages Ground to Powder

You have passed the ruins of Albert before you cross the old, original trenches of the first two years, and come to the battlefield of the Somme. This at first strikes you as altogether less distressing and revolting than the destruction of the second degree, as the fossilized remains of a man are less revolting than his newly dead, decaying body. What you see is a rolling country running away from you in a series of corrugated hummocks seamed with disintegrating ditches, but never by any chance a house or a tree—only a few dugouts and some military sheds, half of those, even, falling into ruin or shot to pieces.

I saw part of this country late in 1916, when the battle was on; then, under the autumn rains, it looked like a dirt road which had been trampled by the feet of innumerable giant cattle. In the two summers that have followed, Nature has started to make her own repairs and it is pretty well covered by sparse, sickly-looking grass and weeds rising only a few inches high—such verdure as in a moist, growing climate takes foothold upon even the most barren ground.

Atop this were sprinkled the new shell holes of the latest fighting. Indeed, Scott, super-farmer though he is, was at first fooled into believing that things were not so bad here. I had to take him afield, poke into the earth and show him that the weeds grew on a clay subsoil and that the growing earth was gone as though blown away by a giant, before he understood.

There were towns here once, and stone fences and patches of communal forest. Of them there remains only one thing—the name. The military maps of the region were made before the war and were drawn to include these small farming towns. So the British Army, in order that troops and convoys might find their way, had set up signs in the neat black-and-white British military lettering—"Le Sars," "Pozieres," "Courcelette," "Martinpuich." That is all. Poke round in the earth about these signs and you may find a few fragments of crumbled stone among the hummocks. Otherwise, even the stone has been powdered by the blasts of curtain fire. In one place, and only one, did I see a fragment of a wall. That and the graveyards, with their neat little rows of black or white crosses, were the only things to show that man had of old inhabited these fields. This district runs virtually all the way from Albert to Bapaume, say twelve miles in width; it is perhaps three times as long.

Possibly the area that I have described here is in the worst shape of any in France; and still I am not certain, having made no minute inspection of the rest. But many other patches of destruction must be nearly as bad and as extensive—the region running northeast from Hazebrouck to Ypres across the Belgian border; the surroundings of La Bassée; the Aisne country; Champagne; and another very bad spot, two or three hundred square miles surrounding Verdun.

Third-Degree Destruction

This belt of third-degree destruction runs all the way from the Belgian border near Ypres to the Swiss border, following the old trench line of 1914–17—almost four hundred miles. In shape it resembles one of those rivers which, flowing through flat country, keep widening out into lakes. This river is in no place narrower, probably, than two miles. In places, such as the one I have been describing, it widens out to ten to fifteen miles. For miles both ways from the edge of all that are the belts of second-degree destruction; and there is third-degree destruction wherever the armies have rocked back and forth in the open fighting of this year. Add to this the state of the great cities of Northern France, which I have forborne to describe here, and one appreciates the difficulty which the French statisticians are having in estimating the damages caused by the Kaiser's little adventure in empire. Confining the question to agriculture it includes hundreds of thousands of acres of the most productive and useful land in the world.

That is the problem; before I come to describe the measures afoot for its solution let me tell something of our adventures during our last two days in the devastated zone before we finally reached the estates of M. Bachelet; they will serve to illuminate the human side of the problem.

There was neither lodging nor food in the zone of destruction through which we were working; so we stayed of nights in a town far back of the old lines, taking our luncheons with us in care of the faithful military chauffeur. Then we drove on to the estate of M. Bachelet's son-in-law, beyond beautiful, rich, dismantled Cambrai. Long before we turned up the road to its gate we had passed the region of garrison caps and reached that of steel helmets; the roads were alive with all varieties of transports.

M. Bachelet's son-in-law—long a prisoner in Germany—had apparently been a man of wealth and substance. One could see that the three-story house—looking, really, more like a château than a farmhouse—was the finest private building in town. From its corner had branched out a quadrangle of substantial stone-and-brick stables and barns; beyond it had sloped away rich fields which must have looked, once, as though they had been manicured; just off the quadrangle was a chicory factory, which turned that profitable and useful plant into the raw material of French coffee.

The house stood, after a fashion; with the strange vitality of its species the ivy, which grew from foundation to roof, was still bright green. But the windows were out, and a glass conservatory at one end was a grotesque wreck. The floors had tumbled in débris into the cellar; the structure of the chimney was a stump; the upper part of the stairway still clung to the wall, but the lower part was among the débris below. A telephone switchboard, almost intact, sagged from the lower ruins of the chimney. Here a barn was intact; here it was a stone heap. The walls of the chicory factory stood, and one or another of the passing armies had roofed over one corner for some temporary use. It was, however, bare of any machinery or apparatus.

The processes of war had left their autographs all about. In places the property looked more like a city dump than the remains of a home. The British Salvage Corps had been at work, taking away all the military wreckage that could be of use; but enough still remained. Tin cans lay everywhere—German tin cans, English tin cans, French tin cans; new ones, just lightly spotted with rust, from which soldiers had eaten in the midst of the last battle; old, brown bent ones, peppered with rust like colanders. Fragments of every kind of shell lay intermixed with dirty gray rags of German clothing. A British cap lay trampled in the mud beside a German cap; a half circle of an artillery wheel protruded from the débris beside a barn; in the barnyard inclosure stout posts supported a square of barbed wire, half of it intact, half shot into streamers. That last feature interested the Blue Devil professionally. He pronounced it German wire, and deduced that this had been a stockade for newly caught British prisoners.

When we stepped out from the stockade and looked down the slope of the fields we could see a regular line of shell holes across the landscape—the signature of curtain fire. Other holes, big and little, spotted the slope irregularly. Near by the butts of two dud shells stuck out of the ground. At our very feet lay a potato-masher grenade. The Colonist stooped down to inspect it; his attitude was that of a man at close quarters with a rattlesnake.

"Very, very much alive!" he said. "Walk round it, and don't kick any sticks in this round. They may be the handles of still others."

M. Bachelet, when we went back to the car, was still sprightly and beaming.

"He came off better than I thought he would," said he. "The house is gone, of course, but he will save half the barns. Perhaps he will not even have to pull down the chicory factory. And the topsoil is still on the land except for a little shell hole here and there. He can get to work this winter, even! I might wish I had come off so well!"

Inspecting the Ruins

No, he had not come off so well, as we perceived when we crossed the ruins of the old, famous Queant-Droucourt switch line and rolled into the town of which he had once been the mayor and the most substantial citizen. I grow tired of describing ruins. If you have not visited this war think of the worst you have seen in the moving pictures. Not a house in the town could ever be restored; you saw that. At best they were ragged pieces of wall; at worst, dust heaps. Toward the center there did show a few ruins higher than the rest. From that direction came a steady clang, clang, which made me think that someone was at work nailing tin. It was, as we saw when we came nearer, the corrugated-iron roof of a threshing floor, still standing by some freak of war but torn into ribbons, which were beating in the wind.

"The threshing floor of my son," said M. Bachelet. "That was a fine, improved American threshing machine"—it was now only a confused, dirty-brown mess—"and that was his house and barns." It was now just a heap, from beneath which gaped the gaping mouths of half a dozen German dugouts. The heap which had been M. Bachelet's house was overgrown with straggling weeds. As I have said before, the Germans blew it up early in the war because he would not be party to a swindle on his fellow citizens.

Concerning the largest ruin of all M. Bachelet remarked: "That was my brewery. I employed many people there!"

I stopped before another pile, rather astonished to see the head of a gray stone monument protruding.

"That is the tombstone of my wife's family," said M. Bachelet. "The church and churchyard used to be about here."

The town tops a knoll; it had been fringed with dugouts. The one just below the point from which we regarded the view was burned about the edges, and at its entrance lay a German helmet with the paint scorched off the top—mute proof that a cleaning-up party had brought out the inmates with the help of a flame projector.

As far as we could see, dugouts spotted the landscape or trenches creased it.

"That sacred affair there was a German general's dugout, I suppose," said M. Bachelet, pointing to a great heap of dirty gray subsoil which troubled the landscape. "Ah well, it isn't hopeless. There will be spots of bad land for some time, but we can clean up most of it. It will be necessary

(Continued on Page 62)

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(Continued from Page 60)

first to get the people back—and to find shelter. Shall we have luncheon now?"

But when, in the most coherent of the ruins, our chauffeur had laid out luncheon on a table which the British had left behind, M. Bachelet was missing. We waited for a short time, while the corrugated iron beat—beat—beat dismally overhead. The shrewd eyes of the Blue Devil grew a little troubled. He had better look for M. Bachelet, he said, and went out. The Colonist talked nervously for a minute, and followed. Scott and I, alone, exchanged anxious conjectures. M. Bachelet had been bearing up wonderfully; but after all, these French are excitable. Suppose such a thing had happened to Scott's own Mississippi plantation? You could imagine what M. Bachelet had been feeling.

Then M. Bachelet came briskly in at the hole of the door; and when he saw the luncheon spread out he rubbed his hands in that indescribably unctuous gesture with which a Frenchman greets food.

"Ah, our intelligent friend brought up wine!" he said. "The wine of the country is good, *id-bas*. I have been having such a pleasant talk with a British soldier—a man very sympathetic, who speaks good French. Where are the rest? I have a devil of an appetite!"

Systematic Petty Larceny

Then there was a town a few miles from Lens. Lens and its entourage of mining and steel-making towns are in a state of ruin made a little more grotesque by the masses and peaks of rusting steel which protrude in every direction. This town, however, was beyond the worst of all that; and it had rested under German rule for four years and three months—most of the inhabitants still there. The enemy had left it looking like the surroundings of a garbage crematory; offal and débris were trampled into the soil of every open space. Once that morning I poked my way into the communal hospital. The floor was still littered with the filthy bandages, the blood-soaked gauze of a field-dressing station. When the Germans left they had taken with them all the able-bodied men who had not hidden in the cellars; and there had been no time for the refinements of cleanliness.

The average inhabitant of this town plied two trades: He worked in the mines when the labor market was good, and in betweentimes he cultivated his own patch of soil. Unfortunately, the mayor told us, we could not have a coöperative meeting until Sunday, because all the farmers left behind by the Germans had gone down to Lens to road restoration.

I found three women—a matron and two girls in their teens—standing in a doorway shyly regarding the happy spectacle of friendly visitors from without. I was wearing that day my correspondent's uniform. When I stepped up and spoke to them they stiffened to attention. The women in these recovered districts, British officers tell me, always do that when addressed suddenly by a man in uniform. The Germans required it, and it has become a habit—the mark on the innocent which the beast has left behind him.

From these women I heard first of a person whom I am glad to give a little advertising—the Herr Professor Schwart, of Münster. Commandants came and went in the course of four years, but Schwart, the official interpreter, remained always, and became the little boss of the town. "A little, pompous man, *gros comme çà!*" they said, indicating with their hands a very ample waistline. He confided to some of the inhabitants that he learned his perfect French while acting as a spy for the German Government in France—that was the congenial manner in which he spent his vacations. He it was who made out and enforced all the requisitions; and gradually he stripped the town bare. He went at it methodically. Sewing machines would be his passion one week. He would gumshoe all over the place for hidden sewing machines. And all the last year he was mad on the subject of cloth. He used to enter a house unexpectedly and stand the housewife up in the corner while he went through the bureau.

"Six chemises, you Frenchwoman!" quoted the matron, mimicking him. "And we in need of cotton to save you from your English friends! You keep this one. We need the rest. You must have one on, I suppose'"

He welcomed with joy the news that a baby was about to arrive. He waited until nearly the time for the arrival; then he appeared in the house, stood the mother-to-be at attention in a corner, and removed all the layette except just one complete baby costume. One must take off his hat to originality wherever it occurs. Robbing the unborn is something new in crime.

I mentioned the Herr Professor Schwart to several of the inhabitants; but they added little to my information on his exploits for the Kaiser. Come out with his name and they exploded into expletives of the most vile sort—like "onion," "camel," or "carrot"—or into catalogues of the things he had taken from them. If Herr Professor Schwart, of Münster, ever comes back to that village there will be an auction for the pleasure and honor of killing him.

They looked waxy, all of them—these women, the young men of the mayor's office, who had escaped by hiding in cellars, the hotel keeper, from whom we borrowed a table to set out our luncheon. And no matter how much French animation there was in their conversation their eyes were heavy as with years of tears. Thanks to the Commission for Relief in Belgium, they told me, the food was about sufficient in the first three or three and a half years. Later it did not go quite so well—they suspected that the Germans, who had reached bad straits themselves, were pilfering the supply. The troops here were not of the fighting force but Landsturm men, and at the last their condition was pitiable. They had for rations only a small piece of very bad bread each day and cabbage or barley soup—seldom any meat.

"The condition at home must be worse," said one of the women. "I had one of the Germans quartered on me. Whenever he got a letter from home he used to cry all night."

Perhaps in describing this village I have yielded to the temptation to ramble; but after all it is pertinent to the subject. With such human material as this, passed through the fires for four years, a little undernourished and very worn of nerve, Northern France must begin her reconstruction.

Finally on our way back the road led along the valley between the ridge of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette and Vimy. The first is a French graveyard and the second a British graveyard. Need I review the battles that were fought for those two ridges? All the world hereabouts is blasted to the third and final degree of destruction. We stopped the car under the point where stood once that convent so much honored by the Catholic Church that the Colonist, who had fought in these fields, and I, who had seen a little of the fighting, might try to pick up the landmarks. And along the road came a man and a woman.

Clouded Land Titles

They were both in their twenties, I judge. He wore in the buttonhole of his rusty coat the *réformé* ribbon; and on his head was a faded old army cap. She was stalwart and comely. She carried in her right hand a small bundle done up in a shawl; he had an equally small pack on his back, and in his left hand a hoe. They were holding hands as they walked; and until the Colonist addressed them their heads were bowed. Behind them plodded rheumatically an old cur dog.

Yes, said the man when we questioned him, he had a farm yonder, down in the desert valley between the two ridges. He had not seen it for four years and more; and, he added bitterly, he couldn't see it now. It was impossible to find any landmarks. He thought he could make out the outline of one field, but he wasn't even sure of that.

"I had a good equipment once," he said, "and there is left me—this!"

Sardonically he held out the hoe. They were going now to see if they could find some kind of lodging for the night in the ruins of Loos.

Before they went on plodding down the road—two people, with at least youth on their side, beginning life over again—our officers had talked them back into a little better hope for themselves and the world about them. But the incident set the Blue Devil talking about a feature of the situation in this northern country of which few seem to have thought until recently.

For a long time there is bound to be an embarrassing confusion in land titles. Most of the titles in this region go back to the days of the primitive Gauls. The holdings are measured and surveyed as a rule either from some stable landmark like the corner of a church, or from boundary stones, the successors of other boundary stones which have stood in the same spots for hundreds and even thousands of years. In the zone which has undergone the third and last degree of devastation all boundary marks are gone. Even stable natural features of the landscape, like small hills or great rocks, have been leveled. Brooks have totally changed their courses. Worse than that, incontrovertible evidence shows that in the zones of the first and second degrees of devastation certain German commanders with a boche sense of humor have deliberately taken up and carried away the boundary stones. The French are asking themselves how land titles, in such circumstances, can ever be determined.

Let Her Get It Out

By now the French have pretty well formulated the reconstruction problem and have begun the preliminary work.

First of all, they feel they must restore agriculture—that before they turn their best attention to manufacturing. France, above any other country in Western Europe, was agricultural. At least forty per cent of her population depended directly on the soil.

France expects that Germany will be made to pay in full for the damage she has caused both to the soil and to the buildings of invaded France.

Taking the worst first, what I have called the third degree of devastation can never be used in our time for any purpose except forests. That lake-studded river of waste land extending clear across the north will in time be planted in trees as a part of the state forest reserve. As soon as the German restoration fund becomes available the government will buy the land and the ruins of the houses at their out-and-out pre-war valuation; the farmers of Pozieres and Le Sars and Courcelette will simply take their money and buy new homes elsewhere.

The lands of the second degree of devastation, where much topsoil remains but where the earth is cut and studded with dugouts and trenches and filled with steel fragments and live shells, cannot be put into culture this winter or even next spring. Some optimists hope, however, that most of it may be made ready for the autumn planting of 1919. Invention is at work on this problem. A machine already tested and proved useful will travel across the hummocks behind a tractor, gobbling up barbed wire and sending it forth in wads all ready for the junkman and the foundry.

Another device, whose workings are not yet quite so certain, will indicate, as the divining rod was supposed to indicate the hidden springs, bodies of steel underground. This should help to save life in the dangerous task of getting the dud shells and grenades out of the ground.

Besides machinery, the French will need enormous man power. In the anticipated shortage of common labor this is perhaps the greatest problem. The leaders of the agricultural communities of the north are at present calling on the government to insert in the peace terms a clause of especial interest to them. They believe that this work, and especially the dangerous part of it, should be done by the German prisoners now in French hands or by men from the demobilized German Army exchanged for those prisoners. Why not? they ask with justice. Germany put the stuff there, or was at least primarily responsible for having it put there. Let her get it out. So, too, the Northern French cities want German prisoners after the peace to clean up the débris of their buildings.

Fortunately the area comprised in what I have called the first degree of devastation is by far the largest. Here there are not so many shell holes, perhaps not more than ten or a dozen to the acre on an average this, of course, is just a guess; but even the official statisticians are just guessing on such points. The topsoil, except in the places where clusters of especially big shells have fallen, is still in place. The land has grown weedy through four seasons of misuse and disuse and has deteriorated through lack of the scientific fertilization it once knew. But that is the full extent of its deterioration. Virtually the soil is ready for the plowman; and to get that soil under cultivation this winter or next spring is the first stage in the restoration of Northern France. *(Concluded on Page 64)*

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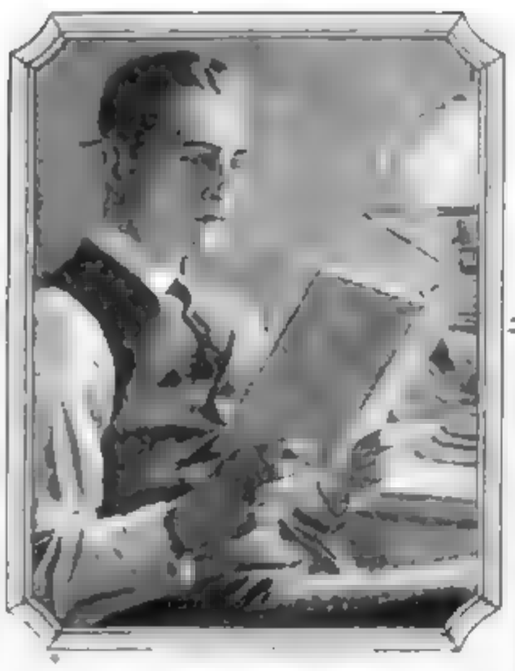

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(Concluded from Page 62)

The basis of the government plan as at present in operation by the Ministry of the Liberated Regions and the Ministry of Agriculture is the coöperative system, some of whose workings I have explained in the course of this article. Fortunately the system has had a try-out and proved practicable. When France was first invaded a part of the unmobilized rural population fled. It was gathered up and distributed through the center and south of France. In these regions were many farms, unworked in the first confused year of the war for lack of labor. The refugees began to form coöperative societies to work these lands on lease and on a communal basis.

In 1917 the Germans retired from their salient above Noyon, relieving a big strip of farming land. Taking it for granted that the retirement would be permanent the peasants of this region came back from their places of refuge. They found the state of affairs much as I have described throughout this article—one farm tillable, another impossible—and they began at the instigation of the government to imitate the methods of the refugees in the south and center. Old coöperatives were revived, new ones started. Little groups of relatives or old village friends started small coöperatives on their own account. The government passed the necessary laws, especially the one providing for an advance against the expected restoration fund to be demanded from Germany—a thing for which France will fight like a tiger at the Conference. Small advances from this source and also from private sources served to buy tools and a little machinery. That was rather hard scratching in the existing shortage of shipping and of manufactured products, but with the help of the government, the American Red Cross and some private relief associations, some of them British and American, they made out.

They sowed that autumn, only for the Germans to reap. The blasting gray flood came on again last spring and summer, until it threatened Paris herself. The machines, the tools and the few new buildings went up in smoke or were shipped back to Germany. However, France had gained, by this experiment, experience and confidence. As soon as it was certain that the Germans were going to be driven—forever this time—from Northern France Captain de Warren, of the army, was put to work organizing and extending the coöperative system. He is an old Algerian Colonist, and made a unique record in introducing coöperative methods there. The agricultural section of our own Red Cross grew interested also. If the directors follow their recommendations a great deal of the energy of this society will be transferred from the work of caring for wounded soldiers to that of assisting the bruised civilians of rural France.

When it became apparent that this was going to be a war of munitions the nations involved had the money to buy shells and cannon in unheard-of quantities; but money was not enough. All civilian life and industry had to be organized to the one end of making the shells and cannon. Just so here: The law concerning the advances from the German restoration fund gives each little coöperative the funds to buy its necessary plows and rakes and hoes and horses; but where are the plows and rakes and hoes and horses to be found?

The Germans or the acts of war destroyed nearly every agricultural instrument in occupied France; what were not destroyed the Germans stole. From the Ministry of the Liberated Regions comes an estimate on the immediate material needs of the released lands. It includes 51,000 side-hill plows; 19,000 multiple-share plows; 114,000 wagons, carts and other vehicles; 56,000 extirpators and cultivators; 20,000 tractors; and 88,000 horses.

Now France was always a small manufacturer of agricultural machinery, and most of her factories of steel products were in this very north. The factories are gone in the universal ruin, and even the coal mines which sustained them have been blown up or flooded, and will not yield for months or years. Most of the smaller tools came before the war from Germany. It has been said that but for the German tools stored in French warehouses at the opening of the war French agriculture could scarcely have gone on. Her larger agricultural machinery was coming more and more from the United States. Will the coöperatives buy their tools from Germany when the war is over? Not by the memory of Rheims! And even if they were willing it is doubtful whether Germany could do much in that regard. Great Britain, never a great producer of agricultural machinery and tools, has changed most of her factories for such goods into munition factories; remodeling will take time, and this need of France is immediate.

The present hope is the United States. In solving this question the agricultural authorities have hinted that our Red Cross can be of assistance; and if the directors listen to their agricultural specialists the powerful association will take up at once the work of getting tools onto the French farms of the North.

Man power and horse power present two kindred problems. In killed and in mutilated beyond further possibility of hard labor France has lost more than two million able-bodied men since the war began. Forty per cent of the population is agricultural. But the farms were fully mobilized, whereas the cities were not, since a certain number of city men had to be kept at the necessary tasks of munitions making, mining and running the railroads; so it follows that about a million men will be missing from the active agricultural labor of France when the army demobilizes. Man's most faithful servant, the horse, has played in about the same luck. When the surplus artillery and cavalry horses are released from the army it will be found that the number of horses in France has shrunk by nearly a third. The shrinkage of horned cattle, including draft oxen, has been about as great. The only answer to that is labor-saving machinery.

The French peasant had been revolving the subject of labor-saving machinery in his hard but conservative head long before the war. His problem then was this: The Napoleonic law of inheritance, too complex for full description here, had made France a country of small holdings. In the British Isles there are something less than 300,000 landholders; in France there were before the war nearly 4,000,000. This has given France part of her terrific stiffness in the war. Holding his bit of land the Frenchman came to love it next to his wife and children and mother. It symbolized France to him. These holdings on an average seem ridiculously small to us, used to our quarter sections. In the rich department of the Nord, for example, the average was about eight acres.

Now it dawned on the French peasant, in time, that a country which reaped with the scythe and sickle could not compete, other things being equal, with a country which reaped with the harvester—that one harvester would do the work of ten or twenty men. But a farm of eight or ten acres would not support the cost of a harvester. So in certain quarters, being encouraged by the scientific agricultural associations, they began to club together to buy and operate such machines. That was the beginning of the coöperatives, whose work must for a time be extended in Northern France.

Early in the war in view of the shortage both of labor and of horses the French Government managed to get over a few American tractors, which have been doing the autumn plowing since that time. They have been a hit. Every French peasant is a convert to "les machines Américaines." The only question is finding the machines in sufficient quantities and getting them over—the money is here. There the Red Cross can help, and probably will. The American business community can also help. If I may make so bold as to admonish the American business man let me say that one of the great spiritual after-the-war problems upon which the fate of a league of nations will depend is whether or not we can get a little sentiment into business. And I suppose that if anyone is worthy of kind and helpful sentiments it is that same French peasant, the backbone of the army which, while we waited, saved civilization for our sons.

THE BLIND SPOT

(Continued from Page 7)

say just what they think? About one in a million when it's a matter of the opposite sex. I've always wanted to tell you that I think you're a dear, Anthony, and now I've done it. Shamelessly I've told you that you have all my heart. There was no particular valor in this frankness, for I knew you would never guess who I am. I am quite safe—because of that blind spot in your eye, Anthony.

"It has been lovely fun, writing to you, my dear, because while I was doing it I have been able to imagine that you and I were really lovers. It took courage to write that word, Anthony, because it is one of the words that lie so deep in my heart. I never think of it without thinking of you; and I never put it away again in its deep place in my heart without having seen a vision of what might be if you and I were comrades, friends and lovers.

"You see, I know you so well—I know you by heart, Anthony. I know the fine quality of you, and I know your faults. There isn't a turn of your head, a tone of your voice I don't know. And so in writing these letters I have been able to forget that you will never know me, and I've had a wonderful play spell.

"Dear Anthony, it is good-by now.

"But there is something I must say because this is the last letter, the last time I shall ever be able to talk to you honestly and straightly from my soul. You know, I told you that when I was a little girl I fell in love with you. I saw you after that perhaps once or twice a year until I was grown up. And then no more for some years. And, Anthony, when I met you again I knew that you were paying for the life you had chosen. I knew it from those little fine lines about your eyes and the tightness of your mouth. Only a man who lives wholly for himself ever comes to have those marks at thirty-five.

"There's a bit of hardness about your face now, Anthony, a certain snugness, as if your mind and soul were closing up. Sometimes you are complacent, and then I know that you are in danger of being just a little of a bore at seventy. Sometimes you are precise, and then I recognize the signal of old bachelorhood. Ah, no, Anthony, my dear, a man can't pick his way through life so fastidiously without paying. Sorrow, danger, pain, mistakes, responsibilities—you've avoided them all very skillfully, and you're paying now. You will read this with indignation, but a voice within you will be telling you I am right; you are a lonely human being, and as you grow older you will grow more lonely.

"I know I am being cruel, but I want you to think. And if thinking goads you into doing something that is neither safe nor conservative I shall know it and be glad. Anthony, my dear, I don't somehow feel very happy. I began this adventure lightly, and I am finishing it with an ache in my heart. I have been atrocious like sandbagging you in the dark. You could not fight back, and I was safe behind my mask. But I shall have to pay, too, if that is any consolation to you. When Sunday mornings come and I can't write to you—I shall pay.

"Well, there is nothing more to say. This is the end. Good-by, Anthony, my very, very dear!"

He sat for a long time with this letter in his hand. His coffee cooled, and when the Japanese opened the door to see if he had finished he began hastily to eat. But when the man had gone out again he put down his fork and stared at nothing. That night he got out of bed after trying vainly for an hour to sleep and, sitting at his desk, he wrote a long letter, beginning "Eve." He directed the envelope to the committee's address, and wrote on it: "Please forward to Number Fifty-five. Important."

The second morning after there was a square gray envelope at his plate. He was astonished to find his heart performing an upward leap as he snatched up the envelope. He opened it. There fell out his letter addressed to Number Fifty-five. She had sent his letter back unopened.

Now up to this moment Anthony Revere Lowell had regarded this affair of Eve with a certain amount of complacence, when not actually irritated by the audacious criticisms of himself that Eve wrote. He had looked ahead down a pleasantly exciting

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vista to the moment when, after long correspondence and some maneuvering, he should meet and unmask Eve. But now he felt distinctly taken aback. As he stood there contemplating the empty gray envelope a distinct sense of fright began to creep over him. Why, there was a possibility that she meant to remain unknown! And, by Jove, the more he thought it over the more possible it became that she could remain hidden if she chose to! She had managed the thing so cleverly that he had not the least thread to trace her by.

His heart began to feel queerly like a cold stone; it dropped heavily, and the more he thought about the situation the lower it dropped. Then it was that he said to himself with profound disquiet: "Say, look here, you're not fool enough to have fallen in love with—with a bunch of letters, are you?" And he could not answer this query.

He tied up the letters and locked them in a drawer. But he was astonished to find that he had practically memorized them. Sometimes a whole phrase had a queer way of floating in past the locked door of his mind—or was it a phrase? Was it not rather something more subtle than words?

One rainy evening when he had nothing to do he reread them all, to find out, if he could, why they haunted him. He took them out of their drawer with a rather shamefaced air; but almost at once they had got him. He could see that girl, her gray eyes so full of light, and her way of moving like a thoroughbred colt, with her chin up and her eyes so full of luminous laughter, looking ahead of her. That night it seemed to him that he came very near to remembering her. He said "remembering" because now he knew that he had seen her in the flesh. But the uncanny and baffling part about it was that he could not fix her to any background or time. He merely knew that night that sometime or other in some place or other he had seen her. He read the letters again. No, it wasn't the words she had put into them; it was her spirit that came out of them and haunted him. She had poured into them something so sweet, so fragrant, so vivid that it was slowly, unappeasably taking possession of his heart.

That week-end he spent at his country club for the first time that season, coming into town and going direct to his office late Monday afternoon. He told himself that it was silly—but he preferred not to face a breakfast tray with no gray envelope on it. For he knew that Eve would never write to him again. She was the kind of girl who meant finished when she said finished.

He remembered afterward what an exquisite afternoon it was, and how he thought of Eve when he caught a whiff of daffodils on a street corner. As he passed his outer-office door he saw that his telephone girl and office boy, all unaware of the presence of the boss, were hanging out of the window watching an aëroplane skimming over the city. Smiling at their unconscious backs he walked along the short corridor toward his own room.

Fronting the door of his office, which was open, was an east window. It had been flung up wide, and in front of it stood his secretary, Miss Mayo. Her head was thrown back; she, too, was gazing up and out at the airship sailing overhead. The spring wind rushed in and blew her frock back against her slender limbs; it ruffled her smooth bright hair and fluttered against her cheek the crisp organdie of her collar. She had thrown up the shades as he never allowed them to be thrown; the room seemed flooded with the wind and the sun and the blue of the sky.

Against this airy background the girl stood as if on tiptoe for flight, poised with something elfin and rapturous in the backward-bent line of her throat. She made a little happy gesture of her shoulders, as if she were flapping invisible wings.

His foot scraped against the threshold. With a start she turned. And he saw something that many a man never sees in a long lifetime—the sudden flaming up in a woman's face of her unveiled soul. Rid of their disfiguring, black-rimmed glasses he saw that her eyes, with their startled look of happiness, were gray and full of light—and their irises were ringed with a distinct line of black! Under the shock of this discovery he could not move or speak. The air between them seemed to beat and hum with electrical vibrations. In that instant he knew that she knew what his long stare at her meant. She was Eve! He saw a deep rose flush rush over her face; she put her hand up to her breast in the world-old gesture, and stood with dilated eyes, waiting.

But then Anthony did something that afterward he had a hard time explaining to himself. In fact, he did not know he was going to do anything of the sort until he found himself walking back along the corridor, past the outer office and to the elevator. He pushed blindly at the elevator bell, was shot down to the street, and there for a long moment he stood on the curb until, a taxicab driver hailing him, he mechanically stepped into the vehicle and was driven home.

He was running away! All the years when he had cultivated a cautious habit of thought had risen up and driven him, panic-stricken, to retreat from a situation that put to confusion all his conventional ideas of himself. He, Anthony Revere Lowell, had for weeks been receiving the most intimate, the most amazing letters from his own secretary. He had moreover allowed himself to think that he was in love with her. The situation was—well, it wasn't done, that sort of thing, by a man of his traditions! He felt bewildered and dismayed. His brain told him that he heartily disapproved of himself; but deep down in him there was beginning a sort of riotous upheaval.

He said to himself: "Go slow, now. Think this thing out clearly!" But he found it hard to think clearly because he kept remembering things about the girl—gestures, tones in her voice, her clear, fine profile bent over her notebook, the fragrance that was not perfume but a kind of freshness that she brought in with her every morning. How could he have been so long in connecting her with her letters? That was easy to answer; there were two of her. One was the studiously businesslike, efficient, self-effacing employee; and the other was Eve, whose face had betrayed her so pitilessly when he came upon her unexpectedly. She had even two handwritings—the commercial, and the dashing one she used in her letters to him. By Jove, she was clever! And now that he was thinking about her as a human being and not as a secretary he knew that she was really beautiful too.

He somehow did not sleep very well that night. There seemed to be a number of tumultuous questions pressing at the back of his brain. At last, as the night wore on and the dawn appeared at his windows, he turned off the light by which he had been trying to read and faced the fact that what was keeping him awake was a memory—the memory of the way her face had gone white as he turned away.

"You're a cad, Anthony," he said slowly. "You let that girl down rottenly. What do you suppose she felt? Her face—it went white. What was that queer expression in her eyes? Was it pity—or contempt? You pretended to yourself it was chivalry that made you turn away from her, and all the time you knew it was because you were shocked at the idea of being in love with your secretary. Unspeakable cad! Blundering idiot!"

He lay down then and resigned himself to wait for morning. He did not know whether he was in love with Miss Mayo or whether he was merely intrigued once more by Eve. But in the morning he would know. The moment he saw her again he would know.

He was in his office somewhat before his usual time next morning. He felt an excitement, a nervousness he had seldom felt in his well-ordered life as he heard her footsteps coming in at the outer door. It seemed to him an hour before she tapped at his door and then slowly opened it. He stood up, trying not to betray the fact that he was anything but composed.

But the words he had been carefully rehearsing since dawn that morning died on his lips, leaving him with his mouth slightly open and his eyes staring. For the girl who came in, bowed and said good morning was not Eve. She was a plain, spectacled, competent-looking girl with snapping black eyes and black hair.

"I am Miss Candee," she explained; "a friend of Miss Mayo's. She received word last night that a relative—I think she said her grandmother—was dangerously ill somewhere in Massachusetts, and she asked me to take her place until you could find someone. She ——"

"Until I can find someone!" he gasped. "Isn't she coming back?"

"I gathered that she is not," Miss Candee said calmly. Her calm seemed to him the most monstrous thing he had ever witnessed. "She came to my flat last night and went over with me your letter system, so that I could take up the work without putting you to too much inconvenience. I dare say I shall be able to meet your requirements."

"Don't doubt it, don't doubt it at all," he muttered sickly. Then aware that she was gazing at him with some curiosity he gathered himself together: "I am merely rather surprised at Miss Mayo. She seemed so—so dependable. Did she give you any message for me?"

"She said to tell you she was very sorry to inconvenience you, but the situation was—acute—I believe she used the word acute. She left this morning early. Shall I go through the mail first?"

"Yes—yes, of course! Let me see. This form letter —— By the way, what address did Miss Mayo leave?"

"None." Miss Candee was very succinct. Something in his stare seemed to move her to further explanation: "Miss Mayo and I were not intimate friends, you understand, Mr. Lowell. We graduated in the same class from the business college, that was all. I lived near her, and we used to come downtown in the El together sometimes. But I don't know anything about her affairs whatever. How many copies of this form letter do you require?"

He had a feeling that he was going earnestly to dislike Miss Candee. In fact, he decided about two that afternoon that he must have speedy relief from her strenuous competence. His idea of diversion appeared to be a quick trip uptown to an address in the Columbia College region and a colloquy with the superior landlady of a superior boarding house, from which he came away with the depressing conviction that a mere slip of a girl had been too much for him. Eve had gone at eight-thirty that morning, bag and baggage, and she had left no address behind her.

When a man has had his own way practically since he was born it disconcerts him more than it would the ordinary mortal to find himself unable to bend circumstances to suit himself. Anthony was at first profoundly incredulous to find himself up against a blank wall, then annoyed, and finally enraged. It was during this stage that he did his most energetic sleuthing, stopping short only of a private detective. He paid a personal visit to Cambridge, and in Jermyn Street got himself into a melancholy mood with memories of his boyhood. He also discovered that one of the families on the list Miss Mayo had given him was the family of Eve's grandmother. She had told the truth about having watched him leaving his grandfather's house, for that of her grandmother was diagonally across the street. He stood in front of it for several melancholy moments. Mary! He thought it was the sweetest, the most dignified name in the world. But, alas, Mary's grandmother had long since died; the house was in the hands of a family new to Cambridge. The unknown had swallowed up Mary's family as well as Mary herself.

By all the logic of things Anthony should now have shrugged his shoulders philosophically and taken up his serene course as before, with now and then a whimsically regretful thought cast in Mary's direction, a thought which would gradually grow less rueful as the months slipped past. But as a matter of fact he found himself without any philosophy whatever. And the droll part of it was that he now understood why he had always been able to be so philosophical before: he had never cared so much about anybody or anything that a thorough dose of common sense applied in the early stages could not restore him to equanimity. But now he not only had no common sense to apply to this seizure but he wanted none. He felt thoroughly sickened of the very virtues he had been rather proud of thitherto.

"If I hadn't all my life been such a damnable cautious cad," he said to himself, "I shouldn't have turned round and walked away from her. I'd have just gone up to her and said: 'So you're Eve! I like you; I'm going to like you more and more and—more!'" He always stopped at this point with a mental groan for he got so that he could not bear the thought of what might have been had he said to Mary Mayo, "I like you!"

On that night when he came back to New York after his fruitless pilgrimage to Cambridge he did a queer lot of thinking. His underlying feeling was that of a man who had all his life been waiting for something which he was too blind to recognize when it finally came to him. He knew now that he had been waiting for just such a girl as Mary. But he said to himself: "Oh, come now, what do you really know about her? A handful of letters, six months in your office, during which you never exchanged a word with her that hadn't to do with business. Come now, why should you be so certain?"

But his certainty was too deep down to be got at by reasoning. It was supplemented by memories that had overnight, as it were, grown vivid and full of meaning—his conviction when he read the very first of her letters that somewhere he had known the writer; the vision of her eyes—no wonder he had had it, when subconsciously he had known all about her eyes for weeks! The remembrance of the youth and rapture in that lift of her chin the day when she became known to him!

But through everything and beyond everything the memory of the lovely flame in her face, the light in her eyes as she turned and saw him—and then the white look of her he had got in the fraction of a second as he turned his back on her and walked away. Oh, she had judged him, all right, in that instant! He knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that of her own accord he would never see Mary Mayo again.

Outwardly he pursued the life of the perfect bachelor—work from nine to one; luncheon at the Bankers' Club; a bit of gentlemanly war work on a committee three afternoons a week; golf two afternoons; now and then an afternoon at an exhibition, or tea with Mrs. Reeves at the Ritz, or for old time's sake dinner with Agatha Kempton, who had come back from France in a uniform and with two medals.

But inwardly a change was taking place in him, a change he was scarcely conscious of. It manifested itself in a new restlessness that was extremely upsetting to the orderly routine of his days. In the morning he rushed away without once glancing at the precious porcelains; he seemed to have lost his taste for Bach, even an exhibition of Chinese Lowestoft struck him queerly as being almost futile! He wanted to be out in the streets, scanning the face of every tall, gracefully moving girl he saw. And spending so much time in mere aimless wandering he began to suspect, for the first time in his life, that what Mary said was true—he was a very lonely human being. It was as if the things he had fastidiously upholstered his life with—carefully chosen furniture, carefully chosen friends, carefully chosen standards of life—had all at once dropped away from him and left him with a bleak conviction that with all his wisdom he had not chosen the one right thing!

He made up his mind finally that the trouble with him was that he needed a wife and a home. Having convinced himself of this, he balanced Zaida Reeves against Agatha Kempton for two days and a night. On the third morning he decided that it was to be Agatha. With an expression on his face that was singularly bleak he sat down at his desk and wrote a note to the chosen one, asking her to have tea with him at five that afternoon.

"Might as well get it over with," he thought.

He had every reason to believe that Agatha would marry him, and doubtless they would be happy ever after.

Nevertheless, that day always stood out in his memory as having a queer, nightmarish quality. He had never known a morning to pass with such fantastic speed. Agatha telephoned an acceptance of his invitation to tea with her usual businesslike brevity. The end of his bachelorhood was in sight. He was as good as settled. There was one thing he hadn't to worry about—Agatha understood that he was not an emotional type, not sentimental and all that. She was a fearfully good sport, Agatha was, and she understood Chinese glazes, even if she hadn't much imagination. But notwithstanding that he fortified himself with her good qualities there came a queer sick feeling at the pit of his stomach whenever the clock struck the advancing hour.

He did not go out for luncheon—somehow he was not hungry. In the afternoon he dug up an enormous amount of work, on which he flung himself. At four-fifteen Miss Candee, exhausted, reminded him that he was to be uptown at five.

"Confound it, don't I know it!" he growled under his breath.

(Concluded on Page 71)

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What if your brakes slipped and didn't hold? Wouldn't the consequences be awful? It's positively criminal for a driver of a motor car to overlook even the slightest safety precaution. *Unquestionably the most effective supplementary addition to brake power* when the roads and pavements are wet and slippery, is in the use of

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The Complete Chain Line—all types, all sizes, all finishes, from plumbers' safety chain to ships' anchor chain.

(Concluded from Page 67)

At four-thirty he knew that he could not put off his departure for his tryst with Agatha another second. He crawled down to the taxicab Miss Candee summoned. He told the driver to get him to the Ritz at five, but as they were dashing through Washington Square he leaned forward and begged the man not to be in such a hurry—they were not going to a fire! The fellow, believing this to be ironical, put on speed. Anthony flung himself back in the cab with a wild gesture. He who all his life had cultivated a dignified serenity was now being hustled to his fate with a haste most unseemly. He laughed ironically, but there was fright in his eyes.

"Now, he'll have to pull up, confounded pirate!" he thought as, looking ahead, he saw the traffic policeman at a cross street holding up a stern hand. There was some sort of parade passing, a distant band was beginning to play, persons were crowding to the curb and pausing on the crossings in a way most irritating to the traffic policeman. Anthony, looking out at the crowd with a wan eye, saw that there was a blue Thrift Stamp booth at the corner just across the pavement from where they had stopped. His heart felt a twinge of pain. Half an hour more—less indeed—and he would have no right ever again to peer into those little blue booths; he would have left hope and Mary forever behind him. He averted his head with that sick feeling at the pit of his stomach again.

He saw the chauffeur reach forward to release his brake, the traffic policeman's whistle was poised at his lips—and then the lovely, the unbelievable, the extraordinary miracle happened. A head was thrust out of the little blue booth, a hand waved a sheet of green stamps, and a pair of gray eyes, brim full of light, with the irises ringed with black, gazed straight into his. Mary! Mary! Mary!

He flung himself out of that cab, he charged across the intervening few feet of pavement, for he knew, from the way she had shrunk back the instant she saw him and then turned with a panicky gesture toward the door, that she most earnestly intended flight. Such was his haste that he met her with one foot over the threshold. There was another girl in the booth behind her. His glance took in that she was making the most of the traffic jam. He took Mary Mayo desperately by the arm and drew her toward the open door of the taxicab.

"Oh, please!" she whispered. "Let me go—everyone is looking!"

"Be quiet! Get in!" he whispered back.

He did not mean his tone to be fierce, but it was charged with a savage determination that welled up in him when he thought of how she with her diabolical cleverness might so easily elude him again and disappear forever. He felt primitive—he, a Lowell!

He followed her into the cab just as the driver, unaware that he was aiding a semi-abduction, threw in his clutch and darted round the corner. Mary sat very pale, looking straight ahead of her. He touched her arm with a timidity new to him.

"I had to do it!" he said huskily. "I've combed this town for you. I've searched all the spring. I wasn't going to run the risk of losing you again, not if I had to be a brute—Mary!"

Her eyelids fluttered just once at that "Mary," but she continued staring at the back of the driver's head.

"It wasn't kind to make me come," was all she said in a low voice.

"I know!"

His tone was humble, but he gazed at her profile with an exquisite sense of well-being. There was a lightness in his limbs, pure gold in the air, the whole world was a thing to marvel at, the way things sometimes happened in it. She was there, her elbow divided by the merest inch from his; she could not get away! How incredibly wonderful! He tried hard, without success, to keep from his face a smile of pure beatitude.

And then he was aware that the celestial chariot had come to a pause under an awning. The man turned to gaze at his fare with an eye that bulged as he saw Mary.

"Ritz, sir!" he stammered.

Anthony gazed up at the building and at the uniformed functionary advancing toward him, as if he had never seen their like before. Then remembrance came to him. Great Cæsar! Agatha! He thought for a busy instant.

Then he said quietly to Mary: "There is a young lady in there waiting for me. What should I do about it?"

Mary's face wore a closed-up look. Her eyes were very level, her voice also as she said: "You must keep your engagement of course! I am getting out here also. Good ——"

"But that is just what I don't want you to do!" he cried. "Look here—I must go in there of course, and make some sort of an excuse to Agatha—the girl who's waiting, you know. But I shan't be a minute. And when I come back I want to find you here. Wait!" He held up his hand to still the protest her lips were framing. "I want it so much that I couldn't stand it if I came back and found you gone." Leaning forward he caught up her right hand and placed it over her heart. "Mary, promise me you won't run away—promise me, will you?"

Their faces were close together now, eye looking into eye.

"But I don't want to promise!" she whispered indignantly. "You know I wanted never to see you again. I want to go now."

He looked at her sadly. "I don't blame you. But all the same I've got to ask you not to go. It's only half an hour I ask for, Mary. Can't you in justice to me give me that much?"

She averted her eyes from the pleading in his, as if to fortify herself, and considered briefly.

"Very well," she said finally, though the closed-up look in her face did not change; "I will wait. But I must tell you that you will wish you had let me go."

He made no reply to this, but silently got out of the cab and hastened into the hotel. In a very few minutes he was back, in his face a mixture of grimness and relief.

"Drive over to the park," he said to the chauffeur. "Agatha was always a good sport," he sighed, leaning back and stealing a glance at the profile of his companion. The profile was now serene, but somehow even more unapproachable than before.

Not another word or glance was exchanged between them until the cab had deposited them at the top of a knoll encircled by a drive and the chauffeur had driven away down the hill. They were alone. A friendly bench with a clump of laurel sheltering it offered itself a little way back from the drive. They sat down. Mary folded her hands quietly in her lap and appeared to contemplate the scenery. He felt his first bedazed sense of happiness giving way before a realization of the difficulties of the situation. Leaning forward he dug a little well in the gravel path with the end of his stick.

"I suppose the best way to begin," he said, "is for you to tell me just what you think of me. I know it's pretty bad, and we would better get that cleared up first. For instance, that day when I—I recognized you, and—bolted—what did you think then?"

"I thought you were acting true to your usual habit of thought!" she replied promptly.

"In short, you thought I acted like a snob?"

"Well—just a bit of a snob, Anth ——" She caught herself before the name had quite slipped out, flushed a little, and then looked at him with her clear gaze. "I may as well call you Anthony. I have done it so long—ever since I was eleven!"

"Please! I wish you would," he said humbly. "Just a bit of a snob—yes?"

"At first I was terribly disappointed in you. I had believed that underneath your crust of cautious conventionality there was a kind of chivalrous imagination—I suppose we believe what we want to believe, Anthony!—and when you turned away I saw in your face that you had only one thought—you had been receiving love letters from your stenographer! I could see how it horrified you—I could see how all your training made you revolt from the idea. You did not like the picture of yourself at all! And you were frightened. You were afraid that somehow you were going to become entangled. And to become entangled with an inferior ——"

"Don't!" he groaned.

"But I must. You asked me what I thought, and I am telling you. And you were sorely disappointed too. You had thought of me ever since I began to write to you as a mysterious being on your own social plane. It was my own fault, partly. I'm afraid I was a bit snobbish too—pretending I had seen you at tea at Sherry's when I'd really seen you from the pavement outside. And all that about your hobbies—of course I knew about them from the catalogues I ordered for you and the letters I wrote for you. Yes, that was silly, pretending I knew you on your social side. I had thought there was no one in the world more free from snobbishness than I—but I learned some things about myself, too, that day when you turned away from me."

She leaned forward, her chin in her hands, and her gaze joined his in earnestly contemplating the little well his stick was digging. He was afraid to look at her or to speak, and the two of them remained bent over, staring at the spot in the gravel, both faces faintly flushed, his hands clutching his stick hard, and hers folded tightly together.

"I was horribly hurt," she went on presently in a voice so low he could scarcely hear it. "I never knew until then how proud I am. But something more than my pride was hurt. When I was a little girl visiting my grandmother I used to stand in a window and watch you come out of your house across the street every morning. Sometimes your grandfather himself came to the door and looked after you, and always your mother. She adored you; they both did, I believe. My grandmother once sniffed and said they were bringing you up like a young prince. From that moment for me you wore a plumed helmet on your head, your house had a moat about it, you weren't going to school but to a tourney or to the aid of a beleaguered castle. The stick you carried was a lance; Felix wasn't a bow-legged bulldog but a long white wolfhound. Oh, I was a foolish little girl, too much alone, with too much imagination!

"And then as I grew up I used to hear about you once in a while from grandmother, about the high hopes your mother had for you, and how nothing was quite good enough for you, and how you were to sustain the name of Lowell finely. I still had too much imagination—or too much romance perhaps—for the plumed helmet was still there. It seemed to me it was only a matter of time before I should hear of your doing something really splendid!"

She paused. Her little smile at herself hurt some deep place in his heart; but he only clutched his stick tighter and stared at the gravel path.

"Of course I got over the plumed-helmet idea; I thought I had become quite democratic and proficient and skeptical. I got pushed into the world by circumstances, and I thought I was much too shrewd to be romantic any more. But when they told me at business school that they had a position for me and I saw your name on the card they gave me, all that old, childish foolishness leaped up in me—and I knew it had never died at all. At first I thought I should never be able to manage it—to be Miss Mayo, a businesslike shadow merely, a kind of expert ghost who meant nothing human to you. And then I hit on the idea of making it a game, to try to see how colorless I could be. I succeeded. But the more colorless I became outwardly the more vivid were the things that were hidden. It was fantastic, sometimes, to know that one of my faces was dull and solemn while my other face was smiling with glee at some gesture of yours that reminded me of the young prince!"

She leaned back against the bench, her face bent down, smiling slyly. She chuckled—a rare thing for a woman to do!

"Ah, Anthony, you were so benignly polite to me!"

He reddened and poked at the hole in the gravel. "I suppose the contrast between your ideal of me and what I really am seemed to you droll?"

"Ah, no!" she replied quickly. "Not droll. I know the whole thing sounds underhanded, as if I took advantage. And perhaps I did! But you see I never meant to go so far—and after all I didn't let you answer one of those letters. That would have been despicable, like getting something on a false pretense. And perhaps I should never have written the first letter if you hadn't spurned me on the street one evening when I wanted to sell you a Thrift Stamp. My primary object was only to sell you those stamps, really. I knew I could do it—I could have made almost any man buy with the right sort of letter.

"And then when I had begun to write I found it was impossible to be anything but myself. It was such fun, writing to you just as I would have talked to you if I were not Miss Mayo if I had met you, say, in someone's drawing-room. And feeling so certain—on account of your blind spot, Anthony!—that you would never, never find me out, it was like being disembodied. I let myself go—I forgot."

Her voice diminished and faded away in a little sigh. She looked off over the tops of the trees to the rose-flushed evening sky. Twilight had stolen unaware upon them; among the tree trunks tender blue shadows were gathering; nursemaids were calling the children home to tea.

"You were able to forget," he said in a low voice, "that I had doffed that plumed helmet. That my business was safe and conservative investments, that I had after all never done anything splendid. That I had—failed your picture of me. That is what you mean, isn't it?"

She did not answer, and in a moment he forced himself to look round at her. Her face was down bent, but it was softened and troubled. There were tears on her lashes.

"Life does ironical things to us," she said. "I had dreams for myself too—funny, absurd dreams; and not one of them has come true. How should I judge you, then? Not to judge is one of the things I've learned since that day when you—since that last day."

She stood up, touched her eyelashes with her handkerchief, gave her face a swift glance in the mirror of her bag, and then clicked the bag closed. With that click she became impersonal, brisk and friendly.

"I'm going—you see it is growing dark. I'm keeping you from your dinner. And besides, when one has said all there is to say, it is better to stop, don't you think?"

He sprang to his feet. "Do you think it is fair not to hear my side? Do you think that I didn't suffer, too, that day when I turned round and left you, like a fool and a cad? Do you think that I haven't realized in these last months all the things I've missed? Don't you know that I searched for you, Mary, until my heart was sick with disappointment?"

Silence and the blue twilight deepened between them. She looked into his face with wide eyes that even in the semidark were full of light. A smile, half-shrewd, half-wistful, came to her lips.

"A man always searches for what eludes him, Anthony!"

Disregarding this he went on: "I went up to Cambridge and stood in front of your house. I've stared into the face of every girl in New York with a Thrift Stamp for sale. I've even spent my Sunday afternoons on the Palisades!"

"Oh!"

It was all she said, but it was the most encouraging sound she had made, though her eyes laughed at him.

"Mary, when a man gets to be over thirty and for the first time in his life he walks a certain road because a certain girl has walked it sometime, when he hunts out a certain view because she has loved it—don't you think something remarkable has happened to him, something that ought not to be laughed at?"

It was so dark now that her face was only a lovely white oval and her hand was like a white flower against her breast. She stood motionless for a long moment, then he saw her hands flutter with a little gesture of despair.

"I've spoiled it all!" she whispered. "Those letters—whatever you say now I shall know you say it because you are sorry for me—because you want to spare me humiliation. You—you're putting the plumed helmet back on again for my sake, Anthony!"

His answer to this was not given in words. He felt a reckless happiness flame through him; a certitude that defied every cautious habit of his life swept through him—star dust sprinkled the twilight and a glory rayed out behind Mary's head. Of their own volition his arms swept out to her. She stood quietly in the circle of them, looking up at him; but her breathing, her very heart seemed still.

"Those letters—they weren't really letters; they were the magic wand that touched my blind spot and cured it," he said. "It's gone now forever."

"But I wish—I wish I hadn't said—said first that I ——"

He put his fingers over her quivering lips. "You didn't, Mary! Since the first day you came to work for me I have loved you. When you were there, coming down to my office in the morning was like getting home. Oh, Mary, dearest dear—I've said it first myself—I love you—love you!"

He felt her lips brush his fingers in a flowerlike caress. And both of them whispered together: "The world is wonderful after all!"

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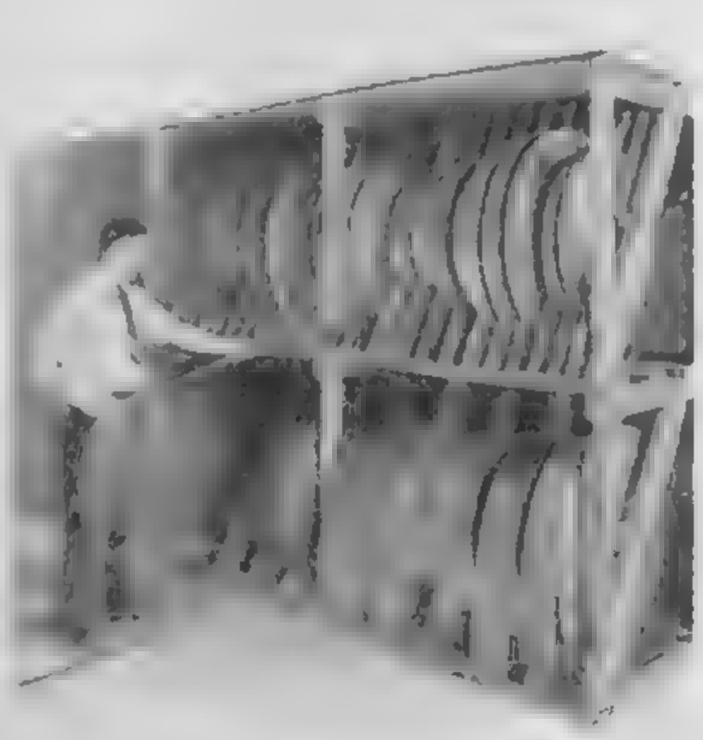

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THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 19)

And in on these thoughts Regina Barry broke as if she had been following them.

"Look at the waves, where the sun catches them. Aren't they like flashing steel? It's just as if all the drowned hands at the bottom of the sea were holding up swords to the people of America, begging them to go and fight."

I looked at her, startled.

"You feel that way?"

She looked at me, indignant.

"Certainly. How else could I feel?"

"Oh, I didn't know. Americans feel so many different ways."

"Because they don't know. I'm going back"—she gave a light, deprecating laugh—"I'm going back to tell them."

I was still more startled.

"Tell whom?"

"Anyone I know. Everyone knows someone. I don't mean to say that I'm a Joan of Arc; but I shall do what I can."

"And how shall you begin?"

"I'll begin with father and with ——"

She stopped at the second name, though to me the fact did not become significant till afterward.

"That's what I meant," she resumed, "when I said I was going back on his account."

"You mean?"

"He doesn't see why we should be in it. He's like so many Americans; he hasn't emerged from the eighteen hundreds. He still thinks of the new world as if it was a new creation that had nothing to do with the old. He doesn't see that there's only one world and one race of men, wherever they are and whatever they do. To him Americans are like souls that get over to paradise. They're safe and can afford to dwell safely. They're no longer concerned with the sorrows and struggles of the people left on earth."

It was to get light on my own way that I asked: "And what are you going to say to convince him?"

"I don't know yet. I shall say what the moment suggests."

"And you're sure it will suggest something?" Her great eyes burned like coals as she turned them on me in protest at the question.

"Suggest something? You might as well ask if the air suggests something. It suggests that I breathe it; but I don't have to think of it beforehand, when the whole world is full of it."

"Full of what?"

She considered the question, finding in it all I meant to put there.

"I don't know," she answered at last. "That is, I don't know in any sense that would go into a few words. There's so much of it. The minute you try to express it from any one point of view you find you're inadequate."

I was still seeking light.

"But when you try to do it from several points of view—correlating them?"

"Even then ——" She paused, reflecting, shaking her head as she went on again, as if to shake away a consciousness of the impossible. "I don't try. There's no use in trying. It's so immense—so far beyond me. It's grown so too. When it first began I could more or less compass it—or I thought I could. Now it's become like Nature—or God—or any of the colossal infinite conceptions—it means different things to different minds."

"That is, we can only take of it what we take of the ocean—each a few drops—no one able to take all?"

"Something like that. And we can only give a few drops—just what we've got the measure to take up—some a little more, some a little less—but no one more than a little as compared to the whole. That's why I'm not going to try to explain."

"Then how are you going to make them understand?"

"I'll tell them—I'll do what I can to show them—that the greatest movement of all time is going on—and America is taking no national part in it. I'll try to make them see that it isn't just to avenge the few American lives lost through the U-boats, or to free Belgium, or to put down autocracy, or to do any one or two or three of the things that have been set before us. It isn't even the whole of them, just taken as so many human motives."

"But you'll have to tell them what it is, won't you? It won't do just to put before them what it isn't."

"But how can I? How can anyone? It would be like trying to tell them what Nature is. It's a universal composite, made up of everything; but you couldn't go about the country explaining it in lectures. The nearest I could come to it would be in saying that it's the great dramatic conflict between good and evil to which human nature has been working up ever since it committed its first sin; but the words in which to do that have been so hard worked and are so terribly worn that they've become a kind of ditty. It seems to me best just to talk to them simply—to tell them the few things I've seen for myself—and let them construct the monster out of the bones I lay before them. They'll do it. The public is not very quick, but when it gets going it's pretty instinctive."

"Oh, then, you're going to tackle the public?"

"I'm going to tackle anyone to whom I can get access."

"You spoke just now of lectures."

"I'll speak of anything that will help me to get the message across. That's why I mention father and ——" Again she hesitated at a name, going on with an elision: "First of all. They are simply the first I shall be able to talk to. As a matter of fact not many as yet have been over there and come back to America—so that there's a good deal of curiosity still unsatisfied—and so one will get a chance. You must have noticed already how dearly Americans, especially the women, like to be talked to. We're talked to so much by experts on all subjects that we should burst with knowledge if our minds weren't like those swimming tanks with fresh water running in and out of them all the time."

"So you're really going to make it a kind of business?"

She spread her hands apart, palms outward.

"What else can I do? I assure you it isn't any desire for publicity or that sort of thing. I'm just—I'm just driven on. It's like what someone says in the Bible—I've taken to reading the Bible lately, it seems the only thing big enough in spirit to go with the big times—but someone says there: 'Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!' Well, it's the same way with me. Woe is unto me if I don't do this thing! It's taken possession of me; I can't do anything else; and so I'm going back ——"

I was expressing but one of the host of thoughts that crowded on me as I said: "You've got the tremendous advantage of being an American. You can say what you like. If I were ——"

She stood off and surveyed me.

"You don't need to say anything. You speak for yourself. One has only to look at you."

I smiled ruefully.

"I know I'm pretty well battered up."

"Oh, it isn't that."

"What is it, then?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's just—it's just everything. You're a type. I'm not speaking of you personally, but of a lot—hundreds—thousands—I've seen—young fellows who make me think of some other words in the Bible."

"What are they?"

"They're in Isaiah, I think. Everybody knows them." She recited in a smooth rich voice that gave new beauty to the familiar passage: "'Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: . . . He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'" Her voice rose—and fell again. "'He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.'" She resumed in a colloquial tone: "I've seen so much of that, haven't you? The lamb led dumb to the slaughter, and the quiet wounded man hardly opening his mouth for a moan. It's heart-breaking."

"And yet you'd bring your own people into it."

"Because it's sublime. Because I've seen for myself that the people who take part in it are raised to levels they never knew it was possible to reach. Haven't you found the same thing for yourself?"

"Oh, I? I'm only ——"

"You're a man—and a young man. You're a young man who's been—I can't express it. It's all in that fact. The people at home will only have to look at you to see what language could never put before them. Language isn't equal to it. Imagination isn't equal to it when the thing is over. Don't you find that? Doesn't it often seem to you, now that you're out of it, as if it was a dream that had half escaped you? You try to tell it—and you can't. That's why the people who've been there and come back so often have nothing to say. That's why so many of the books—except those that contain diaries jotted down on the minute—that are written afterward are so often disappointing. It's like a great secret in every man's soul that he knows and thinks about, and can never get out of him. So I shall make no attempt to do more than to tell the little things, the small human details ——"

You will see that I was following my own train of thought as I broke in: "But New York life will get hold of you again."

"It can't get hold of me again, because there will be nothing for it to catch on by. That's all over for me. It could no more seize anything I am now than you or I"—she pointed to a flock of little birds riding up and down on a long, smooth billow—"from the deck of this ship could catch one of those Mother Carey's chickens."

My sensations were those of a man who has received an extraordinary bit of good news, like that of a great artistic triumph or the inheritance of a fortune. It was something that went to the foundations of life, bathing them in security and peace. As we continued to talk the swing of the boat became the lulling of strong arms.

The conflict of which for the past few days my mind had been the battleground was suddenly appeased. Woman, love, marriage, the more comforting elements in life—were no longer in opposition to what had become a man's pressing and sacred duties. There could be a love which asked for no moratorium; or rather, there could be a woman with the courage of a soldier.

I began to see her as comparable to that crusader's wife who, disguised as a page, followed her lord on his journeys, to share his perils and minister to his needs. In a modern girl it was not only romantic; it was adorable. That it should have been done for me was beyond my power to believe. None but the bravest and most daring spirit would have attempted it—none but the heart capable of climbing higher and more adventurously still. I had known her for a gallant soul from that midnight minute when she pulled aside her hangings and found me lurking in her chamber; but I had never made a forecast of the heroisms and fidelities expanding here like the beauty from the heart of a rose.

XXIII

SO WE came to that last evening on board, of which I must now tell you. It had taken me the intervening time to get used to the new outlook. The habit of seeing myself surrounded by a whole stockade of prohibitions was too strong to overcome in a flash. I had to let my mind emerge into freedom gently, telling myself each day that with a wife like this I could serve the cause more devotedly than ever, since she would be serving it too.

Of that dedication to a cause I was possibly too much aware. My uniform made me aware of it. My game leg and my sightless eye made me aware of it. The need of whole peoples, like the French and British and Italian, of every man who could fire a gun or ram home a bayonet or speak a rousing word—that more than anything else seemed to put a consecration upon me of which I was as foolishly and yet as loftily conscious as a modern king, accustomed to a bowler hat, when he rides through the streets with his crown on.

And on the last evening there was enough of the ecstatic in the air to justify this sense of a mission.

The voyage, which had not been without the exciting stimulus of danger, was successfully over. The west was actually reached, and the things done left behind us. The things to be done were making our pulses beat faster and our energies yearn forward. To-morrow with its summons to activity was more keenly in our consciousness than to-day. Doctors, nurses, returning soldiers, the sparse handful of business men—we were already in heart ashore, walking in streets, riding in tramcars, eating in dining rooms, sleeping in beds, taking part in hard work, and deeming these things a privilege. Voices and laughter in the clear still night and the clicking of heels on the deck were part of the relief and joyousness.

Late in the afternoon we had picked up the Nantucket lightship, which rested like a star on the water. Now the horizon was being strung with beads of light, one, two, three, or little clusters at a time, behind which we knew that advancing night was lighting myriads of lamps all the way to the Pacific. On the Atlantic coast it was already dark, with cities and towns ablaze, and villages and farmhouses lit by kindly, shimmering windows. In the Middle West it was twilight, with electrics spangling the office buildings here and there, and pale-gold flowers strewn over the prairie floors. Beyond the Mississippi it would still be day, but day dissolving gorgeously, softly, into sunset and moonrise and the everlasting magic of the stars.

As she and I hung over the rail side by side we felt ourselves on the edge of wonders. The old world was in need of us, and we were in need of the new. To us who were new-world born, and who were coming back to generous, easy-going welcome after the unspeakable things we had seen, the craving for new-world brotherhood and vigor was like that of hunger or thirst. This much we admitted in so many words—even she.

She was still elusive; she was still mysterious. Though during the past few days she had not resisted a certain habit as to the place and hour at which we should find ourselves together and had been willing to talk freely on any theme connected with the cause, she took flight from a hint of the personal like a bird at an approaching footstep.

Nevertheless, she was so far responsive as to say in answer to some question of mine: "My immediate plans ——"

I broke in abruptly: "Let me tell you about your immediate plans."

As the deck was faintly illuminated, since we were again sailing with lights, I saw that change in her eyes which comes when a fire on a hearth bursts into a conflagration.

Probably my tone and the change in my manner had startled her.

"You? What?" she began confusedly.

"I'll tell you what your plans are; but before that let me tell you something else."

She put up her hand.

"Wait! Don't ——"

But it was too late to stop me. I couldn't have stopped myself. I was carried on by the impetus that came from my having been so many years held back. I was no longer the consecrated servant of a cause. As for having been a drunkard and a thief, no shadow of remembrance stayed with me. I was simply a man head over heels in love with a woman, and in all sorts of stupid, stumbling phrases saying so.

She listened because she couldn't do anything else without walking away; but she listened with a kind of aloofness. With her clasped hands resting on the rail and her little, black silhouette held quietly erect, she gazed off toward a great white star, which I suppose must have been Capella, and heard my tale because she couldn't stop it.

"Listen," I went on, leaning on an arm extended along the rail. "I'll tell you your story. I've pieced it together and I know what it is. I didn't know it when I came on board. It puzzled me."

Her lips moved, but there was no turn of her head or stir of her person:

"Please don't. I'm—I'm not sure that I could bear it."

"Why shouldn't I? You've done certain things. Let me give you their interpretation."

"If I do ——" she began weakly.

I couldn't allow her to continue.

"I see now the explanation of so many things that bewildered me at first—that made me suffer. That day at Rosyth, for instance, when you went in and left me, you didn't despise or hate me. You may have been disillusioned ——"

"It isn't the word," she murmured, still motionless, and looking off at the big

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white star. "I'd been thinking of you as the kind of man I'd—I'd been looking for so long."

"And you saw I was less so than any of the others."

"I'm not saying that. But if you think it was easy to tear up all one's conceptions by the roots and plant in new ones—however kindly—all at once ——"

"Oh, no, I don't; not now. But at that time I didn't know you. It's only been since coming on board, and finding out what you've done ——"

Curiosity prompted her to glance round at me.

"Then it was only since coming on board?"

"Oh, it was simple enough. It's silly to keep up the secret. I was talking, while we were still in the dock at Liverpool, with that handsome Canadian nurse."

"Miss Ogden. She was matron of the hospital at ——"

"She knew who you were. She couldn't tell me your name, but she said—or Miss Prynne said—that you'd come over with Evelyn—that you'd been at Taplow with Mabel ——"

"I know; the sort of thing that goes round among nurses."

"And so I put two and two together and formed a theory."

"You needn't tell me what it is. Please don't."

"But I want to." I hurried on before she could protest further. "When you saw that you'd—you'd hurt me—that day at Rosyth—and that I had disappeared—and gone into the army and away to England—you got into touch with Evelyn ——"

"I wanted to do something," she declared in a tone of self-defense. "I couldn't help it when I knew the need was going to be so great. We didn't see that all at once, because we thought the war was going to be over in a very little while. But when we began to realize it wasn't ——"

"Oh, I don't say you did it all on my account."

Though this was meant to provoke either admission or denial she glided over it.

"It wasn't easy to do anything in New York, because we hadn't got that far as yet; and so I naturally went to Canada. When I did so Annette gave me a line of introduction to Evelyn."

"And you told her about me."

She fell into my trap so far as to say: "I didn't tell her. I simply let her guess."

"Guess what?"

"All I ever said to her in words was to ask her never to mention my name to you."

"But why?"

"I did the same with Lady Rideover when she took me on at Taplow."

"Why—again?"

"For the reason that—that if you ever came to find out what I was doing you'd misunderstand it; just as I see you—you do."

"But I don't. I don't misunderstand it when I say that in going to my sisters you wanted to be—you mustn't be offended!—you wanted to be near me—to watch over me as much as possible."

"You were the only man I knew at that time who'd taken the actual step of going to the war. If there'd been any others ——"

"It wouldn't have mattered if there'd been a hundred. I don't misunderstand it when I say that as soon as you knew I was going home by this boat you arranged ——"

"To go home by it too," she forestalled quickly, "so that you should have somebody near you who could get about in the normal way in case there was danger. I admit that. It's perfectly true." She turned round on me with fire in her manner as well as in her eyes. "But what do you think I'm going home for?"

I repeated what she had said a few days before.

"You're going home on account of your father—and to interest him and other Americans in American duty as to the war."

"That's a reason; it's the reason I find it easiest to give. But I mustn't hide it from you now that—that I've—I've another."

I made one of my long mental leaps. I made it as a man might take the one chance of life in leaping a crevasse, knowing that there are more chances that he will be dashed to pieces in the chasm:

"You're going home to be married."

There was a kind of awe in the way she drew off from me.

"You're extraordinary," she breathed faintly. "Miss Ogden didn't tell you that."

I had not cleared the crevasse. I was struggling desperately on the edge of it, while beneath me was the abyss.

"You're going home to marry me."

I think she gave a little bitter laugh. At any rate there was the echo of it in her tone as she said with sardonic promptness: "How can I be going home to marry you, when—when I never knew till within half an hour that you—that you cared anything about me?"

I, too, must have laughed, the statement struck me as so absurd.

"What? You never knew ——"

She shook her head with an emphasis almost violent.

"You may have known," she said in that voice which after all could not be called bitter for the reason that it was reproachful, "but I'd come to the conclusion that"—she tried to carry the situation off with a second laugh, a laugh that ended as something like a sob—"that you didn't."

I leaned down toward her, speaking the words right into her face:

"Didn't care?"

She nodded silently.

"For God's sake, what made you think that?"

"Oh—everything!"

"Everything? When? How?"

She was doing her best to convey the impression that it didn't matter.

"Everything—always—in New York—at Atlantic City—there especially! And lately ——"

"Yes? Lately?"

"Lately—at Taplow."

"But at Taplow—how? In heaven's name—how?"

"Oh, I was in and out of your room."

"So I understand; but what of that?"

"Nothing; nothing; only—only what I saw."

"Well, what did you see?"

Instead of answering this question at once she shifted her ground.

"If you cared—as you say—why didn't you tell someone?"

"Tell someone? Who could I tell?"

"Oh, anyone. Lady Rideover, for one. She'd made a promise not to mention me; but you hadn't."

"But why should I have mentioned you when I never supposed she had any notion ——"

"But you see that's it. If you'd cared—so much—you'd have done it—to one of your sisters or the other. But you didn't not to either; and so they got the idea ——"

"Yes? What idea did they get? Go on. Tell me."

I noticed that she was twisting and untwisting her fingers, and that she had begun throwing me quick, nervous glances through the half light.

"It's no use telling you, because it doesn't matter. That is, it doesn't matter now. Everything's—arranged."

"We'll talk about that later. I want to know what idea Mabel and Evelyn got."

"They didn't get it exactly. They were only beginning to get it when I made them understand that I was going back to be ——"

"Oh, why do you make me talk about it? Why do you bring it all up now, when it can't do any good?"

To get at the facts I was obliged to speak with the severity one uses toward a difficult child:

"I want you to tell me what idea Mabel and Evelyn got."

"Isn't it perfectly evident what idea they'd get? Anyone would get it when you—when you never said a word—not the least, little, confidential word—and you so ill!—and blind!—and to your own sisters!—and that Miss Farley there!"

I passed over the reference to Miss Farley because I couldn't see what it meant. I had enough to do in seizing the new suggestion that had come to me.

"They didn't think—they couldn't have thought—that there was nothing on my side."

"And everything on mine. That's precisely the inference they drew. Girls do go about, you know, giving people to understand that men ——"

"But not girls like you."

"Yes, girls like me; or sufficiently like me. And so I had—in sheer self-respect—to let Lady Rideover see that there was nothing in it of the kind of thing she thought, and that I was actually going home to be ——"

"But didn't she see? Didn't she know? Didn't everybody see? Didn't everybody know?"

In the two brief sentences that came out with something like a groan she threw tremendous emphasis on the first word:

"Nobody knew! Nobody saw!"

There was a similar emphasis on the penultimate word in my response:

"Did you ask them?"

She flashed back at me: "I did—almost. At times like that—if it's so—someone generally knows it from—from the person who's expecting to be brimming over with his secret." She laughed again, lightly, nervously. "But in this instance nobody did."

"You asked them?"

"Practically. I forgot everything I used to consider pride and—and I sounded them."

"You sounded whom?"

"Oh, the people who knew you best—and who knew me—Annette, Esther Coningsby, Ralph—anyone to whom I thought you might have betrayed yourself by a word. But it was just as with Evelyn and Lady Rideover. You had practically not mentioned my name. Hilda Grace told me she tried to sound you—that Sunday at Rosyth."

"Well?"

"I'm only quoting her, mind you. She said she didn't get"—there was a repetition of that nervous laugh—"she said she didn't get—any satisfaction. And so ——"

I tried to take a reasonable tone.

"But how could I tell you or anybody else before I'd confessed to you who I was, and where you'd first seen me?"

"Exactly. I quite understand that—now that you've said what you've said to-night. It's where the past makes us pay ——"

"For what I used to be."

"Oh, you're not the only one," she declared in a curious offhand tone. "It's for what I used to be too."

I found it difficult to follow her.

"What you used to be? I don't understand you."

"You know about me—how I've been engaged to one man after another—and broken the engagements."

"Because you were trying to find the right one."

"It wasn't only that. I thought of myself; I didn't think of them. I let them offer me everything they had to give—and pretended to accept it—just to experiment—to play with—and now—now I'm—I'm caught!"

"Caught—in what way?"

She tossed her hands outward in a little, exasperated gesture.

"I can't do the same thing again. It wouldn't be right. It wouldn't be sane."

"The same thing? Do tell me what you mean."

"It's—it's one of the same men. I'm—I'm caught. It's what mother—and Elsie Coningsby—and other people who could talk to me plainly—told me would happen some day. I'm—I'm punished. And I can't do the same thing the second time."

It was still to escape from the yawning hell into which I felt myself going down that I said stupidly: "Why can't you?"

"Because I can't. It's what I said just now. It wouldn't be sane. I've made a kind of history for myself. If I were to do the same thing again it wouldn't merely seem cruel, it would seem crazy."

"But if you don't care for him?"

"I do—in a way. He's been so good and kind and patient and everything! And even if I didn't care for him at all it would be just the same—after what I've let him think—the second time."

I could see her reasoning, if reasoning it was, though it was not the uppermost thought in my mind. As a matter of fact I was repeating her statement as to "one of the same men." Which one of them was it? There had been three—the one she didn't trust—the one she couldn't have lived with—and the one who was only very nice. It would make such a difference which one it proved to be that I was afraid to ask her.

I burst out desperately: "Oh, but why did you—let him think it—the second time?"

"I don't know. It happened by degrees—by writing—in letters—and I didn't see how far I was going. It was a kind of reaction."

"Reaction from what?"

She looked at me wildly.

"From you, I think. As far as I remember it became definite at Taplow."

"When you were actually seeing me every day?"

"That was the reason. It was seeing you so cheerful and full of jokes—and not missing—not missing anyone—nor ever mentioning them—not to a soul. It just convinced me of what I'd been sure of before—ever since the time at Atlantic City—that you didn't—that you never had . . . And so when he suggested it in one of his letters—I don't know what made me!—but I didn't say it was impossible."

"What did you say?"

"I said, who knows?—or something like that. And then he cabled—but I didn't cable back—I only wrote—trying to say no—but not saying it decidedly enough. . . . And so it's gone on—he writing and cabling both—and I only writing, but letting him think—just little by little—and not seeing how far I was being swept along."

I wanted to be clear as to the facts.

"Then do I understand that you're engaged to him?"

"I told him I wouldn't be engaged again—that engagements for me had come to be grotesque. I said that if we did it we'd—we'd just go somewhere and be married."

"If you did it? Then it's possible ——"

"No; because he's expecting it. I've allowed him to expect it—just little by little, you understand—and not seeing how far I was letting myself in. . . . And now he's told some people who used to know about it when I was engaged to him before—and that binds me because it will get about—so that if I were to break it off with him the second time I should be a laughing stock—and quite rightly."

"Oh, Regina, how could you?"

Taking no note of the fact that for the first time in my life I had called her Regina she answered simply: "I tell you I don't know. If I do know it was because I was so lonely—and I'm over twenty-six—and feel older still—and nobody seemed to care about me but him—and I couldn't bear the idea of going on and never marrying anyone at all—which is what Elsie Coningsby said would happen to me—and what I'd been half wishing for myself—and yet half afraid of. . . . And you ——"

"Yes? What about me?"

"There was a nurse at Taplow, that Miss Farley ——"

"Miss Farley! Oh, good God!"

"Well, how did I know? She was very pretty."

"Could I see whether she was pretty or not?"

"And you were always joking with her and thanking her."

"Of course I thanked her. What else could I do?"

"You needn't have kissed her hand. I caught you doing that one day when I was tidying up in your room."

"Did you? Very likely. When a man is as helpless as I was his gratitude often becomes maudlin."

"I don't know that you need call it that. He simply falls in love with the pretty nurse who takes care of him. It was happening all the time in the hospitals. But for me—right there in your room—and shut out from everything ——"

"But that wasn't my fault. If I'd known you were there ——"

"It was your fault at Atlantic City—and afterward—when I'd let you see—far more than a girl should ever let any man see."

"But you know how impossible it was for me then—till I'd told you who I was."

"I know it now. I didn't know it before half an hour ago. And the time when you told me that—that thing—at Rosyth—I had no idea whether or not you meant . . . And when you blame me for not coming downstairs quicker than I did ——"

"I haven't blamed you, Regina."

"You can't imagine what it was to be all at sea not merely as to what you felt but actually as to what you were—and had been. When you pulled the pearls out of your pocket—and said you were that man ——"

There were two or three minutes during which she stood with face averted, and I had to give her time to regain her self-control.

"You see," she went on, her rich mezzo just noticeably tremulous, "you see, I'd always thought about him—a girl naturally would, finding him in her room like that—but I'd thought of him as . . . And I'd been thinking of you too. I'd been thinking of you as the very opposite of him. He was so terrible—so gaunt—so stricken—I see just a little of him in you now after all you've suffered. . . . But you—I don't know what it was you had about you—your brother had it too—I saw it again

(Continued on Page 83)

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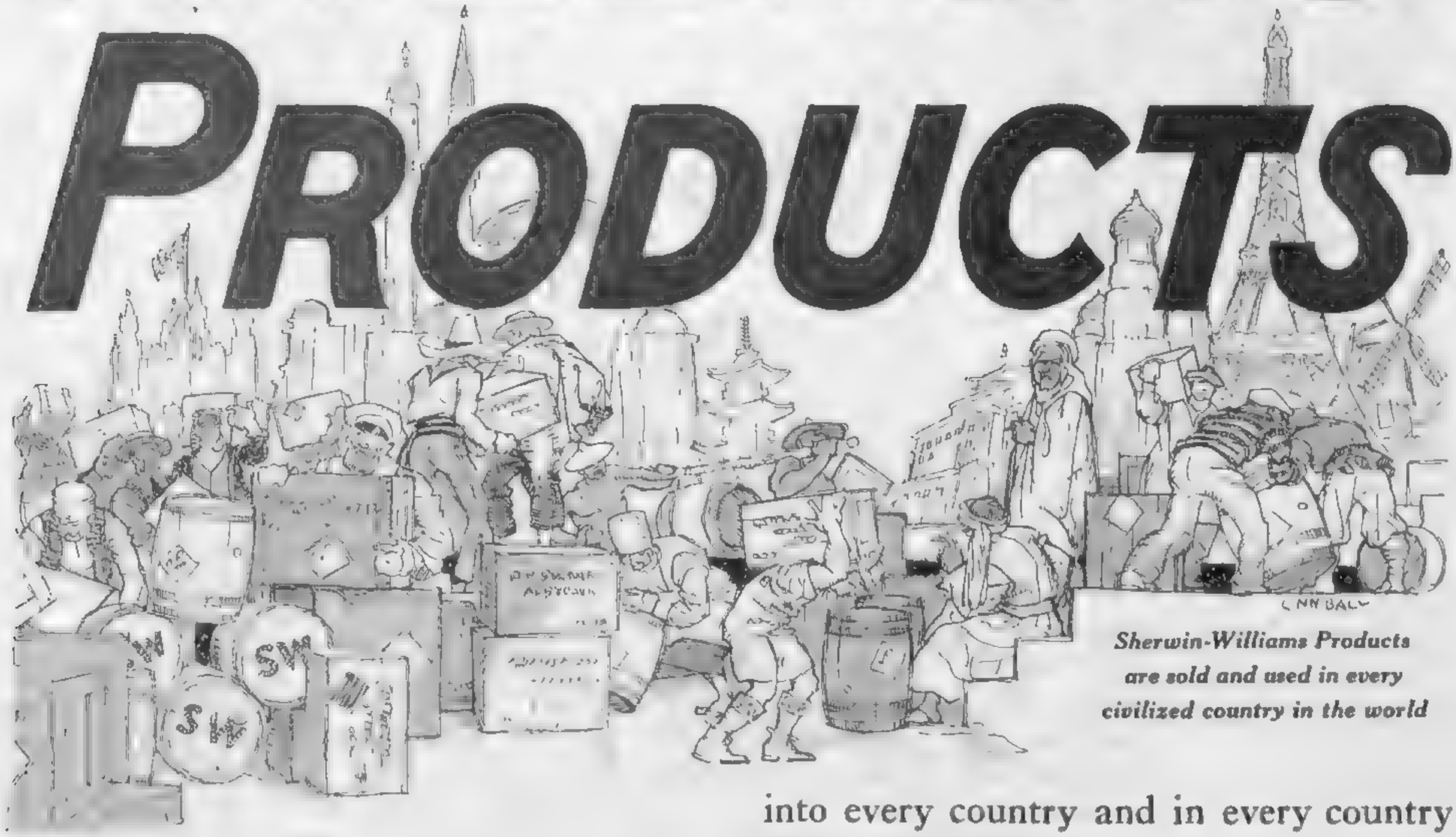

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These records have proved that in the vast majority of cases an Empire Red Tube will last as long as the average car itself.

The Empire Tire Dealer

Empire Red Tubes

(Continued from Page 79)

when I met him at Evelyn's in Montreal, something a little more than distinguished, something faithful and good."

"Those things are often hang-overs of inheritance that have no counterpart in the nature."

"Well, whatever it was I saw it—and all that year those two types had been before my mind. Then when I was told that there were not two—that there was only one—it was like asking me to understand that the earth had only one pole, and that the North and the South Poles were identical." She surprised me with the question: "Did you ever read La Dame aux Camélias?"

I said I had, wondering at the connection.

"Don't you remember how it begins with the exhumation of the body of that poor woman six months after she was buried?"

I recalled the fact.

"So that all through the rest of the book, when Marguerite Gautier is at the height of her triumphs, if you call them triumphs, you see her as she was first shown to you. Well —— Oh, don't you understand? That's the way I had to see—I had to see you!"

I hung my head.

"I understand perfectly, Regina—now."

"There's so much we're only beginning to understand now, both on your side and on mine."

"When it's almost too late—if it isn't quite."

Her manner, her voice, both of which had been a little piteous, took on a sudden energy.

"Oh, as to that, I've been thinking it over—I've had to think over so much—and I don't believe the word applies."

"Doesn't apply?" I asked in astonishment. "Why not—when it's as late as it is? It's just as if Fate had been making us a plaything."

"I don't believe that. Life can't be the sport of disorganized chance. If Romeo takes poison ten minutes before Juliet wakes it's because the years behind them led up to the mistake."

"You mean that we reap only what we sow?"

"And that life is as much a matter of development in a logical sequence as the growth of certain plants from certain seeds. It isn't—it can't be—a mere frenzy of haphazards. Things happen to us in a certain way because what we've done leaves them no other way."

"And was there no other way in which this could happen to you and me?"

"Think! Isn't it the very outcome that might have been expected from what we've been in the past?"

I stared at her without comprehension.

"Because of your past life," she went on, "there was something you couldn't tell me; and because I didn't know it I've taken a step which my past life doesn't allow me to retrace. Could anything be neater?"

"And yet you're fond of saying that the way things happen is the best way."

"It's the best way if it's the only way, isn't it? I should go mad if I thought that my life hung on nothing but caprice—whether of luck or fate or anything you call God. I can stand my deserts, however hard, if I know they're my deserts."

"You can stand this?"

"This is not a question of standing: it's one of working out. Life isn't static; it's dynamic—those are the right words, aren't they? It's always unfolding. One thing leads to the next thing; and then there must be times when a lot of things that seemed separate are gathered up in one immense result. Don't you think it must be that way?"

I said stupidly that I didn't know.

"Of course you don't know if you don't think; but try to think!"

"What good will thinking do when we see how things are?"

"It'll show us how to make the best of them, won't it?"

"Is there any best to be made of your marrying anybody else than me? The way things happen isn't necessarily the best way."

After her hesitating syncopated sentences in dealing with what was more directly personal to her life and mine she talked now not so much calmly as surely, as of subjects she had long thought out.

"I don't say the best way absolutely; but the best in view of what we've made for ourselves. For ourselves you and I have made things hard. There's no question about that. But isn't it for both of us now to live this minute so that the next won't be any harder?"

There was no argument in this; there was only appeal.

"What," I asked, "do you mean by that?"

"I suppose I mean that the best way to live this minute is to accept what it contains—till it develops into something else—as it will. This isn't final. It's only a step on the way to ——"

"It's a step on the way to your marrying a man you're not in love with, and my not marrying at all."

"And as the world is at present, aren't there worse tragedies than that?"

Irony of which she must have been unaware pricked my dreams of celibate consecration to a cause as a pin pricks a bubble.

"So that if I stand still and let you go on ——"

She threw me a quick glance.

"And aren't you going to?"

The answer to that question was what in the back of my mind I had been trying to work out.

"Wouldn't it depend," I said, picking the right words, "on which of the three it is? There's one I couldn't interfere with—not without disregarding gratitude and honor."

"Do you want me to tell you which?"

But I didn't—not then. Too much hung on what the knowledge would bring me. There were decisions to which I couldn't force myself at once. In saying this I added: "But though I can't interfere with him without disregarding gratitude and honor I don't say that I shan't disregard them."

In the clear starlight her eyes had a veiled metallic brightness.

"No?"

"And if I don't," I persisted, "what shall you do?"

"What would you expect me to do?"

"I should expect you to back me up."

"So that we should both be disregarding gratitude and honor?"

"We've a right to our happiness."

"That's a very old argument, isn't it?"

"It's not the less true for being old."

"Oh, no; if it's true it's true—anyhow."

"And it is true. Don't you know it is?"

She surprised me by saying, as if quite casually: "I don't suppose that in the end it's the truth or the untruth of the argument that would weigh with me."

My heart gave a thump.

"Then what would weigh with you?"

She was standing with her back to the rail, with the great white star behind her. As if to emphasize the minute of suspense the engines gradually stopped, while the ship rocked gently on the tide. The lights on shore were more complex now, lights above lights, lights back of lights, with the profusion of seaboard towns even in November. The murmur of voices and the click of heels grew expectant as well as joyous.

When she spoke at last it was with breast heaving and eyes downcast. Her words came out staccatowise, as if each made its separate effort to keep itself back.

"What would weigh with me? I—I don't know."

"Does that mean," I demanded sharply, "that you might back me up?"

I could barely catch her words.

"It means first of all that—that I'm awfully weak."

"It isn't weak, Regina, to—to love."

"It's weak for a soldier to make love an excuse for not fighting."

"But you're not a soldier."

"Oh, yes, I am; and so are you. We're all soldiers now—everyone in the world. We keep telling ourselves—we keep telling each other—that we're fighting for right. It's our great justification. But what's the use of fighting for public right if we go and do wrong privately?"

"But it isn't right for you to throw yourself away on a man you don't care for."

"It's right for me to stand by my word—what is practically my word—till something relieves me from the necessity."

"And do you think anything ever will?"

"That's not what I have to consider. If I do what I know I ought to do I've only to wait—and let the next thing come."

"And what you know you ought to do—are you going to do it?"

She looked up at me pleadingly, quiveringly, with clasped hands.

"I don't want to do—to do anything else. Oh, Frank, I hope you won't make me!"

It was not this unexpected collapse that made me tremble; it was not this confession; it was the knowledge that I had her in my power. She had seemed so far above me—ever since I knew her; she had seemed so far beyond me, so strong, so aloof, so ice pure, so inflexibly and inaccessibly right! And now she was ready to come to me if I insisted on taking her.

But the hungry beast in me was not yet satisfied with her avowals.

"Could I, Regina—could I—make you?"

I once saw in the eyes of a spaniel that knew it was going to be shot the beseeching, submissive, helpless look I saw here.

"You know what I've been doing, Frank—the last two years—just to be where I—where I could—hear about you—occasionally—and see you perhaps—when you couldn't see me."

I bent down toward her, close, closer, till I almost enveloped her.

"Yes, I know that—now—and—and I'm—I'm going to make you."

She didn't answer, but she didn't withdraw. Perhaps she crept nearer me. Certainly she shivered.

The look in her eyes was still helpless, submissive, beseeching; but because it grew mortally frightened as well I repeated what I had said as softly but as firmly as I could make the words:

"I'm—I'm going to make you."

There was nothing but the strip of black veiling between her lips and mine when a sudden flash that might have come out of heaven threw me back with a start.

It was there above us—the great beacon—landlike—homelike—the new world—the new work—the new problems to be solved—the new duties toward mankind to be hammered home—while thankful voices were murmuring round us:

"Sandy Hook!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE RESURRECTION OF OSTEND

(Continued from Page 10)

came to hide them from the patrolling aëroplanes; and yet others, some hundreds in number, were hiding in cellars and above ceilings, to give themselves up when Allied troops should enter the town.

What is left of Ostend after its four years of enslavement by the Germans is a town outwardly scarcely damaged, a port partly blocked but still usable, and some fifty thousand Belgians whose mood, whose attitude to life, are those of people raised from the dead, made free again of life. Their ecstasy upon that first day, their explosion into rejoicing, were but the first irresistible relaxation of nerves and impulses kept too long at tension; but it was only slowly that they came to take their freedom for granted. A man standing at a shop door, with a woman peering over his shoulder, saluted me, and I automatically lifted my hand to my cap in response.

"*Tiens!*" cried the woman. "He returned your salute!"

And at dinner that night M. Hector de Vries, a member of the Municipal Council to whom Ostend owes much for his fearless work during the occupation, sprang suddenly up from his chair. "My God," he cried; "it's true—it's true! The English are here!"

Yet Ostend by the standard of other Belgian cities has suffered little. The later policy of the Germans, which succeeded to that form of self-expression which found scope in fire, murder and violation, was to neutralize Belgium as an enemy by dividing it. *Divide et impera* was the new maxim. To this end they purposed to favor the Flemings at the cost of the Walloons, and Ostend is a Flemish city. By consequence Ostend is an outstanding instance of the German capacity to impose himself by sympathy or interest as the master of even the most helpless community. The Germans actually meant well to them; the astounding privilege of membership in the German Empire was to be theirs, and a share in the German gains and glories. "You are of the same blood as we," they were constantly told; and the brute Bettinger was succeeded as military governor by the comparatively mild and merciful Fischer.

And yet after this nurture, this propitiation, they thrill, they exult in the German defeat and departure. They curse the name and substance of all things German; *sale boche* is their cleanest name for a German; there were those who knelt weeping in the street at first sight of my uniform. To be courteous was to startle them; to make way for a lady on the sidewalk was to excite cheers.

For it is true that the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. That impersonal, inhuman intelligence which guides the destinies of Germany can make of a German citizen a murderer or a satyr by a simple order; somehow it cannot make a kindly common human being of him at all. The conclusion forces itself that the modern German as shaped by his military training and the purposes of his rulers does not know how to be good; he does not know right from wrong. Thefts from the civil population and from the town never ceased; when they were systematized under the title of "requisitions" they even multiplied; fines for trivial offenses, imprisonment on manufactured pretexts, continued to the last hours of the German occupation. Upon the day before I arrived the *concierge* of the king's villa had been imprisoned without trial for protesting against the removal of timber from the house; he was released at midnight when the judge, Becker, handed over the keys of the jail to M. de Vries upon his departure.

All tales of the occupation center upon the requisitions, for the Flemings are a thrifty folk with a strong sense of property, and the confiscations that stripped the very kitchens of their pots and pans are very sore in their memories. One housewife after another has told me bitterly of those search parties—a noncommissioned officer and his stiff squad of armed uniformed men—that came to the house, endeavoring with a suffocating formality of demeanor to dignify an act of larceny. It must need a perfect panoply of humorlessness to be pompous and overtly patriotic when one's armed force has for a mission no more than the theft, say, of two kettles, a copper spittoon and a bagful of door knobs. Or later, when woolen materials were running short in Germany, it must have been hard to resist one's own sense of the ridiculous while marching away from a house, the weeping housewife watching from the doorstep, freighted with half a dozen great Flemish wool mattresses.

The town was for the Germans a mere mine of various commodities; they did their unintelligent best to empty it. Copper they sought as if it had been gold; door hinges, window catches, ash trays from the cafés, the bells of the churches and of the town chimes and the statues from the squares—with one exception—all were taken. The statue that remains is that of King Leopold the First; it was immune because Leopold, before being King of the Belgians, had been an officer in the Prussian Army and a wearer of German Orders.

A little old man in a black apron showed me over the Kursaal, whose great curved expanse of window looks out to the sea over the Digue. Those who recall it in peace will remember those great rooms and their fine ornateness, the wide stairs of marble and general background of luxury which they furnished to the practitioners of the *vie de luxe*; the people who filled the great chambers like a moving shimmering fabric; and all its aspect of a place dedicated to easy wealth, easy pleasures and easy vices. Now below the great windows the surface of the Digue is broken by forlorn gun pits whence the ruined guns point seaward still and a sprawl of rusty barbed wire, that weed of the war, tangles across it. Within, all was cool wide space and still emptiness.

The little old man snuffled pitifully; he was some kind of caretaker of the place and he was loyal to it. I suppose if one has nothing else to be loyal to it is a virtue to be loyal to a gambling hell. He spoke of the great building throughout as though it were his own.

"See," he cried as we made to mount the stairs to the concert hall, "see how those

(Concluded on Page 87)

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Ralston

(Concluded from Page 83)

thieves have robbed me! Here were balustrades, and at the foot of them statues holding lamps—all stolen! And look here! I had a carpet on these stairs, held down by brass rods. All gone, even the brass eyelets that held the rods! They have left me nothing!"

He relapsed into feeble tearful profanity.

The great concert hall, where nearly every famous musician for years past has played or sung, was bare as a cave. It had somehow ceased to be ornate in its old fashion, and in the pale barren light that streamed in from the sea it seemed barracklike, chilly and uncomfortable. The big organ that stands over it was a painful ruin, for the Germans, the compatriots of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, had eviscerated it for copper and such components of its anatomy.

"My organ, too," moaned the little old man. "Look—only look at it! And yet they used to hold concerts here for their soldiers. You'd think they would have spared my organ, wouldn't you?"

They used the gambling rooms, too, for a while, ere they discontinued play, gutted them and quartered troops in them. And everywhere were notices—"*Zutritt verboten*" and the like, and many directions to the bomb-proof shelters in the basement.

For there came a time when the incessant British air attacks worked their way through to the German nerves. Not one of these was directed against the town; they, like the bombardments from the sea, confined themselves to the port and the batteries in the surrounding country, and their accuracy and discrimination have been among the wonders of the war. But the testimony of the Belgians is unanimous—at the first alarm of an air attack the Germans ran to the nearest shelters, crowding out the civilians, and ever since the Vindictive's raid on Zeebrugge they lived in dread of a landing upon the coast. In May, when the Vindictive came to Ostend, they thought a landing force had arrived, and there was all but a panic.

I have had scores of accounts of that night. The attack took place at about midnight and all civilians were perforce within doors. The sudden roar of the terrific gunfire was their first notification of what was happening; officers and men billeted in the houses went shouting forth, half dressed; and somehow, by that mysterious telegraph which works everywhere that people are held from speaking one to another, there ran through the darkened houses the gleeful rumor: "The English are here!"

The Kaiser's Visit

Next day came the funeral of the British dead taken from the Vindictive; and later there was the retirement of Admiral von Schroeder, who had failed to repel the attack; and finally a flying visit from the Kaiser.

It was a furtive business, that visit—an automobile driven swiftly through the streets to the port, back to the admiral's quarters, and then after a brief interval away toward Bruges; but a number of townspeople managed to get a look at that strange figurehead of the German Empire. They differ somewhat in their accounts of what they saw, but that perhaps is natural in the case of the personality that mystifies all mankind. From the mass of their descriptions I gathered an impression of a naval uniform with a great blue cloak covering a figure that sat round-shouldered in the back seat of a great gray car, of a face immobile and elderly, with gray hair showing below the rim of the cap. Beside him a very tall officer gazed about with obvious interest; but the Emperor neither turned his head nor looked up—just sat, stagnantly preoccupied with himself, the vain, swarthy, hated face vacant and dead.

I have spoken of that wireless telegraph of secret knowledge which operates despite all censorships and restrictions. The people of Ostend were furnished by their conquerors with certain definite sources of news—German newspapers from Germany, and others in German, French and Flemish specially written, edited and printed for their information. German propaganda leans heavily on doctored news; Ostend was flooded with it and read obediently the official stories first of gigantic world-changing victories, of London and Paris in ruins, of famine in England, of quarrels and peace movements among the Allies; and Ostend believed exactly nothing of the whole thing. For snaking through the German lines, permeating the daily intercourse of friends, masked under the commonplace forms of trivial speech ran the underground wireless telegraph that brought in the truth. By October first the people knew of the joint Belgian and British offensive that had suddenly thrust its way forward through the Houthulst Forest; from that date they learned each new forward step in the progress of the advance; and they understood that deliverance was striding toward them.

It was comical! The German officers of course knew the truth also, and continued to strut the streets, to govern and oppress, to wear with the ease of long habit their pose of Fate's chosen and invincible instruments. To the families upon which they were billeted the more unbending of them gave various explanations of the military situation and seriously overworked the phrase "according to plan." They were serene, arrogant, superb—and all the time they pranced and play-acted, sneered and explained, the secret laughter hushed itself to let them by and lit up again behind them. Fifty thousand people laughed and held their tongues; fifty thousand people knew them for liars and buffoons; they were publicly shamed before they were yet defeated and driven out.

Arrogant, But Impotent

In the end the Belgians came to contempt of these impotent demigods. As the news of the Allied advance trickled in they prepared for the final inevitable act of cruelty, the deportation of the male civilians of military age. The order came on the thirteenth of October; all males between the ages of seventeen and forty-five were to present themselves to be marched under escort back toward Germany. They numbered about six thousand in all, but save for about thirteen hundred they with one accord vanished from the light of day. Behind the overt face of the city in which folk moved openly there came into being a secret twilight town of folk whose habitation was in secret cellars, in concealed cupboards, in the recesses of high-pitched roofs. To the hidden laughter and private intelligence that wrapped the Germans round like a vague mist there was added the mystery of this unseen, undiscoverable, unconquered city of fugitives. The Germans by now were too busy to conduct a thorough search; their hunting was perfunctory; and scores of men have related how they lay behind a wainscot or over a ceiling, listening with held breath while the house echoed to the trampling of the soldiers who sought them.

Four others I saw and questioned, whose hiding had endured longer. Two were Belgian soldiers and two were Englishmen, a jockey and a stableman employed in the training stables of M. Marquet, who had been trapped in the town at the time of the Allied retirement four years ago and had been in hiding ever since. The two Englishmen had arranged themselves a garret with a concealed door, and during the whole of the four years they had never left it. M. de Vries had furnished the funds for maintaining them; their presence was known to a number of people, and death at the German hands was the penalty for not denouncing them. But they had had no fear of that.

The jockey, Spouge, was a wisp of a man, with a tiny twisted sardonic face; the stableman, Wheelen, was lean and taciturn; and save for the fish-belly whiteness of their faces and a certain slowness and unhandiness of their movements neither showed noteworthy signs of the danger and constraint they had endured. Of the progress of the war which preoccupies the rest of mankind they knew nothing; in the dimness of their garret they heard the reverberation of the bombardments from the sea, the monotone of the inland guns, marching in the street, the flurry of the machine guns at the appearance of aëroplanes—they heard it as a hermit might receive the far murmur of the world's activity.

"Thank goodness, neither of us didn't fall ill," said the tiny man. "That would ha' been a mess, that would."

And with all other troubles there was the ever-present food difficulty. The only flour obtainable was that which was permitted to be imported by the Commission for the Relief of the Belgians; milk for the children, sugar and butter have for long been unobtainable. The staple vegetable was a kind of turnip—what the French call *navets*. But meat after a time became comparatively plentiful. It came, like the news, not through but round the German authorities—another contrivance of the secrecy with which the vanquished defeated their conquerors. German Army organization, that spurious miracle of system and discipline, seems to be strong only so long as it has not to endure a strain; and there arose a commerce, a regular traffic, by German noncommissioned officers and men of the commissariat in stolen army rations. Cartloads of meat at a time were for sale to the civilians, and the shrewd indomitable Flemings, seeing their opportunity, took the thing in hand, stopped casual purchases, which might lead to discovery of the arrangement, put the business of purchasing into the hands of competent men, fixed prices, and so fed the town more or less adequately.

The fines and arrests were innumerable. The judge, Glaesner, was no more than the lash with which Military Governor Bettinger flogged the helpless people, whom he was under orders to conciliate and win for Germany.

In the story of Glaesner one finds the type of those Germans who made history at Louvain, the mysterious horrifying figure who, his existence in Europe unsuspected, flashed into terrible being upon the unleashing of the war. It is the realization of the old French folk tales of the werewolves, who were peasants by day and wolves by night. In such a community as Germany was before the war, where life was regulated upon a basis of conformity to bourgeois standards of virtue and respectability, Glaesner and his like must at least have walked circumspectly; they must have been indistinguishable from their neighbors in point of conduct and worthiness. Yet, those standards once abrogated, Louvain blazes up; what seemed like peasants and business men reveal themselves as werewolves; and Glaesner is free to come out in his true colors.

The Unspeakable Glaesner

In Ostend he was able to be himself, a passionate drunkard, capriciously cruel, enjoying power for the sensations it could give to appetites starved in peacetime. In his court he would rave from his seat like a lunatic; the trial of a Belgian by him took the form of a delirium of accusation, cursing and taunting. He never inflicted less than the maximum penalty for an offense, and would listen to no defense. He sent the mayor to prison for making an error in the translation of a German proclamation in Flemish; he and Bettinger fined the town one hundred thousand marks because a pigeon—alleged but not proved to be a carrier pigeon—was seen on a roof. Charges against German soldiers in connection with unauthorized requisitions or undisguised thefts and burglaries, and also in the case of violation of girls and women, he refused to hear.

He openly regretted that he was not permitted to inflict the death penalty more freely.

"Belgium is too small and there are too many people in it," was his favorite catch phrase.

Bettinger, the governor, was replaced by the elderly naval captain, Fischer, who was at least an improvement on his predecessor, and the judge, Glaesner, by Becker. Neither was an ideal functionary, though their coming was a relief to the town; but crime among the soldiers increased and there was a particularly horrible murder of a girl in the presence of her father. The requisitions never abated.

It was upon the night of the sixteenth that the wild hopes which flamed brighter each day burned clear and surely. No announcement of the impending evacuation had been made to the townspeople, but at eleven at night the officials of the municipality were summoned to the Hôtel de Ville. They arrived in time to see the governor come swiftly down the stairs, wrapped in his cloak. He spoke to none, but passed on, looking straight before him, to the motor car which awaited him, and drove away forthwith upon the Bruges road. Becker the judge received the officials and handed the keys of the jail to M. de Vries.

"We are leaving you," he said. "*Au revoir!*" He smiled at his own last words, but no Belgian smiled.

"Well," said Becker finally, "I'll give you a last word of advice: Don't let your people show too much joy at our departure or we'll shoot them down like sparrows."

And then he, too, went out to his car and left.

That capacity for organization and discipline upon the strength of which the Germans have offered themselves to the world as masters and leaders went to pieces in those last days and hours. Transport for the removal of vast quantities of material broke down utterly; none can estimate yet, even approximately, the sum of the stores, guns of all calibers, ammunition and the diverse gear of war which has been left for us. The engineers who were left to carry out the final dispositions actually left intact the great twelve-inch guns of the "Tirpitz" battery west of the town, and I have ridden hither to Zeebrugge along the dunes where the coast-defense batteries stand cheek to cheek, with their ammunition dumps behind them and the hutments for the troops all complete to the last window pane. But those engineers, with a kind of hysterical incompetence, tucked their guncotton slabs into the vitals of the town lighting system and water supply, and for a final effort blew up a portion of the sewerage system. The great Leugenboom gun, of about fifteen inches caliber, with which they used to shell Dunkirk, we have inherited intact.

Contemptible Failures

No, the Germans and the German idea are failures. They had Ostend to themselves in an inviolable tête-à-tête for four years, to convince and win or to break and destroy as they chose; they have done neither. They have failed in everything they attempted; even the requisitions were a failure, for to-day from a thousand back yards the burghers of Ostend are disinterring hidden things of value—wines that are the better for their sepulture, copper objects that are none the worse, private papers, and the like. One can sleep anywhere in Ostend on a fine fat woolen mattress, a little damp, it is true, and smelling of the earth; and there were flags enough, in spite of the interdict, to make every street an arcade of moving color. And as for the faith of the people, the firmness of their allegiance and their hate and disgust for Germany—well, there are sacred things beyond the reach of sacrilegious hands; there are yet retreats of the spirit of a people to which the invading jack boot of the Prussian cannot follow it.

That night, the night of the seventeenth of October, came visitors. Since morning the King and Queen of the Belgians had been in communication with the British naval authorities at Dunkirk, requesting the means of visiting their liberated city, and a little before nine in the evening they were landed on the piers by the vice admiral and conducted into the town. The crowd was still upon the square; there was little sleep in Ostend that night; and they were promptly recognized.

A day of strong emotion had not exhausted the capacity of the people for enthusiasm; a yell, incredulous and startled, went up, and the King and Queen, the vice admiral and his officers, were gulfed in a rush of folk. It is probable that Their Majesties were never before in such intimate contact with their people; they were taken by storm, jostled, clutched at, wept over; there was a difficulty in getting them to the door of the Town Hall. There the King turned and spoke to the crowd briefly, his words inaudible in the uproar. The Queen spoke more eloquently, perhaps, for she wept in the sight of the people.

Ostend is free; order and the forces of restoration are flowing in. Before I left there were Belgian police upon the streets and a British monitor in the port, and motor lighters were coming in laden with food. Ostend may be herself again very soon; and four years of enslavement shall lend a new value to the duties and opportunities of the coming eternity of freedom in a free world.

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U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,[illegible] April 13, 1915 U. S. Pat. No. 1,206,359 Nov. 28, 1916 Other Patents Pending

40,000

Airplane Plugs a Day

During the war, our obligation to the Government we served imposed upon us the seal of silence. Now we may with propriety set forth the full facts concerning AC Spark Plugs and the war.

At the outbreak of the war, army and navy engineers asked the spark plug makers to submit plugs in tests for an aviation motor of 125 pounds compression.

The result of these tests was overwhelmingly in favor of AC.

So AC Spark Plugs were chosen for standard equipment on Liberty and Hispaño-Suiza airplane motors. These plugs were all of the basic AC design used for years by the leading motor car, truck and tractor manufacturers of this country. This we deem absolute proof of AC superiority.

Our War Program

AC Spark Plugs were standard equipment on Liberty and Hispaño-Suiza airplane motors.

At the time of the signing of the armistice we were manufacturing 40,000 AC aviation plugs a day.

This exceeded the combined daily outputs for aviation of either English, French or American makers.

Thousands of AC Spark Plugs were furnished for ordnance tanks and trucks.

All Class B standardized army trucks were AC equipped.

By far the largest percentage of all army trucks were equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

We are proud of our opportunity to perform this service. Justly, also, are we proud of the record we have made.

To our customers who were perhaps inconvenienced at times in their efforts to secure AC Spark Plugs while the war lasted, we make this explanation.

Now we resume with full energy the production of AC Plugs for civilian use.

Heretofore we have pointed to the overwhelming majority of motor car, truck and tractor manufacturers who use AC Plugs for standard equipment.

Now we call your attention to the endorsement won by AC Spark Plugs at the hands of the United States Government.

Such combined testimony demonstrates more emphatically than ever before our contention that AC Spark Plugs are by all odds the best spark plugs.

There is an AC Spark Plug specially designed for every make and style of motor. Use no other kind.

AC Spark Plugs will serve you best, just as they served the Government best under the acid test of airplane service.

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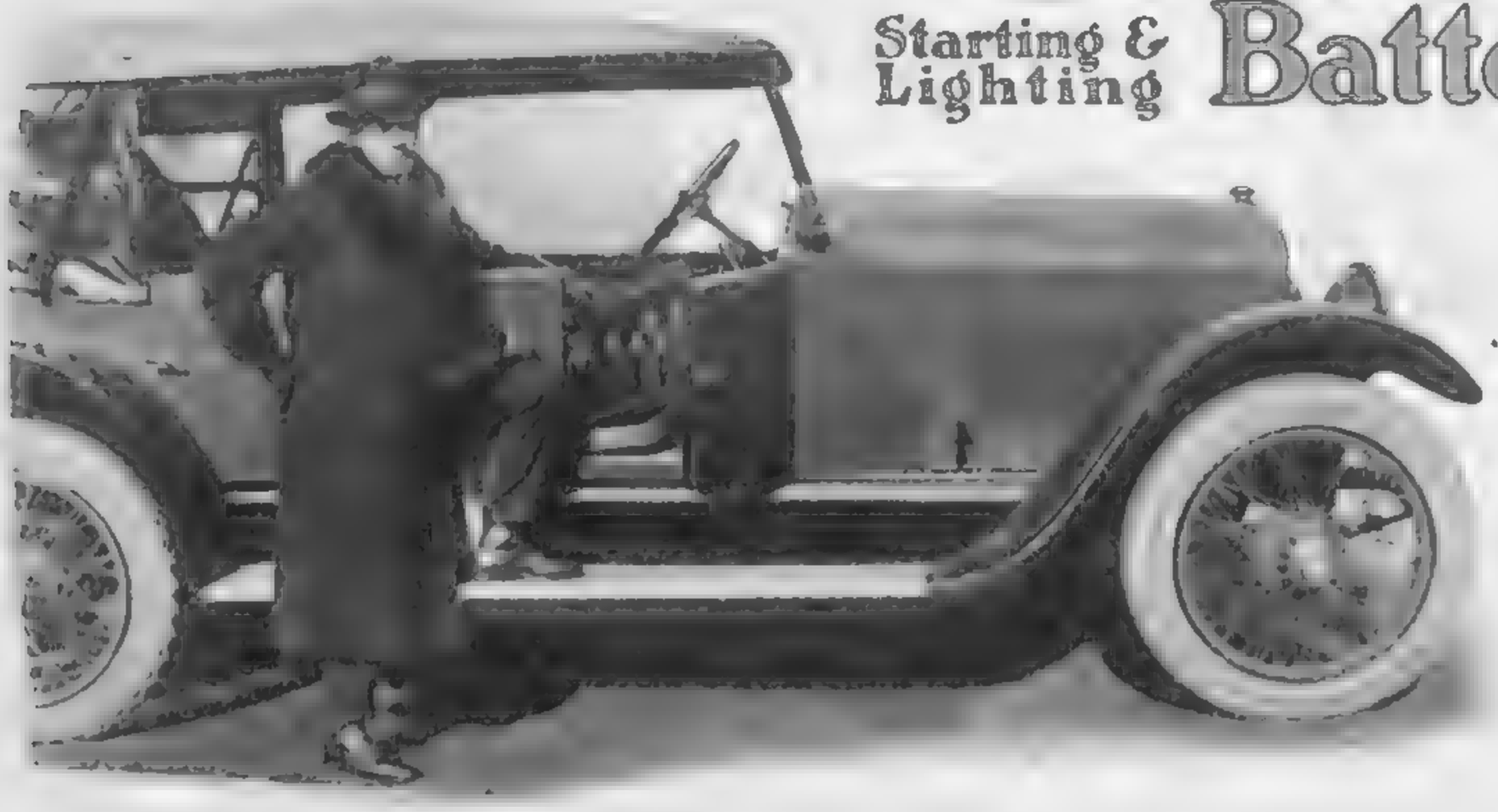

"Well, there's the end of that—and I've learned my lesson. Me for the best battery I can buy—which one is it?"

Does this express your state of mind? Hundreds of thousands of car owners have found that the answer is "Exide".

The Battery Without Doubts

"Exide" power and endurance have been large factors in building up the largest battery business in the world. Skilled engineers in every field of electrical activity have endorsed in advance the judgment of the car owner who equips with "Exide".

The Battery for Every Car

For whatever make or model of car you now use, or contemplate purchasing, there is a certain "Exide"—one not simply plausibly *adapted* to it, but one that will better its performance.

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All over the country, in principal cities and towns, are located "Exide" Distributors. They can provide you with the "Exide" Battery that is made for your car, and they can see to it that you get from that battery all the power-performance built into it. Put your battery need before the "Exide" Distributor nearest you—whether it be a new battery, a repair, or advice and assistance in battery operation—he can and will meet it.

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THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

SECRETS OF VICTORY

By DAVID LAWRENCE

NO SINGLE man, no single factor won the war; no single nation and no single force, but an alliance of minds and an alliance of might. Superior strategy, superior psychology brought irresistible forces into play against an enemy ground from without by shot and shell and gnawed from within by the hunger pangs of starving humans. Blockades, embargoes, submarine chasers, food conservation, bumper crops, huge armies, lofty diplomacy—all contributed to the great triumph. Yet each depended on advance knowledge, secret advices and confidential reports for guidance or direction. We developed as great a thirst for military and naval information about our enemies as they did for news about us. Through channels necessarily hidden, through methods of superb skill and adroitness we played a great game with the German General Staff—and won. Brains matched brains; wits rivaled wits. Censorship ran its fatal pencil through the most dramatic details of great battles. Even to-day the great moves that underlay four and a half years of an incessant struggle of two sets of brains are not ready to be disclosed. We shall know, indeed, how the war was won long after the last strains of our ecstatic bugles have welcomed the returning heroes. Such, moreover, is the glory of history that its narratives and tales never suffer in repetition or in the belated telling.

Something can be told now, however, of the invisible weapons that conquered autocracy, weapons of "Intelligence" as the colonels and admirals would call them technically and not inappropriately, weapons of fact and truth—inside information—which made possible wise action in the fateful hours of a four-year struggle.

Everybody will agree that such a critical occasion was the First Battle of the Marne, when human liberty seemed to hang in the balance. Marshal Joffre won that battle by superior Intelligence just as Von Kluck lost contact with the other divisions of the German Army by what must be called inferior Intelligence. But an even more important moment came when the Germans after their superoffensive last March began once more in July their sweep toward Paris. Suddenly the world saw Marshal Foch wrest the initiative from the enemy, and from that time on the Germans never recovered it. How did he do it? The commander in chief of the Allied Armies knew the zero hour of the great German offensive. Some person, identity still a secret, got that precious information. The French marshal made preparations not only for resistance but for a forward movement. He planned his counterstroke for just one half hour ahead of the enemy's hour for attack. No army that has for weeks been preparing for a great offensive operation can suddenly change to defensive warfare. No army can in a half hour's time adjust itself to an attack by its foes on a wide front. The German General Staff was surprised and confused. It never knew the exact strength of the Allies or their potential resources. From those July days victory was assured. Intelligence did the trick.

The President's Private Information

INSTANCES without number there are which prove how much more skillful were the Allies than their opponents in the collection of information. But Intelligence is not merely military—it is economic, it is political, it is psychological. And there was one great moment when political information came into play as it never had before in the whole war. That was on the October morning when Germany bluntly asked for a cessation of hostilities—on land, on sea and in the air. Half the world, mindful of German treachery and deception, cried "Beware!" Talk with the foe might mean a maneuver to get themselves into a better military position. President Wilson could answer abruptly by saying "I shall have nothing to do with you; we fight on"; or he could recognize that the German autocracy was ready to quit, indeed that it was already sinking as the tide turned on the battlefield, and that a new socialist government was in power in Berlin which was trying hard to surrender. Surely it was an overwhelming decision for any man.

But from far-flung points, from unnamed persons and indisputable sources had come information—the truth. The President knew what was going on inside Germany. The Allied governments knew it, too, for we exchanged data of the most confidential sort with our cobelligerents. We knew what materials the Germans lacked, what munitions they had in reserve, what the shortage of food meant, what the industrial disturbances signified, and what the total amount of unrest inside the empire spelled. So specious had been the peace offensives of the Germans that the outside world was dubious. President Wilson had information at his disposal which was unerring. As the first German plea for an armistice came he is said to have turned to Colonel House, who was with him at the time in New York, and remarked: "The end has come."

From that moment it was a question of method. The President and the Allies promptly agreed that the only kind of armistice ever to be given Germany would be one that would make it impossible for her to renew hostilities. It wasn't to be an armistice at all—it was to be surrender. The President knew that Germany was on the verge of anarchy and that her new socialist government had come into power on a platform of immediate peace. If it failed extremists would seize the reins of government and a revolution worse than anything Russia ever saw might ensue. Fortunately the American Government was possessed of information that the socialist cabinet ministers were sincerely trying to make peace and were not put forward, as some of their predecessors had been, as a kind of window dressing to make the world imagine Germany had democratized her government overnight.

It was important to know whether the new German Government was on the level or sparring for time. Two kinds of information brought the answer: The German Armies were in an inextricable position; and data galore told of the unrest of the masses. Here was the crowning opportunity. Mr. Wilson had hoped from the day America had entered the European War to separate the German people from their government. There were days when he despaired of his task, days when he himself doubted whether there was or could be any difference; but as the information came to him of the widespread unrest, of the bitterness of the people toward the military masters who had promised victory but instead were withdrawing the army with frightful losses, the time for the great disillusionment seemed at hand. So he asked three questions: "Do you accept our terms? Do you understand that all invaded territory must be evacuated? And for whom does the new government in Germany speak—for the autocrats who began the war?"

The Political Power of Publicity

THAT last question was deliberately intended as an invitation to political revolution. The President, indeed, is said to have remarked to some of his friends on the night those three questions were dispatched that the last query ought to be the forerunner of a revolution. Experts who had been studying the psychology of the situation had apprised him that the moment was ripe for decisive events. Suffering had become so intense that once the German people were fully aware of the single obstacle that stood between them and peace—which meant to them food and clothing—they would forthwith remove that obstacle. Germany thought she knew something about propaganda. Her government had of course published broadcast the plea for an armistice, to stay domestic discontent and win the confidence of the people. But since the request for an armistice got publicity the President knew his reply would get even more. The people would demand to know—they wanted peace and they wanted to learn what was preventing it.

The President could have used the occasion to inflame the patriotic passions of the German people. It might have resulted in further support by the Germans of their old government as the only hope against a set of Allies who, they might be persuaded to believe, were bent on destroying them anyhow. Here especially was a correct estimate of the German morale needed. The President unhesitatingly insisted that the German autocracy must go before there could be any discussion of peace terms. The Kaiser and his crew saw the handwriting on the wall the demand for their abdication would become irresistible; it was the only way to food, to clothing, to the saving of lives; the people would go to any lengths to get peace. So the three questions from the President of the United States, published throughout Germany, afforded the machinery for the ending of the war.

Psychology played an important part, did it not? Thousands of informants, some working covertly, some openly, in various parts of the world aided the President in his decisions, for they gave him accurate information. It was an example of Intelligence work of the political sort rivaled only by that which was the guiding strategy of battle. Facts and data helped win a triumphant armistice; they are being gathered still by the same agencies for the minds that must write the covenants of peace.

How is all this information—combat, political, economic, psychological—gathered? Many departments of the governments of the United States and the Allies have been concentrating on nothing else since the war began. The Department of State has had its embassies and legations with their particular channels of information; the Department of Justice has thousands of agents; and the Military and Naval Intelligence Divisions of the Army and Navy respectively all worked together to find out what the enemy was doing and to keep the enemy from knowing what we were doing. America is rather new at the game, but this war has taught us a good deal, and by the time the armistice came we had organized a force for the collection of information which ranked with anything the Allies had instituted. As the United States did in everything else, so we tackled the problem of Intelligence—on a large scale. Little was written about it during the war, as it was important that most of the activities of Military and Naval Intelligence be kept secret.

And even in this survey there can be given only a glimpse of the great work that was carried on by an unknown army of men, many of whom risked their lives without chance of winning a service decoration or ribbon; many of whom displayed in ticklish moments bravery and skill not excelled on the field of battle. We know mostly of the spectacular feats of airplanes in combat. We know little of just how the Intelligence Army pieced together the bits of information brought by observers who penetrated the enemy's lines to watch the enemy's movements and preparations. We know little of the hundreds of men, old and young, who closeted themselves in dingy buildings in Washington and helped in the battle of wits—discovering what the enemy was planning with his propaganda, what his morale was, and what kinds of information could be disseminated effectively inside Germany and bring the German people round to our way of thinking.

Military Intelligence is essentially a Europeanism—the necessary adjunct of large armies and navies. America unfortunately had no Intelligence system before this war. That word "unfortunately" is used advisedly, for if the United States had had even a small force of reliable gatherers of military information one Pancho Villa never would have surprised a sleeping regiment of American troops at Columbus, New Mexico, nearly embroiling us in a conflict with Mexico at a time when Germany wanted to see us divert the munitions supply of the Allies to a war on this continent.

Our reverence for the Government, especially the military, is such that most everybody has attributed a kind of omniscience to our General Staff. War plans, secret military data—why, all this is of course in the possession of our military chiefs! Yet this, like a great many other weapons which we found ourselves without in April, 1917, could not be acquired in a day or a month. It took money, and the same succession of Congresses which believed in reducing appropriations for the Army recommended each year by the Secretary of War had kept our General Staffs in ignorance of the military activities of other countries. It was not until May, 1917, that an appropriation of one million dollars for Military Intelligence and a similar sum for the Navy were authorized by Congress.

Learning a European Game

THE Military Intelligence branch of the General Staff suddenly began to develop into a real institution. Col. Ralph H. Van Deman started the ball rolling by organizing offices in the principal cities and developing a personnel which early proved its usefulness. After a year's effective work, not a bit of which got into the newspapers, Colonel Van Deman was ordered abroad to cooperate with Brig. Gen. Dennis E. Nolan, the chief Intelligence officer on the staff of General Pershing. Brig. Gen. Marlborough Churchill, who had earned a reputation for alertness and versatility, was brought back from France by General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff of the Army, and he has carried forward in Washington, with excellent results, the work of his predecessor, so that it can no longer be said that the General Staff is ignorant of what is going on in the armies of other countries or that the Government itself doesn't know every day what it long ago should have known and what most people imagined it always did know about the political, economic and psychological factors of neutral as well as belligerent countries.

What General Churchill has done in the last six months is a striking example of American aggressiveness and enterprise in even so unfamiliar a game as Military Intelligence. It is a delicate thing to handle in a country like America, which with its democratic ideals frowns upon the practices of monarchical armies. The Military Intelligence of the American Army devoted itself to legitimate pursuits and soon had the enemy guessing. Our Naval Intelligence proved that as for learning what was going on the world over in matters naval European Intelligence systems with their long start were not so far ahead after all.

(Concluded on Page 94)

OUR NATIONAL OBJECTIVE

To many men the future spells business opportunity, liberation from restriction, restored markets—all that goes with a freer and fuller industrial progress.

Doubtless this is an objective worthy of great activity, great effort and great concentration—but is it big enough for men who have just passed through an emergency in which they consecrated all the industrial resources of this mighty nation to an ideal, untainted by purely selfish purpose?

For more than a year the objective of American business has been one to which all alike could subscribe. Producer, distributor, competitor and customer—every worker from least to greatest—all stood on a common platform. We have witnessed the results of unity of command, unity of purpose, and unity of effort, in what was not only a great moral and military achievement, but the greatest industrial achievement in history.

The future holds for us equal community of interest and equal opportunity for a common objective.

We do not believe that commercial success—measured purely by its material reward—will ever again satisfy American business men. But if we can regard business achievement as public service, business success as a contribution to world progress,

business management as a great human responsibility, the lessons of the war will not be lost.

America can lead the world in solving great industrial problems affecting the welfare of all humanity.

America can produce food to feed nations, materials and manufactured products to increase the usefulness and comforts of millions.

America can create wealth—not solely for the aggrandizement of a few but for enjoyment by all, and can show the world how great things can be accomplished by inventive genius and executive ability coupled with ideals of service.

The great industrial organizations of the future will be known not simply as successful business institutions, but as definite contributors to human progress.

But if this larger achievement is to follow, we business men must appreciate the vital importance of closer co-operation, more efficient management, and a vision that looks beyond the narrow limits of a competitive market.

To help attain that objective The Burroughs Adding Machine Company enlists its product, organization and physical equipment in the service of American industry.

THE BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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Wanted: Fifty $5,000 Men

The best-equipped specialty men *in the agricultural field*—salesmen with exceptional volume records for orders *from farmers*, or with big producing ability—are wanted to build up district subscription organizations for

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Fifty really first-class salesmen willing and able to personally write thousands of subscriptions annually will be employed after personal interviews. Inquiries by experienced men from farm equipment and farm paper fields are invited. Full time required. A fidelity bond necessary.

To the men whom we select we shall offer $5,000.00 OR MORE a year. Choice of states or provinces to the first employed.

Give responsible references. Enclose best recent photograph. Mention your age and qualifications. State what you think you have done to merit first rank as salesman and organizer. Answer fully in your own handwriting.

The Curtis Publishing Company
699 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

(Concluded from Page 91)

Something of an idea of what an Intelligence organization is like can now be given. It is a combination of a big commercial house, a metropolitan newspaper, a weekly magazine, a philosophical research society, a scientific laboratory, a detective bureau and a military establishment. Like a business institution it has traveling agents always on the alert to discover what competitors are doing, and preceding or checking, wherever possible, their rivals. Like a big daily newspaper it receives news reports by cable and telegraph from all parts of the globe. They are, however, privately published and distributed to a limited number of officials. Like the weekly or monthly magazine, whose editors aim to anticipate the public wants, there are men in the Military Intelligence whose duty it is to determine what situations may arise in different countries in the two or three weeks or months of the future, and to counteract unfavorable tendencies or at least hold them in check. Dozens of men who have all their lives studied certain languages or the habits and customs of foreign peoples make up special groups who spend days and nights making digests of news from the countries with which they are familiar and explaining the significance of such information.

For instance, one man in the Military Intelligence had lived six years in Berlin as the manager of an American branch of a big business house. He knew the country and the leading men very well. He was ready to indicate the relative worth of the news that came, especially data relating to the financial or economic situation inside Germany. Scores of the very best minds of American universities and colleges—lawyers, writers, editors, statisticians, economists and investigators—worked for the Military Intelligence division of the General Staff during this war, translating documents, interpreting current events and keeping the General Staff advised as to the meaning of domestic disturbances in the many races of Central Europe. Nothing like it has ever existed in Washington—probably nothing like it ever was organized in America. It was a kind of university in itself.

The sort of organization that the General Staff maintained in Washington for Military Intelligence was duplicated abroad by General Pershing. Only, the men assisting the commander in chief of the American Expeditionary Forces concentrated their attention on combat information, and the officers on this side of the Atlantic took in the broad field of politics, economics and enemy propaganda.

First of all it must be explained that all Intelligence systems differentiate between what are known as positive Intelligence and negative Intelligence. The first seeks to learn about the enemy; the second aims to counteract the efforts of the enemy either to obtain information or to break down the morale of our forces. Much has been already published during the war about negative Intelligence—the destruction of enemy propaganda, offsetting lies and tricky rumors, assisting the press to withhold military or naval information, censoring the mails, watching passports, and frustrating enemy activity in Mexico and other neutral countries, as well as other counter-espionage measures.

But the positive side of Military Intelligence is necessarily conducted on the quiet. Military attachés are trained and sent to foreign posts. They employ men to enter enemy territory or coöperate with agents who have already established valuable connections inside those countries.

Secret Reports of Agents

Probably not more than two or three men know just how such agents make their reports. Even the thousands of officers in Military Intelligence are grouped in sections, no one of which knows very much about the other. About the only thing that the higher officers know is that the information that has come to them is first-hand or from reliable sources. They resemble anonymous reports. They have code signatures. Such measures have been found necessary to guarantee absolute protection to informants.

Every military unit has its Intelligence officers in the field. These men are trained at headquarters. They learn what particular things to ask for in interrogating prisoners. They are taught the importance of what might seem to the average infantry or artillery officer to be unimportant information.

The Allies, for instance, caught a spy who had nothing to do but count the trains passing a certain station. He himself knew absolutely nothing about the intended use of the information he was gathering for the German General Staff. Yet by the simple device of observing passing trains we ourselves learned not many months ago that German divisions were much smaller than published figures had indicated. It took only seventy-five per cent of the usual number of trains to transport a certain division, and there were fewer cars to every train. Aviators checked up the information, for they saw the moving trains, photographed the blocks of marching troops, estimated the spaces between them and the total space they occupied on the roads. The exact size of the divisions in question was thus determined with scientific precision. Indeed, military observers in airplanes did most of the work in this war which hitherto had been performed by spies or cavalry and infantry scouts at the Front. With radio telephones and telegraph devised to enable the aviator to talk with his commanding officer on the ground, reporting back not only the success of artillery fire but details of the enemy's activity, it can well be imagined what a remarkable factor the supremacy of the United States and the Allies in the air really was in winning the war.

Combat Intelligence

Combat Intelligence is the term applied to information gathered at the Front and of direct and timely value to military units, as distinguished from other information of less value to the fighting units, gathered by civilian or military agencies in zones more or less remote from the Front. It is the most essential of all strategic operations in modern warfare. It is the eye and ear of an army, and no force can maintain its superiority to or equality with opposing troops unless both senses are incessantly strained. Last June some of our Intelligence officers on the Lorraine Front had their ears wide open. By means of a listening-in set they picked up suspicious phrases. On analysis and comparison with other information brought to him the Intelligence officer of the regiment decided that it meant an attack at midnight. He warned not only his own regiment but also the units in the line at the left and right. Every man was ready when the attack came. Gas masks were slapped on promptly. Machine guns, rifles and guns were laid in anticipation and opened fire as the enemy forces advanced. Their attack was frustrated. Casualties among our men from gas and shells were few. A great many lives were saved by one Intelligence officer and his staff.

Perhaps the most striking instance of Combat Intelligence occurred on the Western Front prior to the big German offensive of July 15, 1918. The Allied Intelligence service proved conclusively for a fortnight before the attack was made that it was in the course of preparation. Reports of scouts and observers indicated on the afternoon of the fourteenth that the zero hour was near at hand. The French High Command suddenly planned a raid and executed it as quickly as planned. An hour before midnight exact information was obtained of the enemy's intentions. At a quarter of an hour before midnight that night word was sent up and down the line that the Germans would begin the artillery attack at twelve sharp and go over the top at four o'clock in the morning. Promptly at these hours the Germans did begin the bombardment and advance. Nine picked divisions, not counting the two divisions which had been in the line and had moved back to a reserve position, took part in the battle that ensued. Opposing them were only three French divisions and one American division. Yet when German defeat was definitely conceded, five days later it was discovered that the Germans had not been able to proceed beyond our front-line trenches. Documents taken from prisoners showed that the Germans had planned to be nearly thirteen miles beyond the Allied Front on the second day of the action. Those were the days in which was fought the Battle of Château-Thierry, the turning point of the whole war. Alertness helped the Allies to withstand the German attack and to confuse the Germans so that they soon found it necessary to defend themselves against a counterstroke by the Entente which gave them no rest until an armistice ended the war itself.

These are only a few instances in a great number of cases in which Combat Intelligence showed the resourcefulness of the Allies and their adaptability to changing situations.

So expert were the Allied observers that they could reduce to a formula the plans of the enemy for an offensive.

One of the fundamentals of Combat Intelligence is truth. No preconceived notions, no patriotic passion or prejudice is permitted to stand in the way of facts. Thus while the German Government was itself deceiving the German people concerning the valor of American troops the Intelligence officers of the Germany Army were reporting the facts as they saw them. One of the most interesting documents of the war taken from a captured German officer after the Battle of Château-Thierry before he could send it to headquarters was so accurate in its detailed description of the American troops opposing the Germans in that locality that it has since been used as a model in an Intelligence textbook. Not only did he set down every military detail of equipment, position, time of relief and similar data concerning the training and experience of the American battalions but he added an honest estimate of the fighting value of the Yankee troops, thus:

"The Second American Division may be classified as a very good division, perhaps even as assault troops. The various attacks of both regiments on Belleau Wood were carried out with dash and recklessness. The moral effect of our firearms did not materially check the advance of the infantry. The nerves of the Americans are still unshaken. . . . "

A Cruel Joke

"The individual soldiers are very good. They are healthy, vigorously and physically well-developed men of ages ranging from 18 to 28 who at present lack only necessary training in order to make them redoubtable opponents. The troops are fresh and full of straightforward confidence. A remark of one of the prisoners is indicative of their spirit: 'We kill or get killed.'"

The Americans played a cruel joke on the Germans. They carefully deleted certain military information from the German officer's report and then sent such portions as the above out by wireless as news. That is how the German General Staff and the whole world finally got Lieutenant Von Berg's report.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Lawrence. The second will appear in an early issue.

The Little House

A LITTLE house by Groton grange
With pine trees all a-row,
And, far beyond, the purple range
Bathed in the sunset glow
The river crooning all between
The meadows dark and still;
The scent of sassafras sweet and keen
From thickets on the hill.

So quiet seems the air around,
So still the little house,
Only some hushed and furtive sound
Like scampering of a mouse,
Or flutter of a bird
Against the window sill,
Or whisper of the poplars stirred
By winds across the hill.

Was it a long, long year ago
Or was it yesterday
We saw them go with footsteps slow
Along the flower-set way?
And in the garden sloping down
Their last good-by was said;
One figure wore the khaki brown
And one the cross of red.

The little house by Groton grange
Content shall stand and wait,
No matter what the tide of change
Beyond its garden gate,
No tremor from a muttering gun
Disturbs its placid air;
No lurid haze obscures the sun
Upon its hilltops fair.

Symbol of all the world holds best,
Peace, quiet, home and love,
After the day's long toil the rest,
With white stars high above
The quiet poplars looking down
When day's warm light has fled—
For this he wears the khaki brown
And she the cross of red.

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

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Wherever you see Triangle B—on the crank shaft of a war car at the Front—on a drop hammer—on thousands of great drop forgings all over the world—on hand tools made for satisfaction and service—remember that mark means "Rely on me. I am made as well as I can be made. I shall not fail."

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Does Your Belt Manufacturer Give a Non-Stretch Guarantee?

THE workman on the machine often knows a good many unsuspected facts about belts. It might pay you to talk to him about belting.

He can probably tell you some facts about the shop costs of stretch and slip—how much time is lost in curing them, and how much belting is cut out and thrown away in the course of a year.

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You expect to hear about any new belt that it doesn't stretch. Your workman would like to believe it.

The facts are that belts do stretch, some more than others, and every workman having to do with belts knows it.

So that every purchaser and user of a belt wants something more than somebody's say so to convince him that stretch is an unusual thing in a belt.

The Main Belting Company, established 37 years, and having installed in that time some millions of belts in representative manufacturing plants, owes its existence and growth largely to its processes for preventing stretch in the finished belt.

And when we say that Leviathan-Anaconda pulls more and stretches less than the average belting, we might expect our standing to give the statement all the weight necessary.

We go further than this, however.

The Main Belting Company now places a non-stretch guarantee upon all of its belts.

It will make a cash refund if any belt has to be cut because of excessive stretch.

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Fair to the Main Belting Company—because it puts a premium on our policy of placing belts only on positions for which the Leviathan-Anaconda were intended.

In a Machine Shop of one of the Big Railroads

3½" x 6 *ply Leviathan cone belt* driving 48" boring mill, which has been on the job almost four years. Diameter of largest cone 16"; smallest cone 8½"; distance between centers about 6'; slowest speed of belt 1080' per minute; highest speed 2033'.

Note absence of frayed edges or breaks of inner surface. Leather used previously on cone belts became unfit for service after from one to two years' wear, owing to uneven stretching and the edges of the belt rubbing the sides of cones, causing the belt to become broken along the edges.

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THE TAKER-UP

(Continued from Page 9)

carrots; and guava jelly out of mushmelon rinds, or some such thing. She'd go into towns and rent a storeroom and put up her canning outfit, hiring a couple of the lower classes to do the actual work, and invite women to bring in their truck of this kind and learn regular old rock-bottom economy. They'd come, with their stuff that should of been fattening shotes, and Genevieve May would lecture on how to can it. It looked through the glass like sure-enough human food.

Then, after she'd got 'em all taught, she'd say wouldn't it be nice of these ladies to let her sell all this canned stuff and give the proceeds to the different war charities! And there wasn't a woman that didn't consent readily, having tasted it in the cooking. Not a one of 'em wanted to take home these delicacies. It was right noble or cautious, or something. And after visiting six or eight of these communities Genevieve May had quite a stock of these magic delicacies on sale in different stores and was looking forward to putting the war firmly on its feet—only she couldn't get many reports of sales from this stock.

Then she got a dandy idea. She would come to the Kulanche County Fair at Red Gap, assemble all her stock there, give one of these here demonstrations in economic canning, and auction off the whole lot with a glad hurrah. She thought mebbe, with her influence, she might get Secretary Baker, or someone like that, to come out and do the auctioning—all under the auspices of Mrs. Genevieve May Popper, whose tireless efforts had done so much to teach the dear old Fatherland its lesson, and so on. She now had about three hundred jars and bottles of this stuff after her summer's work, and it looked important.

I got down to the county fair myself last year, having some sure-fire blue-ribbon stock there, and it was then that I hear G. H. Stultz talking about this here mother-in-law of his, he taking me aside at their home one night, so his wife, Lucille, wouldn't hear.

"This respected lady is trying to teach her grandmother how to suck eggs—no more, no less," he says. "Now she's coming here to pull something off. You watch her—that's all I ask. Everything that woman touches goes funny. Look how she poisoned those innocent people up at that hotel. And I'll bet this canned stuff she's going to sell off will kill even mere tasters. If she only hadn't come to my town! That woman don't seem to realize that I'm cursed with a German name and have to be miles above suspicion.

"Suppose she sells off this stuff! I give you my word she puts things in it that even a professional canning factory wouldn't dare to. And suppose it poisons off a lot of our best patriots! Do you think a mob will be very long blaming me for a hand in it? Why, it'll have me, in no time at all, reaching my feet down for something solid that has been carefully removed."

I tried to cheer the man up, but he was scared stiff.

"Mark my words," he says: "She'll pull a bloomer! If that woman could go into an innocent hotel kitchen, where every care is taken to keep things right, and poison off twenty-three people till they picked at the covers and had relatives wondering what might be in their safe-deposit boxes, think what she'd do in the great unsanitary outside, where she can use her imagination!

"There's but one salvation for me; I must have trusted agents in the crowd when that stuff is auctioned off, and they got to collar every last bottle of it, no matter what the cost. I may have to lay down like a pup on the next bond drive, but this is my only hope. For the Lord's sake, don't you go there and start bidding things up, no matter who she gets for auctioneer! Don't you bid—even if Woodrow Wilson himself comes out."

That's the impression Genevieve May had made on her own daughter's husband, who is a clear-seeing man and a good citizen. And it looked like he must secretly buy up her output. She not only come to town with her canning outfit and her summer's stock of strange preserves, all beauteous in their jars, but she brought with her to auction off this stuff a regular French flying man with an honorable record.

She'd met this French officer in the city and entertained him at the palatial Popper home; and mebbe she'd hypnotized him. He wasn't in good shape, anyway. First place, he'd been fighting in the air for three years and had been wounded in five places—including the Balkans. Then, like that wasn't enough for one man, he'd been sent over here to teach our men to fly when they got a machine; and over here he'd fell out of a cloud one day when his brake or something went wrong, and this had give him a nice pleasant vacation on crutches.

Genevieve had fastened on him at a time when he probably hadn't the steely resistance Frenchmen been showing on the West Front. Or, being in a strange country, mebbe he didn't know when politeness to Genevieve May Popper would become mere cowardice. Anyway, he could talk English well enough; and Genevieve May brought him to town and made a big hit.

First thing she done was to set up her stock of canned goods in a section they give her in Horticultural Hall. Them three hundred bottles took up a lot of room and showed up grand between the fancy-work section, consisting of embroideries, sofa cushions and silk patch quilts, and the art section, consisting of hand paintings of interesting objects by bright pupils in the public school. Then she put in her canning outfit, with a couple of hired natives to do the work while she lectured on the science of it and tried to get weak-minded patriots to taste things.

Genevieve May had a good time at these demonstrations, speaking in tones of oratory and persuasion and encouraging the tasters to take a chance. She certainly had discovered some entirely new flavors that the best chemists hadn't stumbled on. She was proud of this, but a heap prouder of her French flying man. When she wasn't thinking up new infamies with rutabagas and watermelon rinds, she'd be showing him off to the fair crowds. She give the impression when she paraded him that the French Army would of had few flyers if she hadn't stepped into the breach.

And mebbe she wasn't desperate with fear that some of the Red Gap society buds and matrons would want to stick in with nursing and attentions for the interesting invalid! Nothing like that with Genevieve May! She kept closer guard on that man than he would of got in the worst German prison camp. About the only other person in town she'd trust him to was Cousin Egbert Floud.

Cousin Egbert liked the Frenchman a lot at first, and rode him round town to see the canning factory and the new waterworks and the Chamber of Commerce and Price's Addition to Red Gap, and so on. Also, he'd drag him all over the fairgrounds to look at prize bulls and windmills and patent silos.

Cousin Egbert had refused from the first to taste any of Genevieve May's deviltry with the vegetable kingdom. He swore he was on a diet and the doctor wouldn't answer for his life if he even tasted anything outside. He was telling me that last day of the fair that the woman ought to be arrested for carrying on so, Genevieve May being now busy with some highly artificial ketchup made of carrots, and something else unimportant, with pure vegetable dyes.

"Yes; and she just tried to hand me that same old stuff about what her Japanese maid calls her," he says to me at this time. "She says I could never guess what that funny little mite calls her. And I says no, I never could of guessed it if she hadn't already told me; but I says I know it is Madam Peach Blossom, and that Jap maid sure is one funny little mite, thinking up a thing like that, the Japanese being a serious race and not given to saying laughable things."

That's Cousin Egbert all over. He ain't a bit like one of them courters of the old French courts that you read about in the Famous Crimes of History.

"Madam Peach Blossom!" he says, snickering bitterly. "Say, ain't them Japs got a great sense of humor! I bet what she meant was Madam Lemon Blossom!"

Anyway, Genevieve May trusted her flying man to this here brutal cynic when she wouldn't of trusted him to any of the younger, dancing set. And Cousin Egbert pretty near made him late for his great engagement to auction off the strange preserves. It was on this third day of the fair, and Genevieve May was highly excited about it.

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She had her stock set up in tiers against the wall and looking right imposing in the polished glass; and she had a box in front where the Frenchman would stand when he did the auctioning.

That hall was hot, let me tell you, with the high sun beating down on the thin boards. I looked in a minute before the crowd come, and it looked like them preserves had sure had a second cooking, standing there day after day.

And this Cousin Egbert, when he should of been leading the Frenchman back to Horticultural Hall to the auction block, was dragging him elsewhere to see a highly exciting sight. So he said. He was innocent enough. He wanted to give that Frenchman a good time, he told me afterward. So he tells him something is going to take place over at the race track that will thrill him to the bone, and come on quick and hurry over!

The Frenchman is still using one crutch and the crowd is already surging in that direction; but after finding out it ain't any more silos or windmills, he relies on Cousin Egbert that it really is exciting, and they manage to get through the crowd, though it was excited even now and stepped on him and pushed him a lot.

Still he was game, all right. I've always said that. He was about as excited as the crowd; and Cousin Egbert was, too, I guess, by the time they had pushed up to the railing. I guess he was wondering what Wild Western kind of deviltry he was going to see now. Cousin Egbert had told him it wasn't a horse race; but he wouldn't tell him what it was, wishing to keep it for a glad surprise when the Frenchman would see it with his own eyes.

"Just you wait one minute now!" says Cousin Egbert. "You wait one minute and I bet you'll be glad you got through that rough crowd with me. You'd go through ten crowds like that, crutch or no crutch, to see what's going to be here."

The poor man was kind of used up, but he stands there waiting for the thrill, with Cousin Egbert beaming on him fondly, like a father that's going in one minute to show the little tots what Santa Claus brought 'em on the tree.

Then the Frenchman hears a familiar roar and a airplane starts up from the lower end of the field inside the track.

"There!" says Cousin Egbert. "Now I guess you're glad you pushed in here, leg or no leg. I knew it would be a dandy surprise for you. Yes, sir; the committee got a regular airplane to give a thrilling flight right here in front of us. You look up in the sky there and pretty soon you'll see it just as plain, sailing round and round like some great bird; and they say this man flying it is going to loop the loop twice in succession. Now I bet you're glad you come!"

Cousin Egbert says right at this minute he begun to take a dislike to the Frenchman. After he'd took all that trouble to get him there to see something exciting, the Frenchman just looked at him kind of sad for a long time, and then says he believes he'd rather go back some place where he can set down and rest his leg.

Cousin Egbert says he turned out to be like the Frenchmen you read about that is blasé about everything in the world and kind of tired of life, not having the least bit of interest in whatever happens. But, of course, he was polite to his guest and helped push a way back through the crowd, with the crowd more excited than ever by this time, because the flying machine was right up in the air, hundreds of feet off the ground.

"You'll think I'm a liar," he says to me; "but it's the God's truth this Frenchman just kept pushing through that crowd and didn't even turn to look up in the air when this man was actually risking his life by looping the loop twice in succession. He never turned his head the least bit."

Cousin Egbert says, here he'd been up in one himself and knew what flying meant, but he probably wouldn't of took the least notice if this dare-devil had been killed right there before thousands.

"I don't understand it," he says. "It sure wouldn't be the least use boosting for a brighter and busier Red Gap if everybody was as cold-blooded as the French." He was right grouchy about the French after this.

Anyway, he got his suffering man back to Horticultural Hall somewhat the worse for being stepped on by the crowd; in fact, the Frenchman is kind of all in when he gets to the auction block. He sets right down on it, looking white, and Genevieve May gets him a glass of water to revive him. Pretty soon he says he's nearly as well as ever, but that wasn't much.

Now the patriots for the auction begun to throng in and Genevieve May is once more proud and fluttering. She glances fondly at her noble array of jars, with these illegitimate preserves shining richly through, and she gets the Frenchman on his feet and onto the box; and the crowd cheers like mad and presses close. I was standing close to G. H. Stultz, and he whispers to me:

"My Lord! If there was only some means of getting that stock into the German commissary! But I'm told they analyze everything. Anyway, I got my bidders planted and I'll have to buy up the stock if it breaks me."

Then the Frenchman begun to talk in a very nice way. He said a few words about his country—how they had been fighting all these years, not knowing whether they could win or not, but meaning to fight till there wasn't any fighters left; and how grateful France was for the timely aid of this great country and for the efforts of beautiful ladies like Madam Popper, and so on.

You bet no one laughed, even if he didn't talk such very good English. They didn't even laugh when he said "beautiful ladies like Madam Popper," though Cousin Egbert, somewhere off in the crowd, made an undignified sound which he pretended was coughing.

The Frenchman then said he would now ask for bids for these beautiful table delicacies, which were not only of rich food value but were more priceless than gold and jewels because of having been imprisoned in the crystal glass by the fair hands of the beautiful Madam Popper; and what was he offered for six bottles of this unspeakable jelly?

Of course G. H. Stultz would of had 'em in no time if the panic hadn't saved him. Yes, sir; right then something terrible and unforeseen happened to cause a frightful panic. About five of them jars of preserves blew up with loud reports. Of course everyone's first thought was that a German plot was on to lay Horticultural Hall in ruins with dynamite. It sounded such. No one thought it was merely these strange preserves that had been working overtime in that furnace.

Women screamed and strong men made a dash for the door over prostrate bodies. And then a lot more explosions took place. The firing became general, as the reports say. Bottle after bottle shot its dread contents into the fray, and many feeble persons was tromped on by the mob.

It wasn't any joke for a minute. The big jars, mostly loaded with preserves, went off with heavy reports; then there was these smaller bottles, filled with artificial ketchup and corked. They went off like a battery of light field guns, putting down a fierce barrage of ketchup on one and all. It was a good demonstration of the real thing, all right. I ain't never needed anyone since that to tell me what war is.

The crowd was two-thirds out before anyone realized just what kind of frightfulness was going on. Then, amid shot and shell that would still fly from time to time, the bravest, that hadn't been able to fight their way out, stood by and picked up the wounded under fire and helped brush their clothes off. The groans of the sufferers mingled with the hiss of escaping ketchup.

Genevieve May was in hysterics from the minute the first high-powered gun was fired. She kept screaming for everyone to keep cool. And at last, when they got some kind of order, she went into a perfectly new fit because her Frenchman was missing. She kept it up till they found the poor man. He was found, without his crutch, at the far end of the hall, though no one has ever yet figgered how he could get there through the frenzied mob. He was on a chair, weak and trembling, behind a fancy quilt made by Grandma Watkins, containing over ten thousand pieces of silk. He was greenish yellow in color and his heart had gone wrong.

That'll show you this bombardment wasn't any joke. The poor man had been exhausted by Cousin Egbert's well-meant efforts to show him something exciting, and he was now suffering from sure-enough shell shock, which he'd had before in more official circumstances.

He was a brave man; he'd fought like a tiger in the trenches, and had later been shot down out of the air four times, and was covered with wounds and medals and crosses; but this here enfilade at the fair hands of the beautiful Madam Popper, coming in his weak state, had darn near devastated what few nerves the war had left him.

It was a sad moment. Genevieve May was again exploding, like her own handiwork, which wasn't through itself yet by any means, because a solitary shot would come now and then, like the main enemy had retreated but was leaving rear guards and snipers. Also, people that had had exhibits in the art section and the fancy-work section was now setting up yells of rage over their treasures that had been desecrated by the far-flung ketchup.

But tender hands was leading the stricken Frenchman back of the lines to a dressing station, and all was pretty near calm again, except for G. H. Stultz, who was swearing—or words to that effect.

It really took a good hour to restore perfect calm and figure up the losses. They was severe. Of course I don't mean to say the whole three hundred bottles of this ammunition dump had exploded. Some had been put up only a short while and hadn't had time to go morbid; and even some of the old stuff had remained staunch.

The mincemeat shrapnel had proved fairly destructive, but the turnip marmalade didn't seem to of developed much internal energy. All of them jars of marmalade proved to be what they call "duds." But you bet enough had gone up to make a good battle sketch. The ketchup, especial, was venomous.

I met G. H. Stultz as I left the trenches. He'd been caught in a machine-gun nest of ketchup and had only wiped about half of it off his face. He looked like a contagious disease. "Say, look here," he says: "you can't tell me there isn't a Providence ever watching over this world to give some of us just what's coming to us!" That was very silly, because I'd never told him anything of the sort.

Then I go out into No Man's Land and meet Cousin Egbert by a lemonade stand. He was one radiant being. He asked me to have a glass of the beverage, and I done so; and while I was sipping it he says brightly:

"Wasn't that some gorgeous display of fireworks? And wasn't it fine to stand there and watch them bottles laugh their heads off at this food profiteer?"

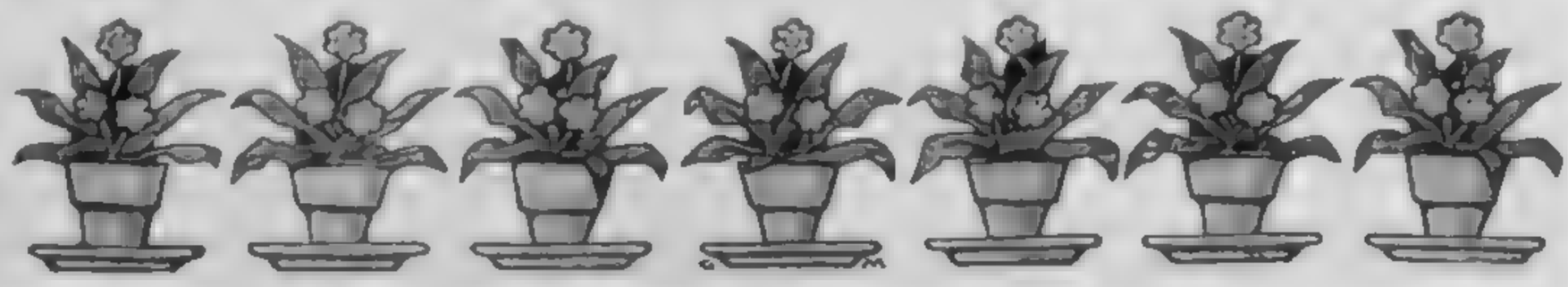
I said he ought to be right sorry for her—after all the work she'd done.

"Not me!" he says firmly. "She never done any work in her life except to boost her own social celebrity."

Then he took another gulp of his lemonade and says, very bitter:

"Madam Peach Blossom! I wonder what that funny little mite of hers will say when she sees her to-night? Something laughable, I bet—like it would be 'Madam Onion Blossom!'—or something comical, just to give her a good laugh after her hard day."

Such is Cousin Egbert, and ever will be. And Genevieve May, having took up things all round the circle, is now back to the dance.



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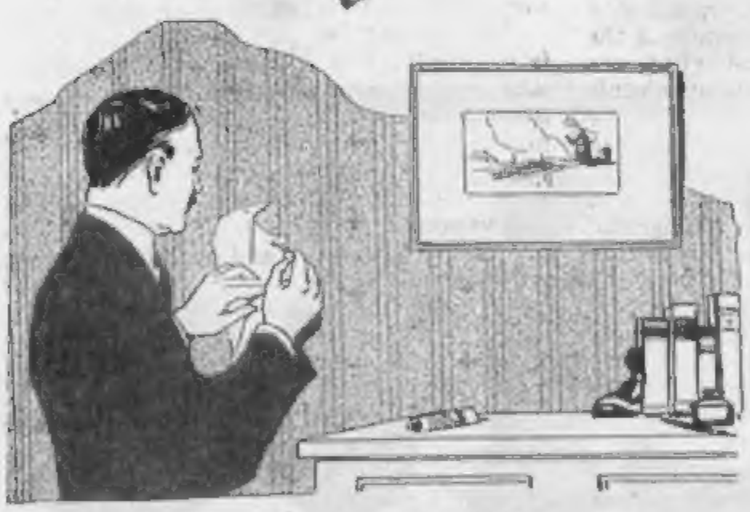

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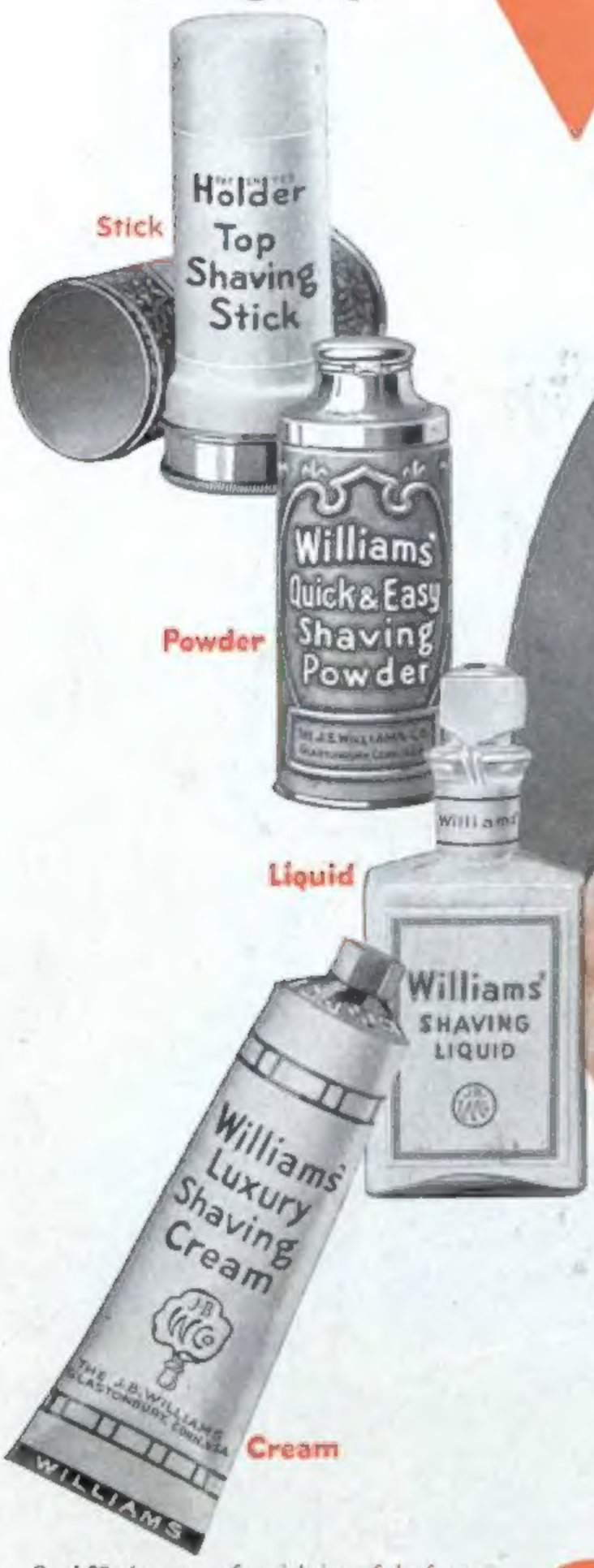

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